

Jane Reave June 21th 1768

Thos. Reave

Harmonia Sacra: *G. 84. a.*
O R,
DIVINE HYMNS
AND
DIALOGUES;

WITH
A THROUGH-BASS for the Theorbo-Lute,
Bass Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

Composed by the Best Masters of the Last and Present Age:

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

The first BOOK. The 2^d. Edition very much Enlarged and Corrected; also four
Excellent Anthems of the late Mr. H. Purcell's never before Printed.

Cannon a 3, in the Fifth and Eighth below, rising a Note every time.



Laudate Dominum de Cælis, lau—da—te eum in ex—cel—sis.

Where Musick and Devotion joyn,
The way to Canaan pleasant is;
We travel on with Songs Divine,
Ravish'd with Sacred Extasies.

No longer do we pass,
Through a dry Barren Wilderness;
But through a land where Milk and Honey flow,
The Paths to Heav'n above, lead thro' a Heav'n be-
(low.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the Temple-Change Fleet-street,
or at his House in *Arundel-street* in the Strand; and *John Sprime* at the Bell in Little-
Britain, where the second Book is to be had. 1703.



To the QUEEN's
MOST
Excellent Majesty:

MADAM,

THE Best of Authors have been always Presents for the Best of Princes, and it would have been a great breach of Duty in me, to lay these Excellent Performances any where but at Your Majesty's Sacred Feet. Your Majesty has a double Right to their Patronage, from Your Love to Musick, and affection to Devotion, and as You are an Encourager of Both, so both apply themselves with all Humility for Your Protection.

Your Majesty was pleased to give Mr Purcell Your Royal Approbation when Living, and it is Humbly hop'd the Memory of him will not be displeasing to You now He is Dead; and though the Publishter has no Merit in himself to Recommend Him to Your Majesty's Presence, Your Majesty will Graciously receive what begs Your Acceptance, for the sake of those Ingenious Gentlemen that Oblig'd the World with these Compositions.

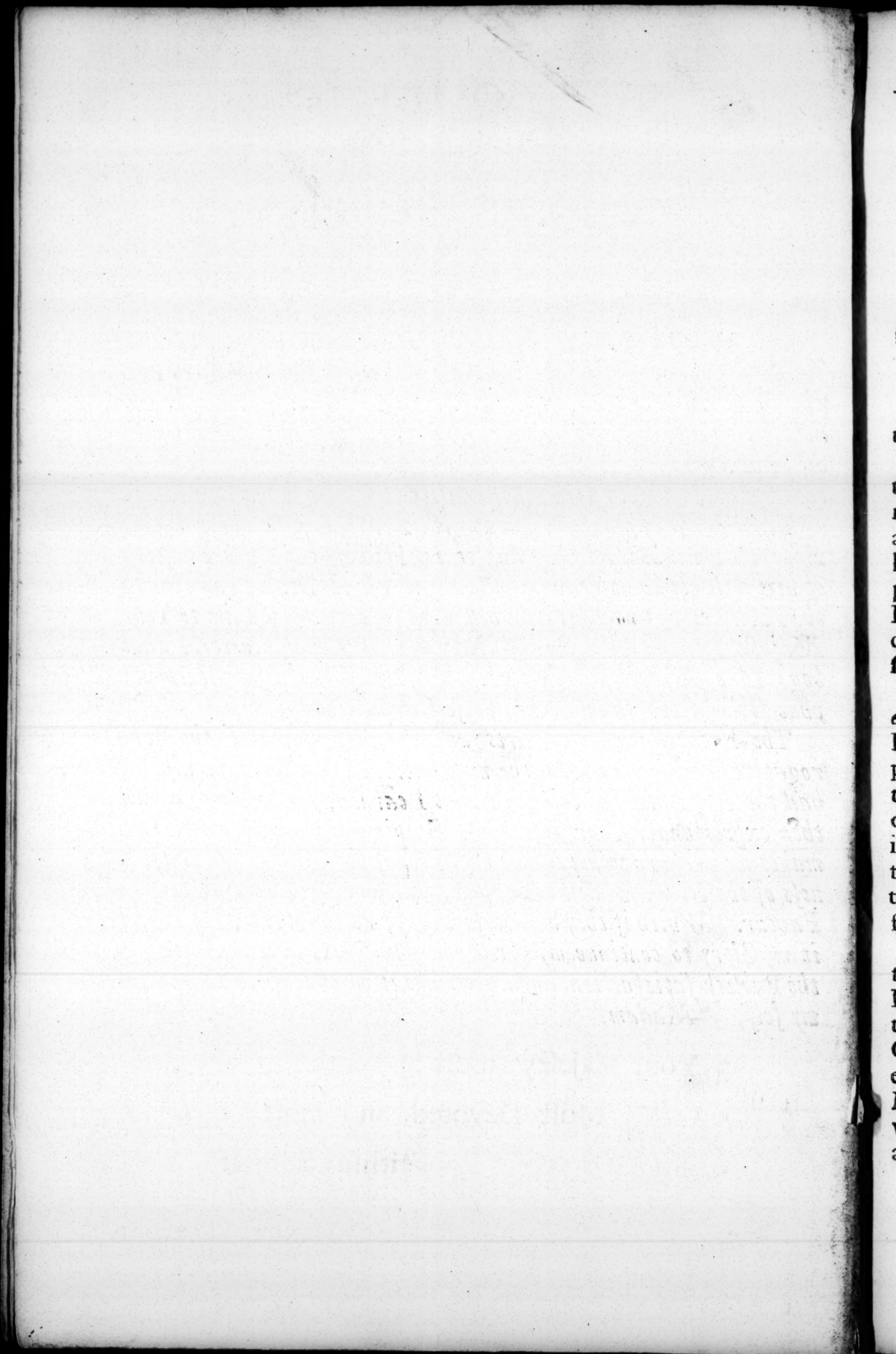
The Encouragement of Arts and Sciences is one of the Prerogatives of Royalty, and the most Glorious Reigns have always had the Reputation of being the most Learned. What may we not then expect under Your Majesty's Auspicious Government? This makes me presume to hope, that the Piety of the Words, and Artfulness of the Musick, will not appear undeserving of Your Majesty's Favour. Which if they may be so Happy as to obtain I shall think it my Glory to continue my great cost and Pains in contributing to the Publick satisfaction, and ever make it my endeavour to approve my self, Madam,

Your Majesty's most Dutyful,

Most Devoted, and most

Faithful Subject

HENRY PLAYFORD.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TH E Youthful and Gay have already been entertain'd with variety of Rare Compositions, where the lighter Sportings of Wit have been Tun'd by the most Artful Hands, and made at once to gratify a Delicate Ear, and a wanton Curiosity.

I now therefore address to others, who are no less *Musical*, though they are more *Devout*. There are many Pious Persons, who are not only just Admirers, but excellent Judges too, both of *Musick* and *Wit*; to these a singular Regard is due, and their exquisite Relish of the former ought not to be pall'd by an unagreeable Composition of the later. Divine *Hymns* are therefore the most proper Entertainment for them, which, as they make the sweetest, and indeed the only, Melowdy to a *Religious Ear*, so are they in themselves the very Glory and Perfection of *Musick*.

For 'tis the meanest and most Mechanical Office of this *Noble Science* to play upon the Ear, and strike the Fancy with a superficial Delight; but when Holy and Spiritual Things are its Subject, it proves of a more subtle and refined Nature, whilst darting it self through the Organs of Sense, it warms and actuates all the Powers of the Soul, and fills the Mind with the brightest and most ravishing Contemplation. *Musick* and *Poetry* have in all Ages been accounted Divine, and therefore they cannot be more naturally employed, than when they are conversant about *Heaven*, that Region of *Harmony*, from whence they are derived.

Now as to this present Collection, I need said no more than that the *Words* were penn'd by such Persons, as are, and have been very Eminent both for Learning and Piety; and indeed, he that reads them as he ought, will soon find his Affections warm'd, as with a Coal from the Altar, and feel the Breathings of Devine Love from every Line. Here therefore the *Musical* and *Devout* cannot want Matter both to exercise there Skill, and heighten their Devotion; to which excellent Purposes that these two Books may be truly effectual is the hearty desire of

Your humble Servant,

Henry Playford

A Table of the Divine HYMNS and DIALOGUES
contain'd in this Book.

A A Wake, awake and with attention hear, Page 13 And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove! 25 C Come honest Sexton, take thy Spade, 5 Close thine Eyes, and sleep secure, thy Soul is safe, 41 E Enough my Muse of Earthly things, and Inspirations but of Winds, 31 G Great God and Just! 60 H How art thou lall'n, from Heav'n O Lucifer! 27 How long great God, how long must I, 33 Hark how the wakeful cheerful Cock a Dialogue, 44 Help, Father Abraham, help a Di- alogue, 49 How have I stray'd, my God, 57 Happy the man, to whom the sacred Muse, 73	I In the black dismal Dungeon of De- spair, Page 7 I know that my Redemer Lives, 39 L Let the Night perish, 10 Lord, I have sin'd 37 N Now, that the Sun hath veil'd his Light, 1 O O that mine Eyes wou'd melt into a flood, 64 O the sad Day, 66 O God for ever Blest, 69 P Peaceful is he and most secure, 55 T The Earth trembled, 3 Thou wakeful Shepherd, 6 Thus Mortals must submit to Fate, 36 W With sick and famish'd Eyes, 22 We sing to him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, 63 Wilt thou forgive that Sin, 67
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The four following Anthems by Mr. H. Purcell.

Bless'd is he that considereth the Poor, Psal. 41, v. 31 Page 91 I was glad when they said unto me, Psal. 122 the 7 1st. verses, 98 O give thanks unto the Lord, Psal. 106 the 4 1st. verses, 106 My Song shall be always of the Loving kindness of the Lord, Psal. 89. 121

ADVERTISEMENT.

Miscellanea Sacra, or Divine Poems, Collected by N. Tate Esq; The second Edition, containing most of the Words in this first and second Books of *Harmonia Sacra*. Price bound two Shillings Printed for Henry Playford, where is also to be had the most Excellent Tragedy of *King Saul*, Written by a Deceased Person of Honour. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The First BOOK.

An EVENING HYMN.

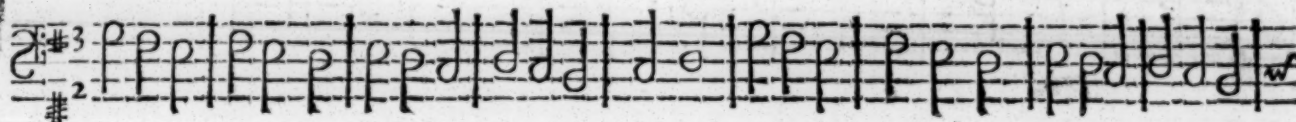
On a Ground.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Henry Purcell.

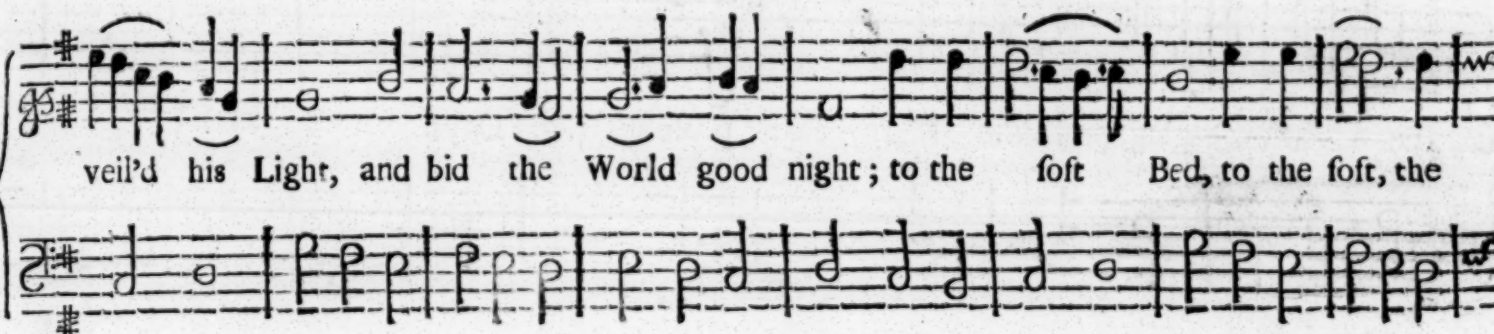


Ow, now that the Sun hath

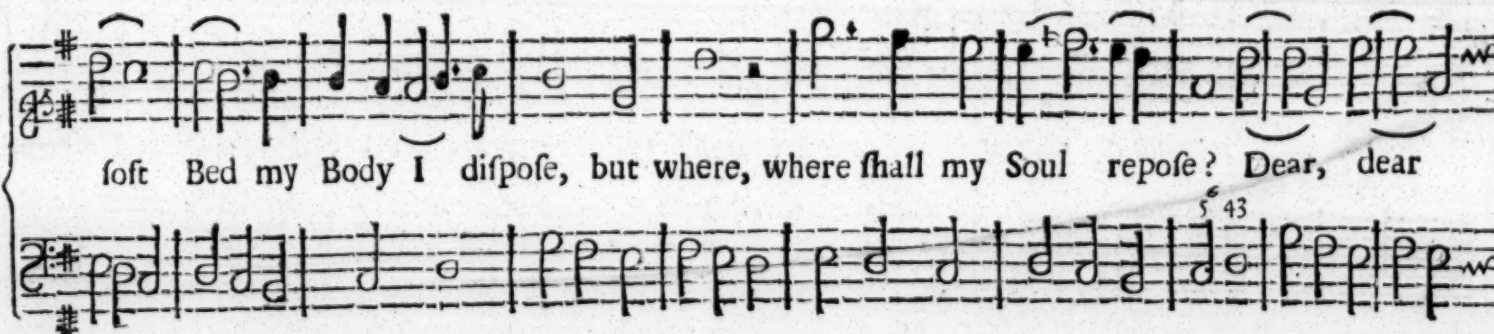
Slow.



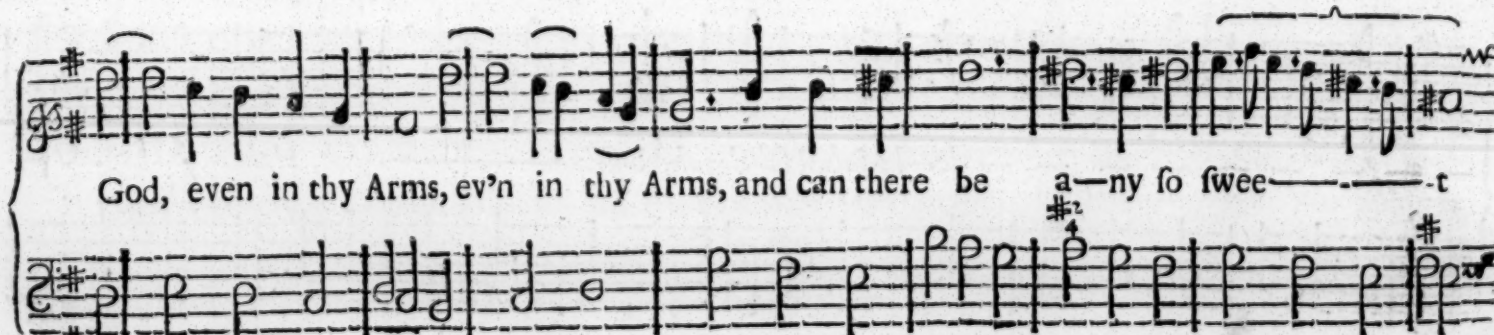
veil'd his Light, and bid the World good night; to the soft Bed, to the soft, the



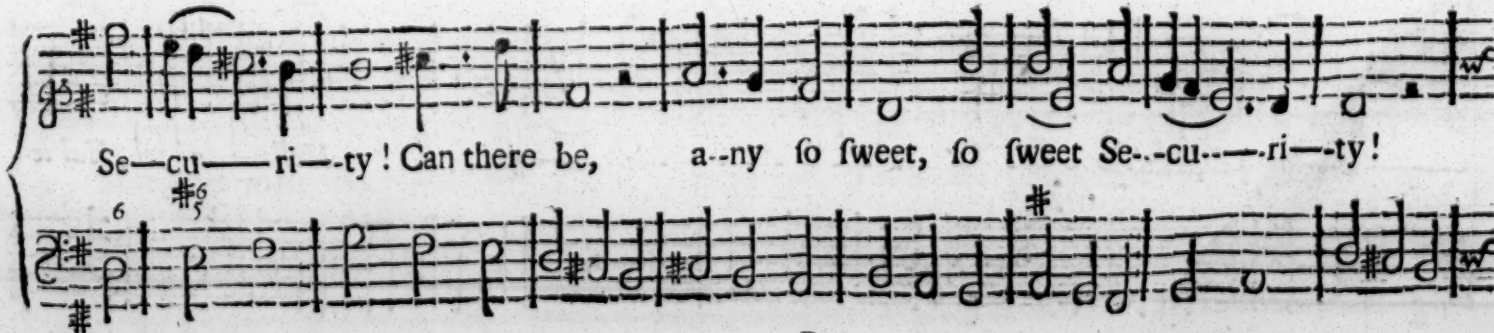
soft Bed my Body I dispose, but where, where shall my Soul repose? Dear, dear



God, even in thy Arms, ev'n in thy Arms, and can there be a-ny so swee—t



Se-cu—ri—ty! Can there be, a-ny so sweet, so sweet Se-cu—ri—ty!



Then to thy Re— — —ft, O my Soul! Then to thy rest, O my Soul!

and fin- - - - -ging, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days; and

fin- - - - -ging, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days.

Hallelujah, Hallelu- - - - -jab, Hal- - - - -le--lu--jab, Hal—

-le—lu-jab, Hallelujah, Hallelu— --jab, Hal- - - - -

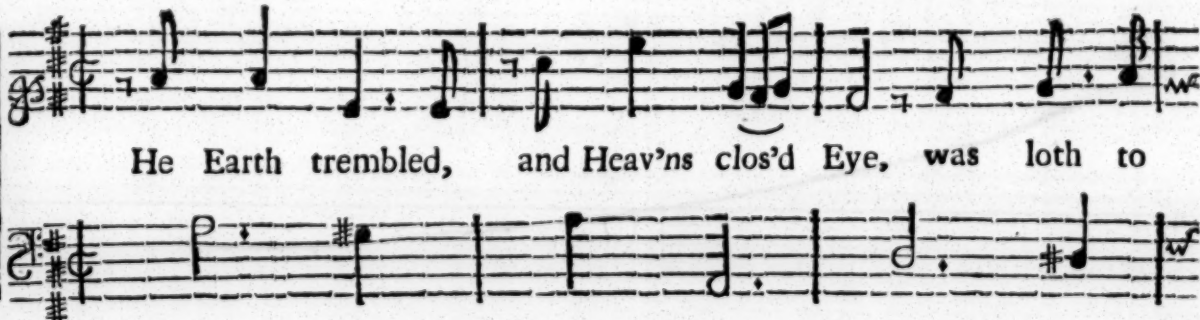
le—lu—jab, Hal- - - - -le--lu—jab, Halle—lu-jab, Hal-le--



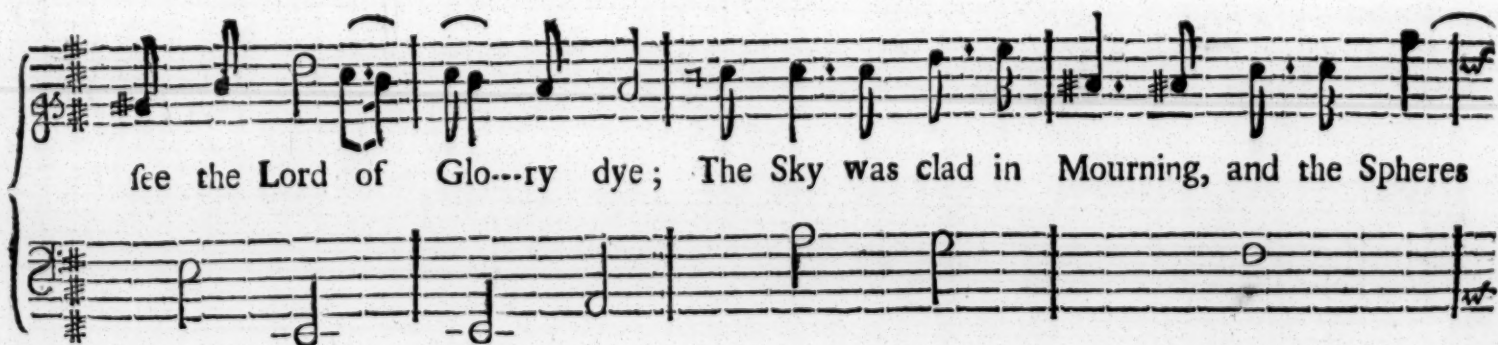
lu-jab, Hal- - - - - lelujab, Halle-lujab, Hallelujab, Halle-
lu-jab, Hal- - - - - le--lu-
jab, Hal- - - - - le--lu-jab.

On our Saviour's Passion.

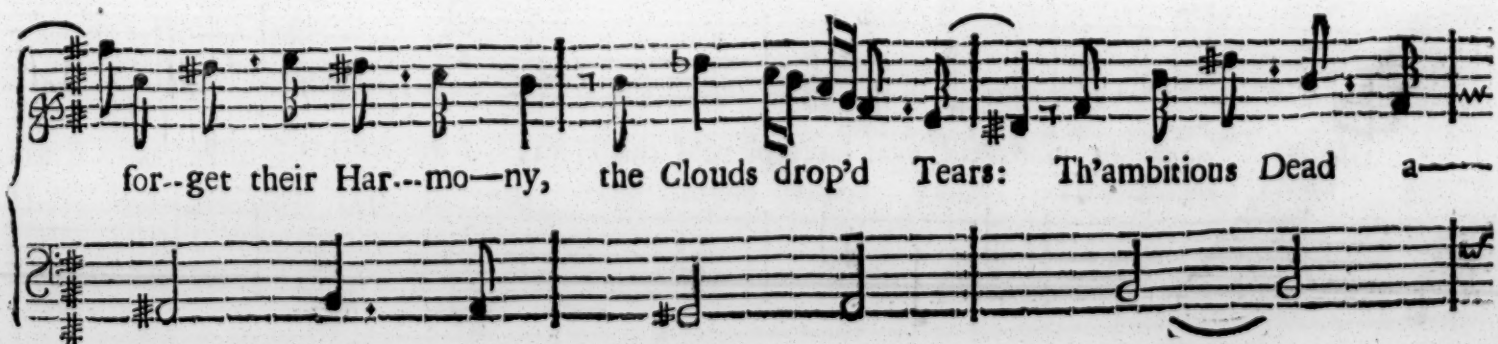
Mr Henry Purcell.

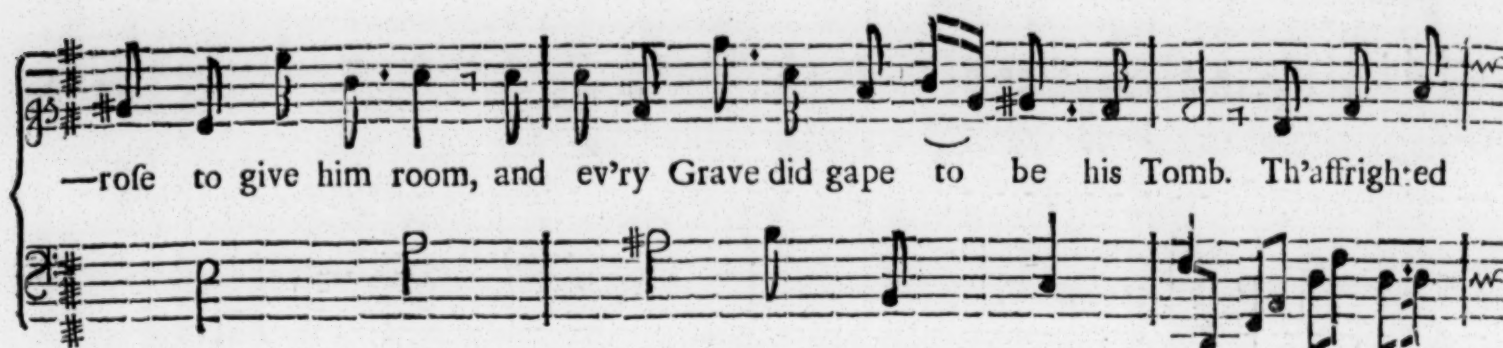
He Earth trembled, and Heav'ns clos'd Eye, was loth to



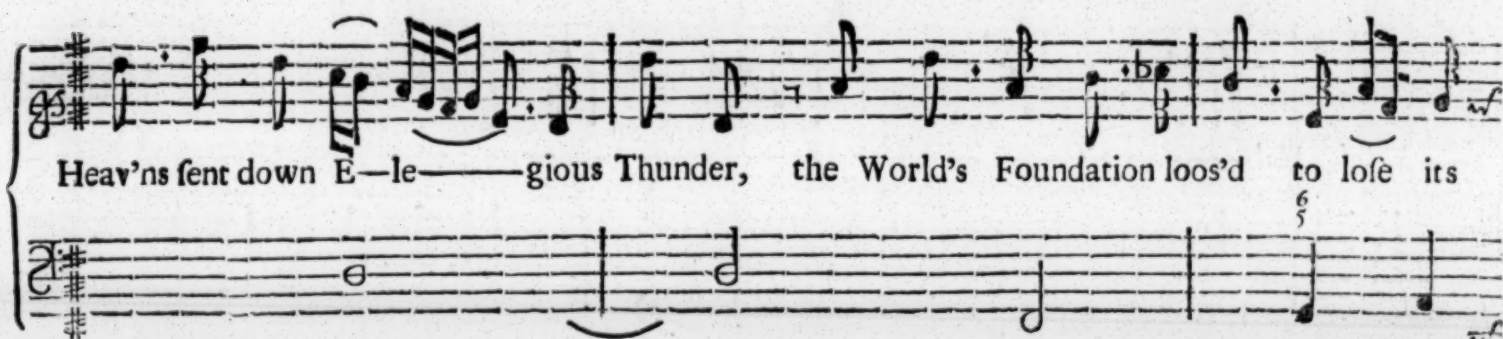
see the Lord of Glo--ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres



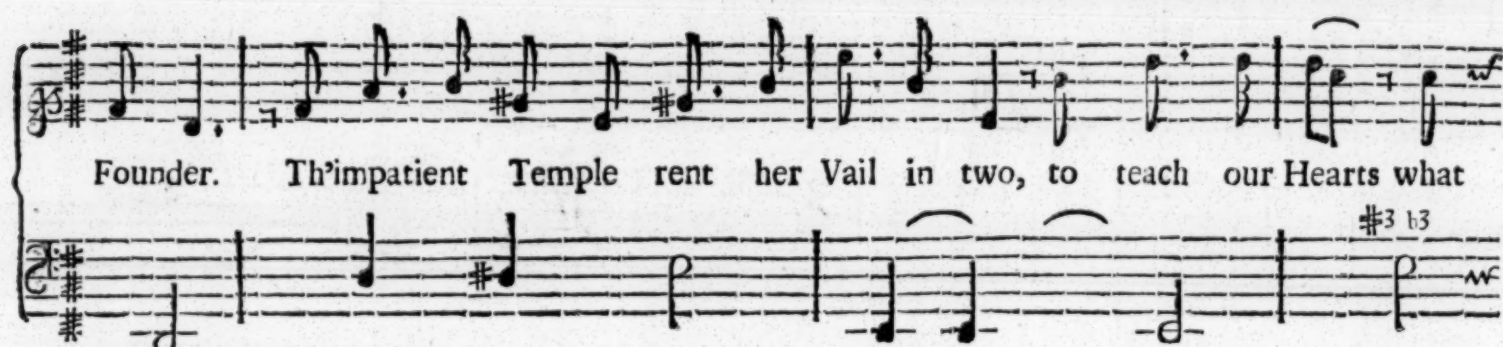
for--get their Har--mo--ny, the Clouds drop'd Tears: Th'ambitious Dead a--



—rose to give him room, and ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb. Th'affrighted



Heav'ns sent down E-le-gious Thunder, the World's Foundation loos'd to lose its

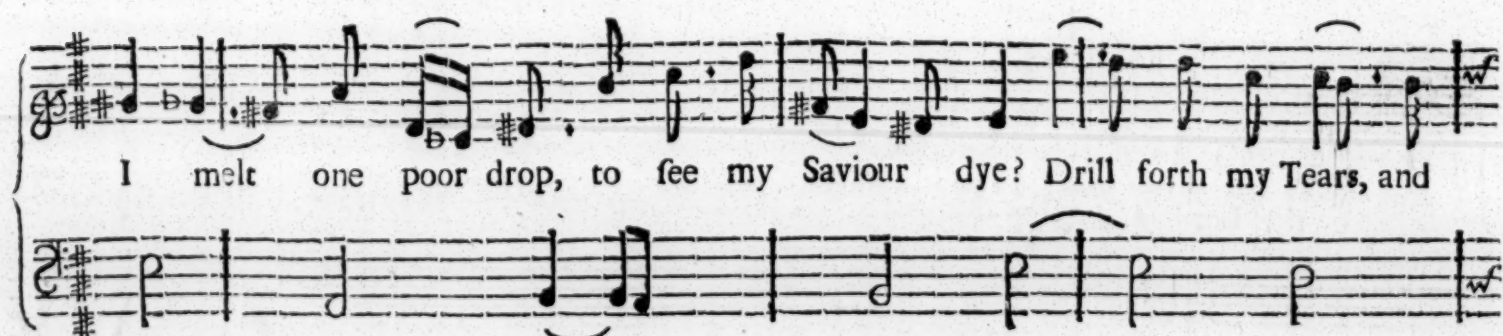


Founder. Th'impatient Temple rent her Vail in two, to teach our Hearts what

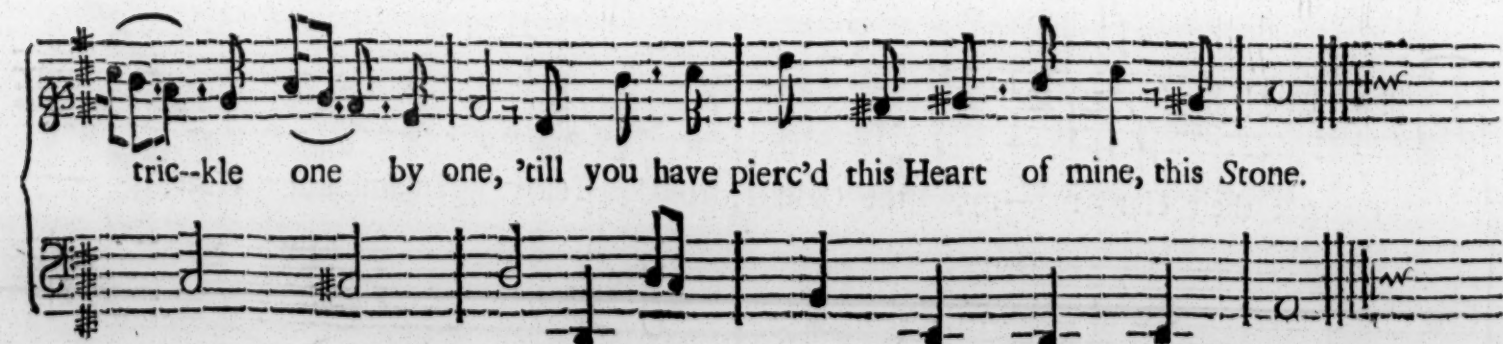
The Key alters.



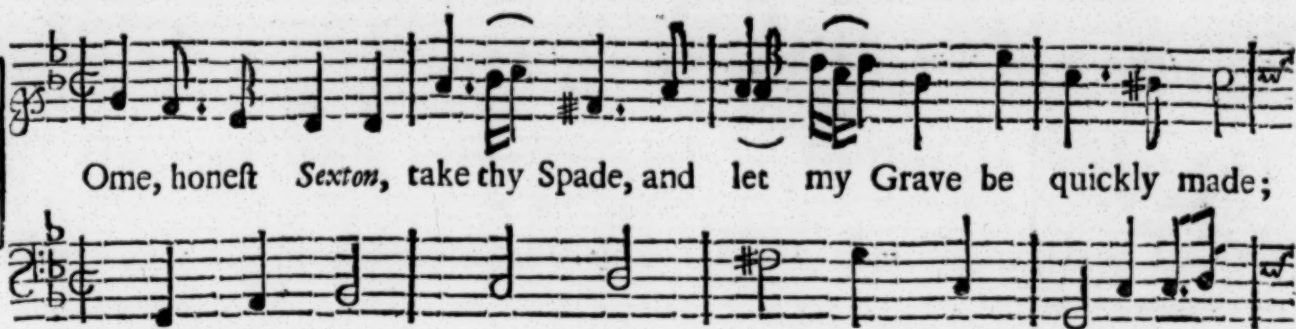
our sad Hearts should do. Can senseless things do this, and shall not



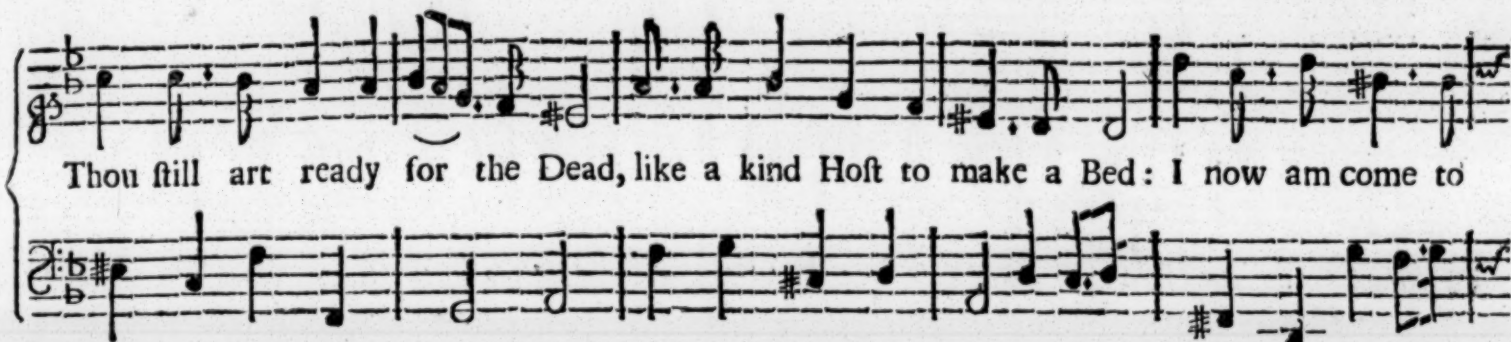
I melt one poor drop, to see my Saviour dye? Drill forth my Tears, and



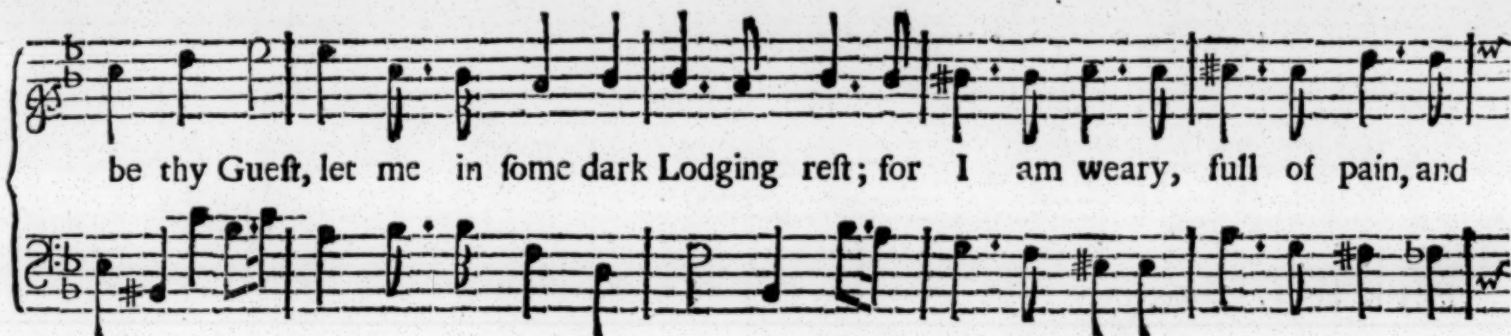
tric-kle one by one, 'till you have pierc'd this Heart of mine, this Stone.

The PASSING-BELL. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.

Ome, honest *Sexton*, take thy Spade, and let my Grave be quickly made;



Thou still art ready for the Dead, like a kind Host to make a Bed: I now am come to

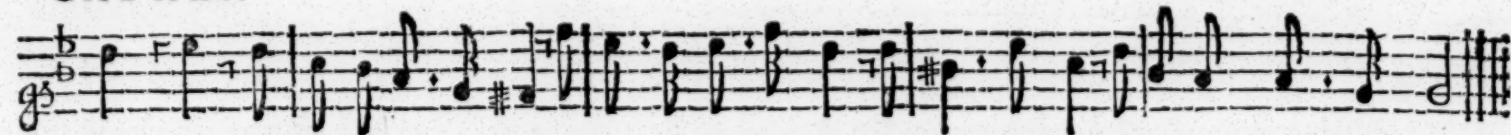


be thy Guest, let me in some dark Lodging rest; for I am weary, full of pain, and

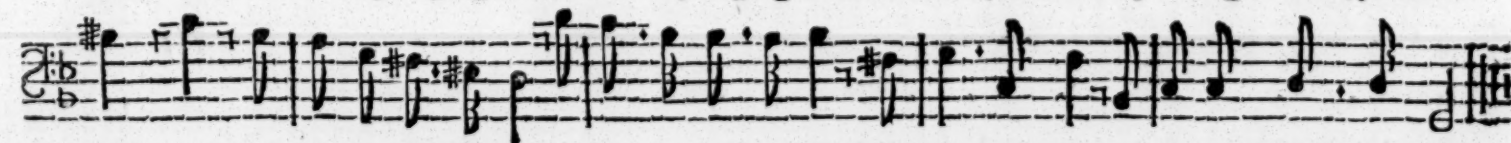


of my Pilgrimage complain: On Heav'n's Decree I waiting lye, and all my Wishes are to die.

CHORUS.



Hark! hark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.



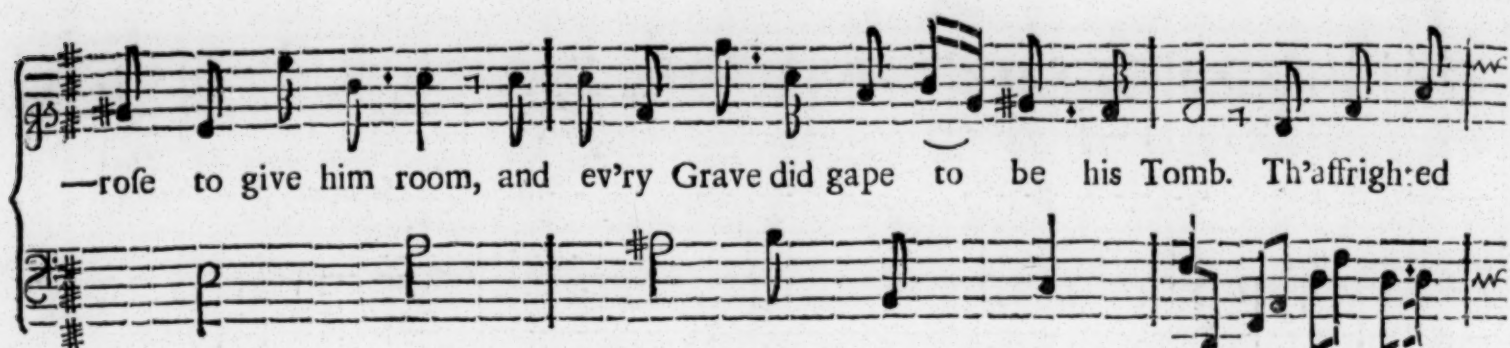
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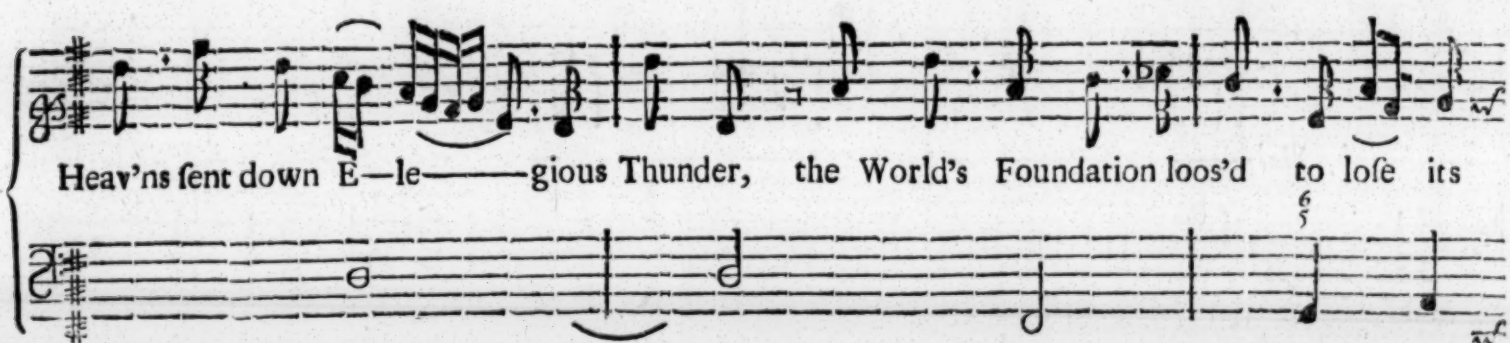
Make my cold Bed (good *Sexton!*) deep,
That my poor Bones safely sleep;
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a Voice shall say,
'Wake all ye Dead, life up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you rise!

Then do I hope, among the Just,
To shake off this polluted Dust;
And with new Robes of Glory drest,
To have Access among the Blest.

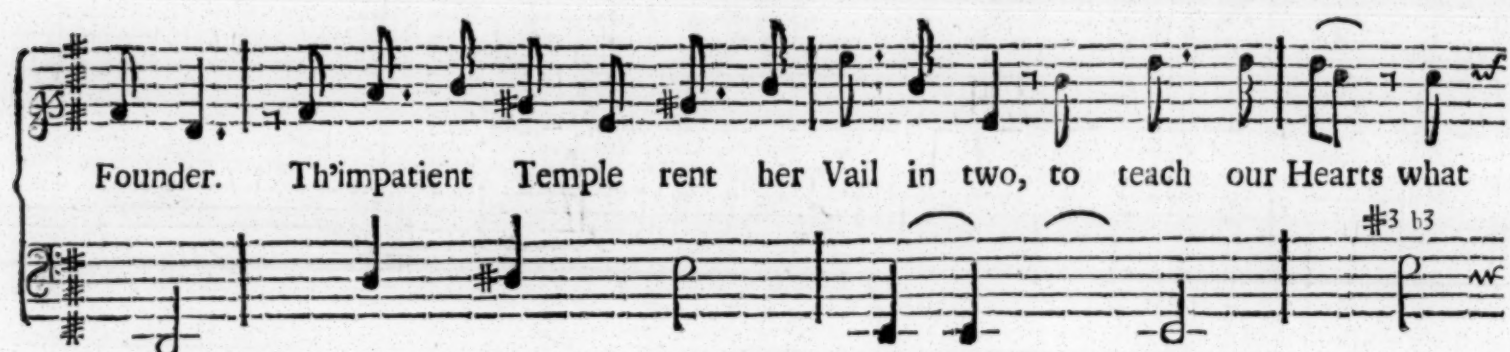
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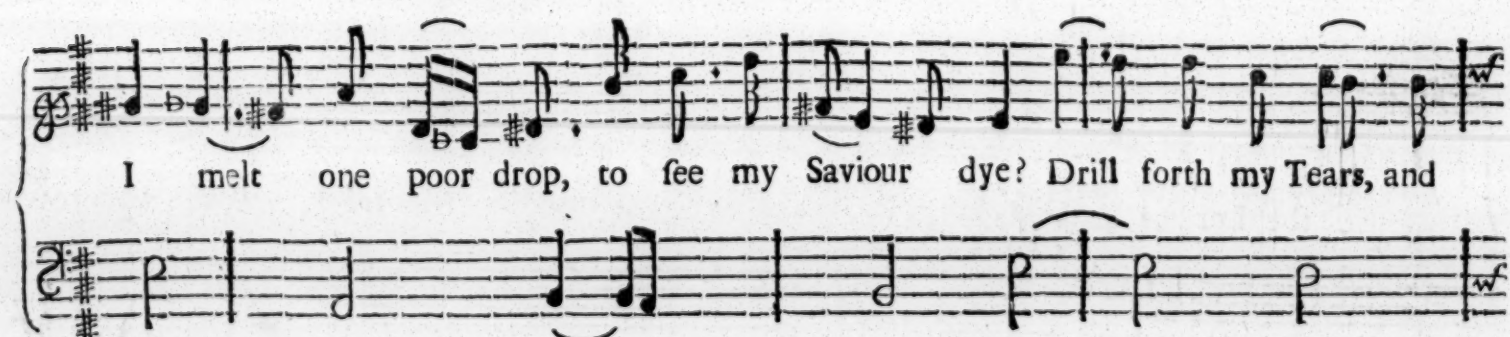


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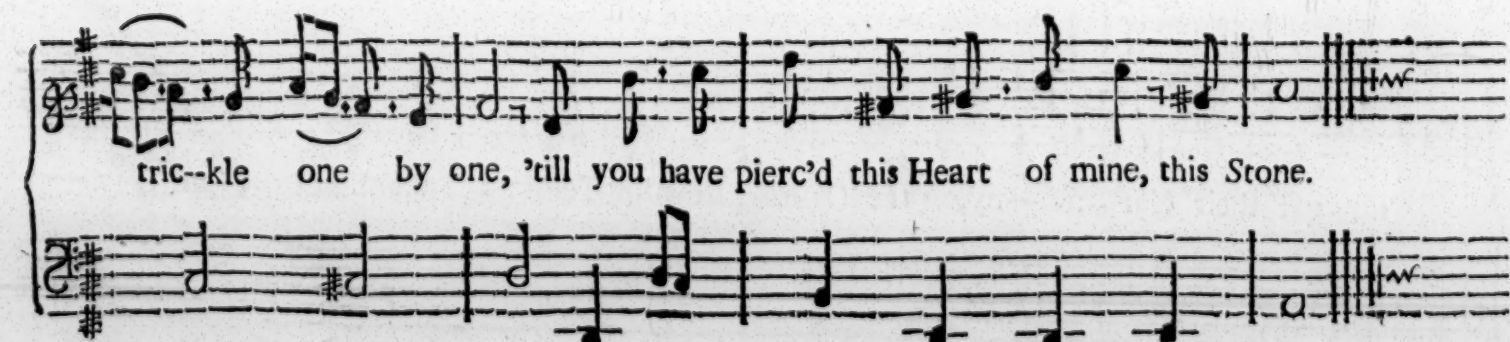
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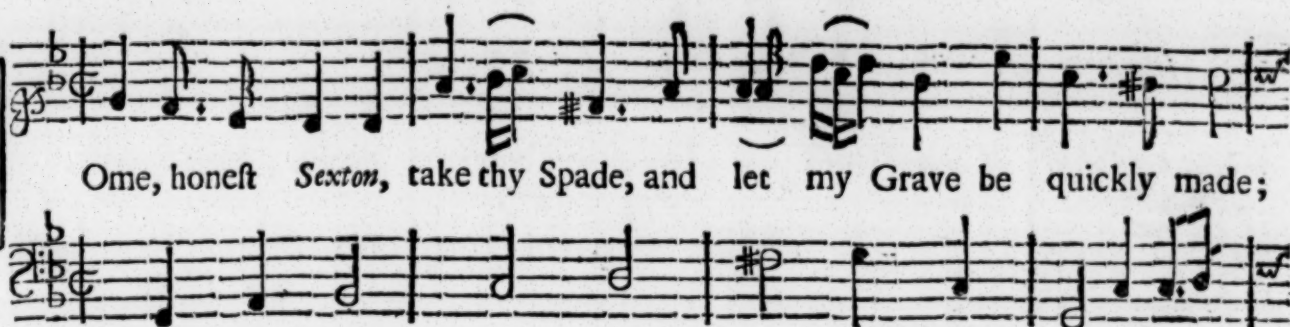
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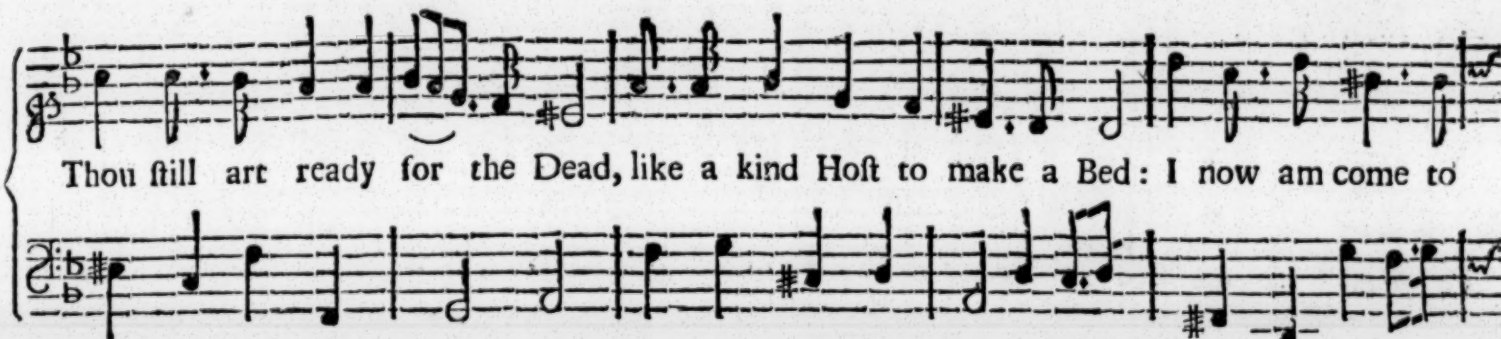
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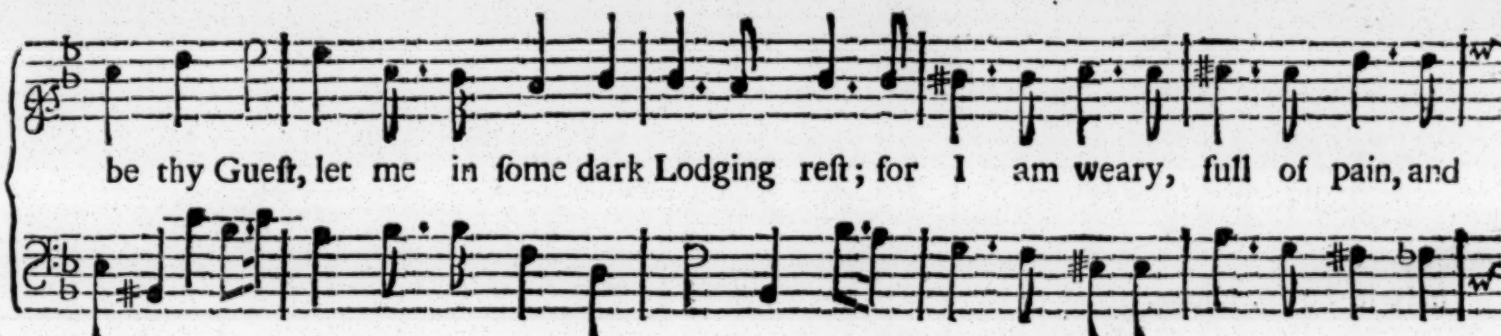
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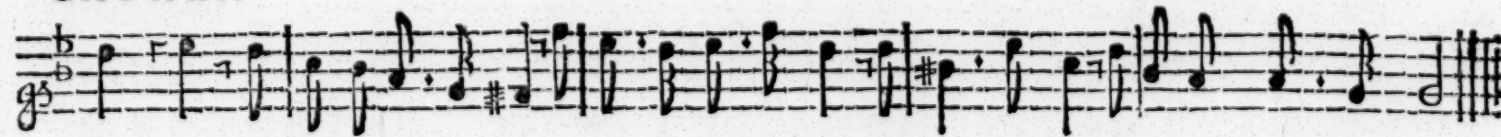


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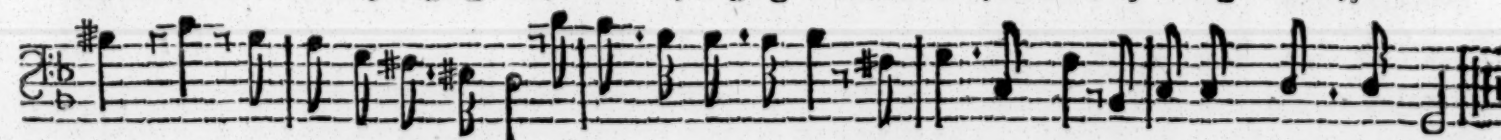


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CHORUS.



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Hark! hark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.



Make my cold Bed (good *Sexton*!) deep,
That my poor Bones safely sleep;
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, life up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you rise!

Then do I hope, among the Just,
To shake off this polluted Dust;
And with new Robes of Glory drest,
To have Accels among the Blest.

Chorus. *Hark! hark! &c.*

A MORNING HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

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Hou wakefull Shepherd, that does If—rael keep, rais'd by thy

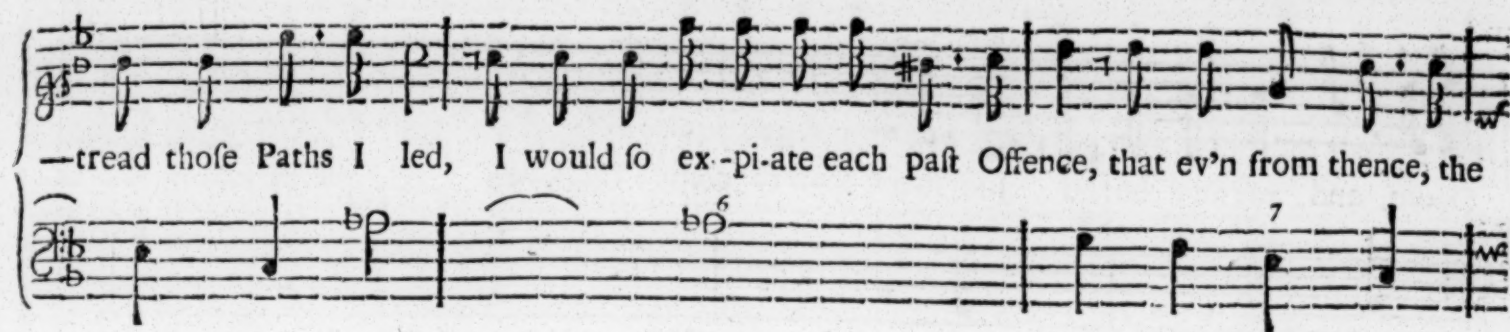
Goodness from the Bed of Sleep; to thee I offer up this Hymn, as my best Morning Sacrifice,

may it be gracious, may it be gracious in thine Eyes, to raise me from the Bed of

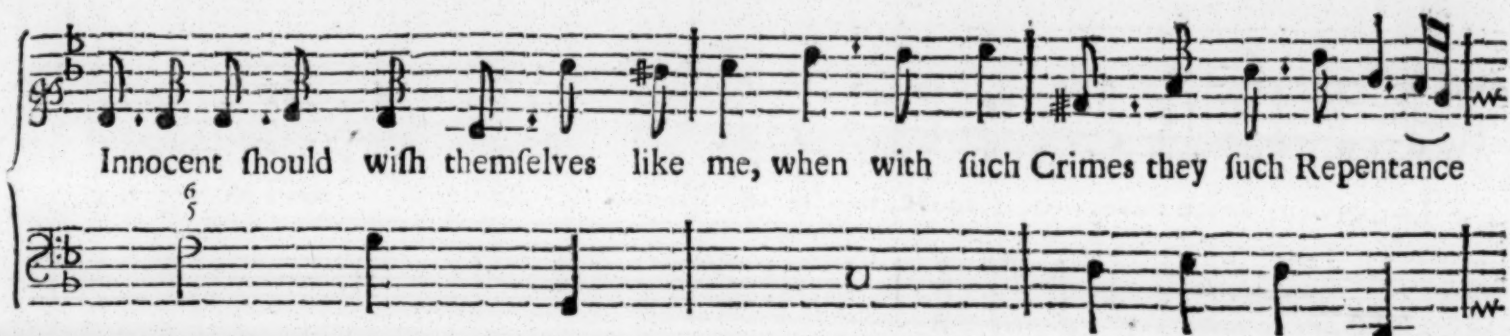
Sin: And do I live to see a--no-ther day, I vow, my God, I vow henceforth to walk thy

ways, and fi-----ng thy Praise, all those few days thou shalt allow.

Could I re—deem the Time I have mispent, in sin--full Merriment; could I un---



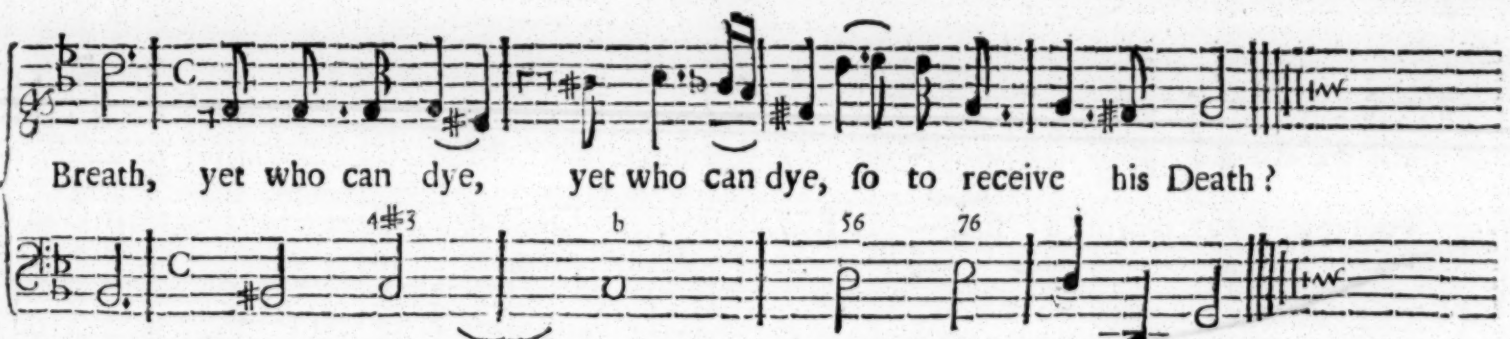
—tread those Paths I led, I would so ex-pi-ate each past Offence, that ev'n from thence, the



Innocent should wish themselves like me, when with such Crimes they such Repentance



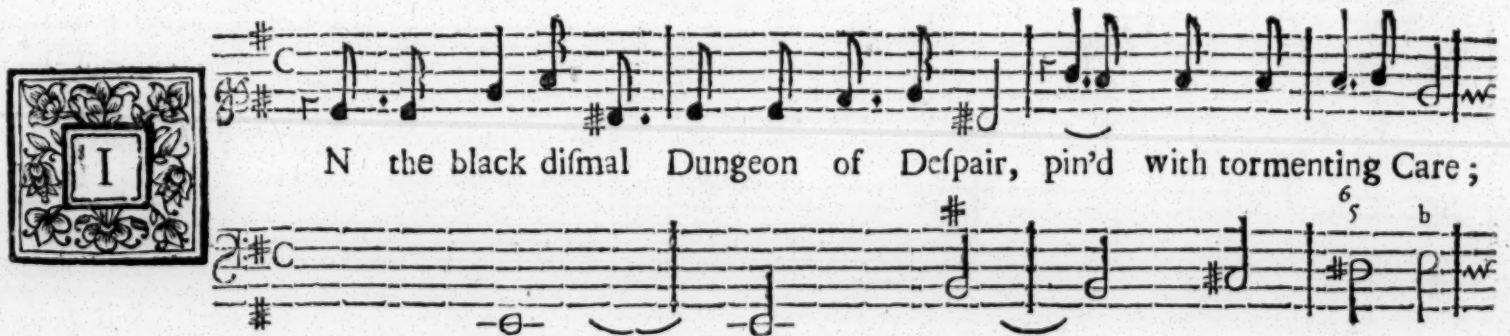
fee; with Jo- - - - -y I'd fi- - - - -ng, with Jo- - - - -y I'd sing a-way my



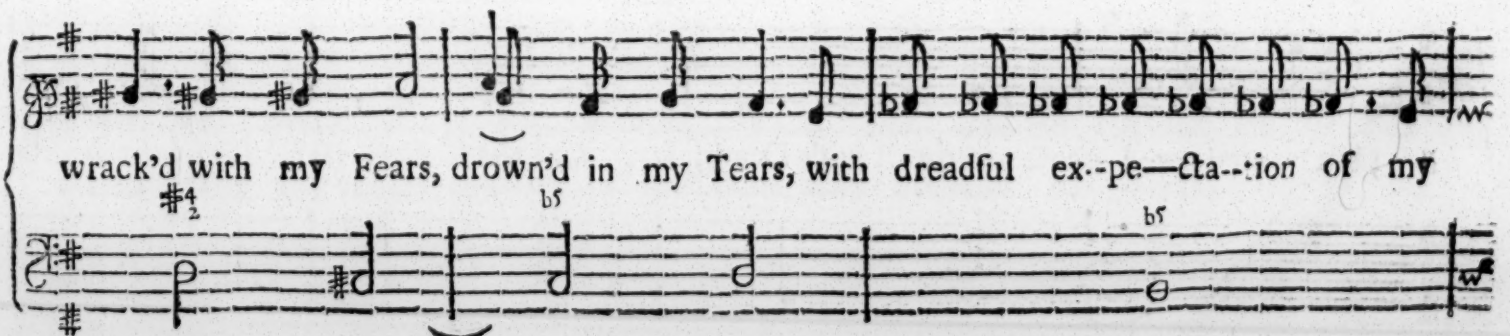
Breath, yet who can dye, yet who can dye, so to receive his Death?

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



N the black dismal Dungeon of Despair, pin'd with tormenting Care;



wrack'd with my Fears, drown'd in my Tears, with dreadful ex-pe-cta-tion of my

Doom, and certain horrid Judgment soon to come : Lord, here I lye, lost to all hope of

Li-ber-ty, hence never to remove, but by a Mi-ra-cle of Love; which I scarce dare

hope for, or expect, be'ng guilty of so long, so grea- - - - -t neglect.

Fool that I was, worthy a shar-per Rod, to slight thy Courting, O ——— my God !

For thou did'st woe intreat, and grieve, did'st beg me to be hap-py, and to

live ; but I wou'd not ; I chose to dwell with Death, far, far from thee, far, far from thee, too

near to Hell: But is there no Redemption, no relief! Je--su! is there no Re-

-demption, no Relief! Thou sav'd'st a Mag-da-len, a Thief! Is there no Redenption, no Re-

-lief! O Je--su! thy Mercy, Lord, once more advance; O give me, O give me such a

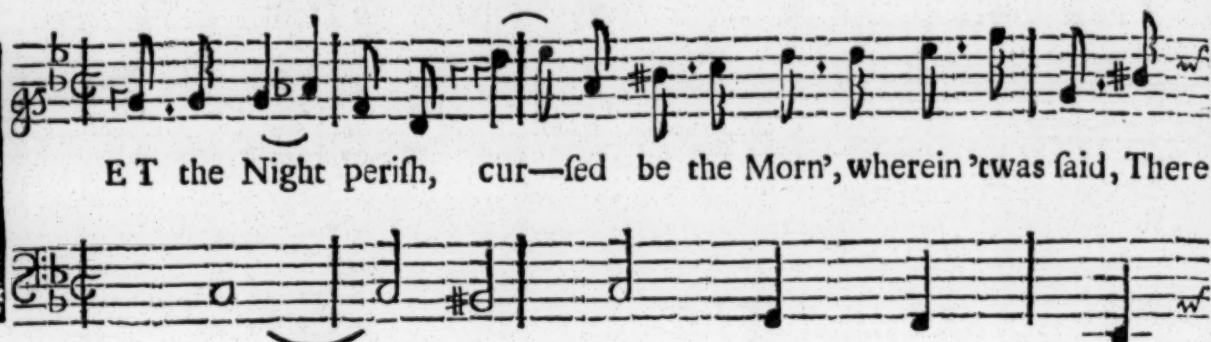
Glance! O give me such a Glance as Pe-ter had! thy sweet kind chi--ding Look will change my

Heart, as it did melt that Rock. Look on me, sweet Je-su! Look on me, sweet Je-su! as thou

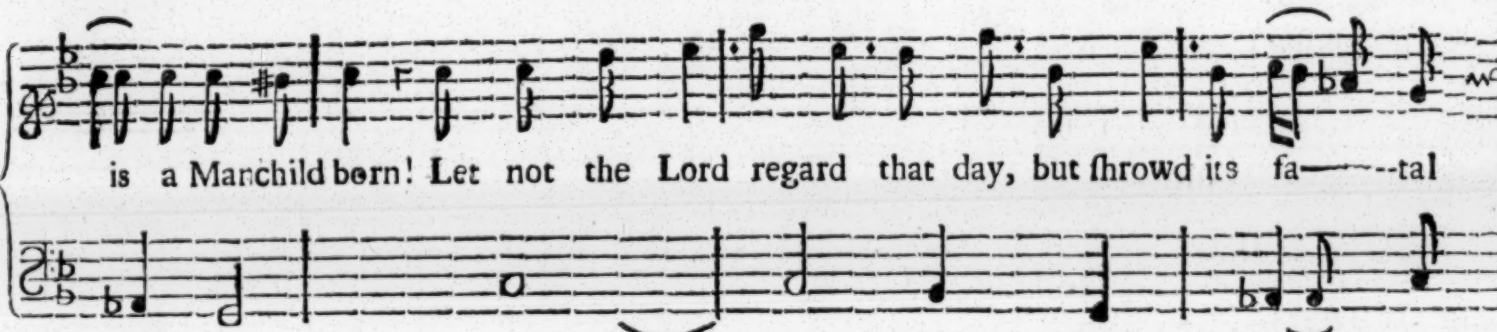
didst on him, 'tis more than to cre--ate, thus, thus, to redeem.

JOB's Curse, Translated by Dr. Taylor Bishop of Down in Ireland.

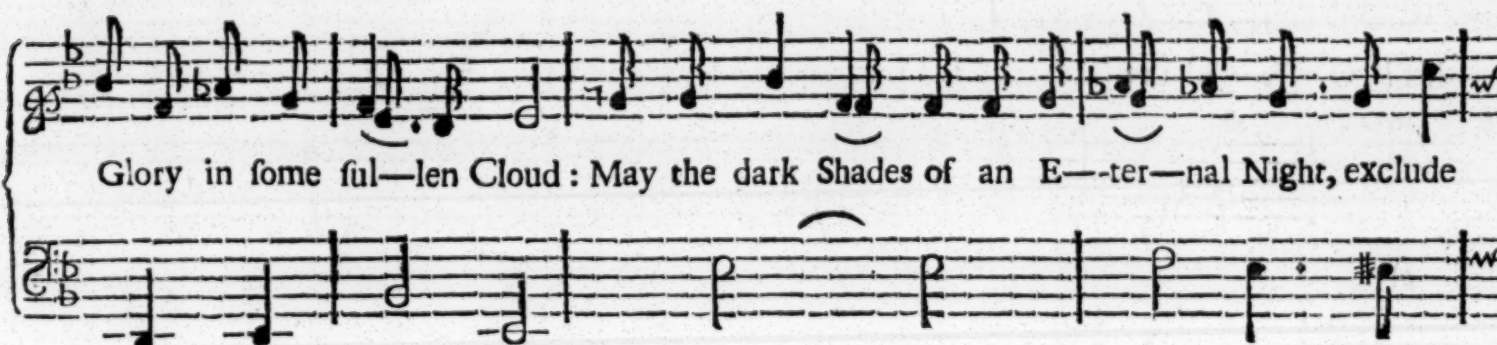
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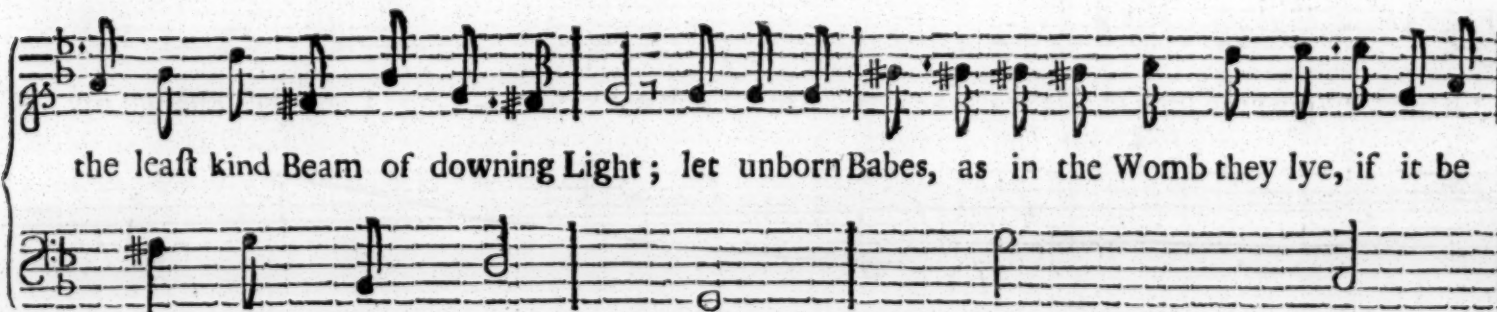
ET the Night perish, cur—sed be the Morn', wherein 'twas said, There



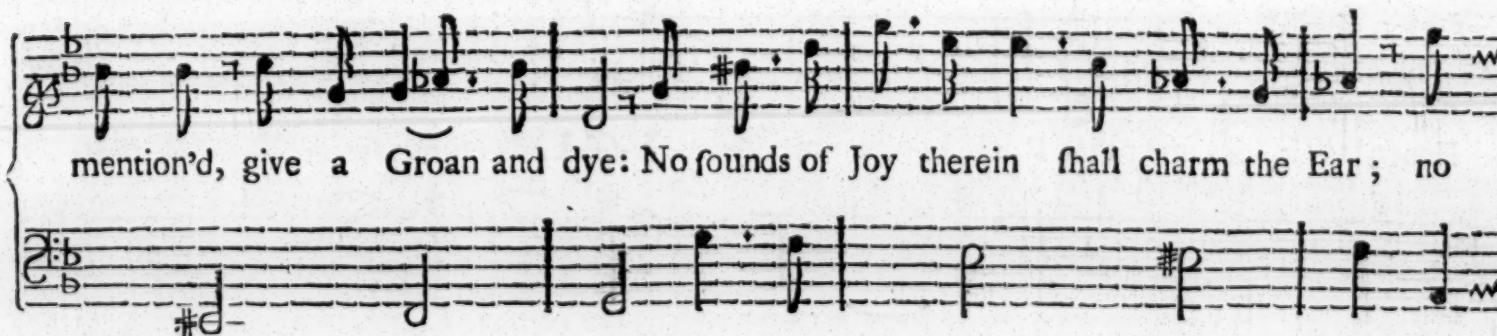
is a Manchild born! Let not the Lord regard that day, but shrowd its fa—tal



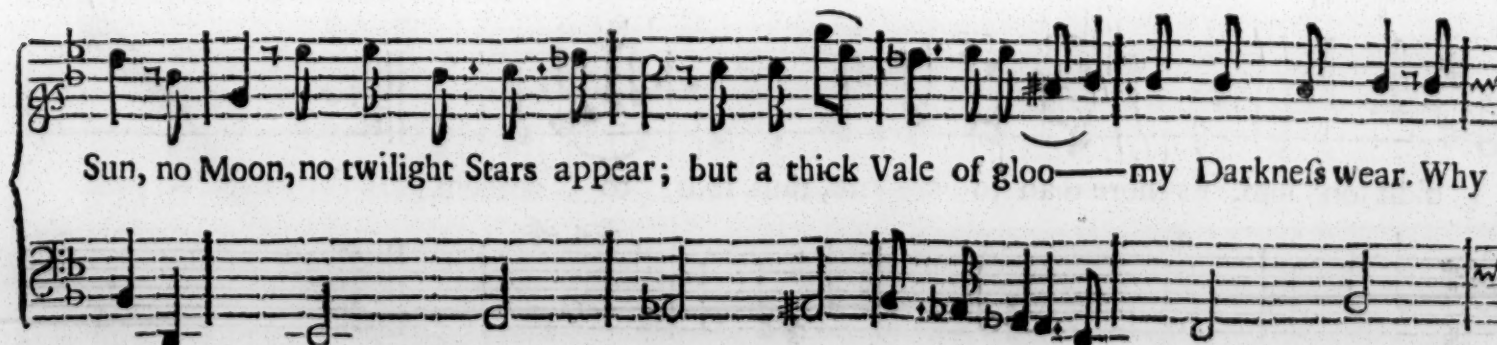
Glory in some ful—len Cloud: May the dark Shades of an E—ter—nal Night, exclude



the least kind Beam of downing Light; let unborn Babes, as in the Womb they lye, if it be



mention'd, give a Groan and dye: No sounds of Joy therein shall charm the Ear; no



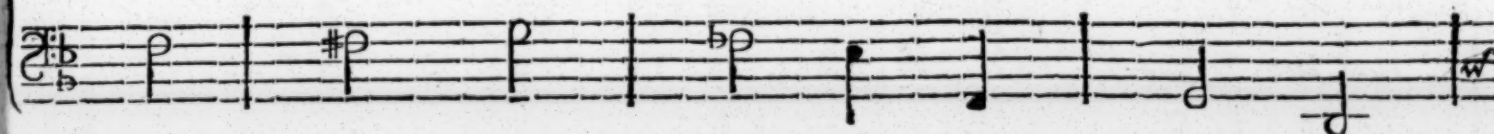
Sun, no Moon, no twilight Stars appear; but a thick Vale of gloo—my Darknefs wear. Why



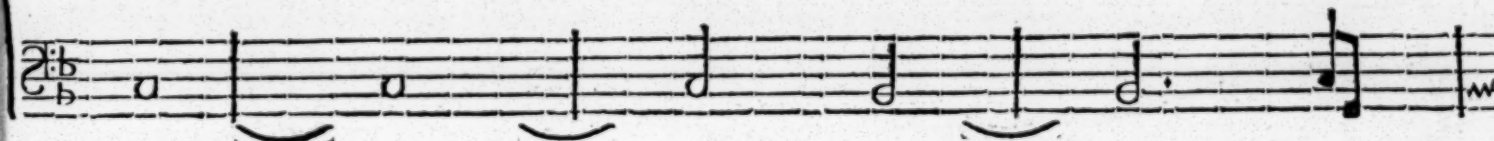
did I not, when first my Mother's Womb discharg'd me thence, drop down in--to my



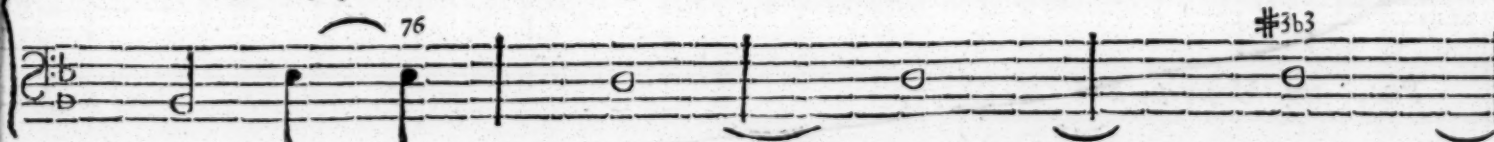
Tomb? Then had I been at quiet, and mine Eyes had slept, and seen no Sorrow;



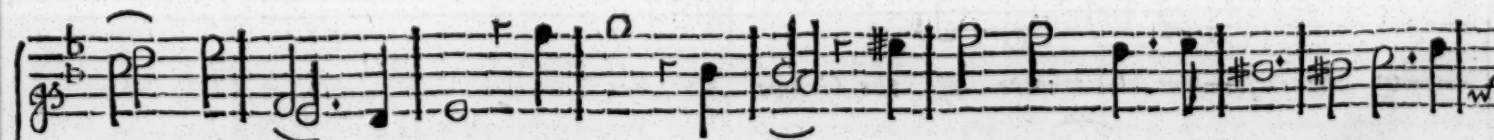
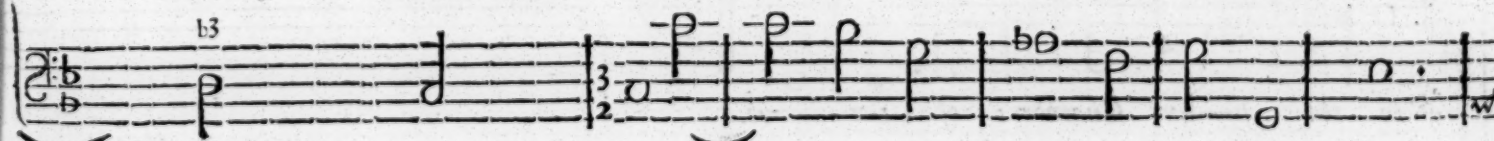
there, there the Wise and Subtle Counsellor, the Po-ten-tate, who for themselves built Pa-



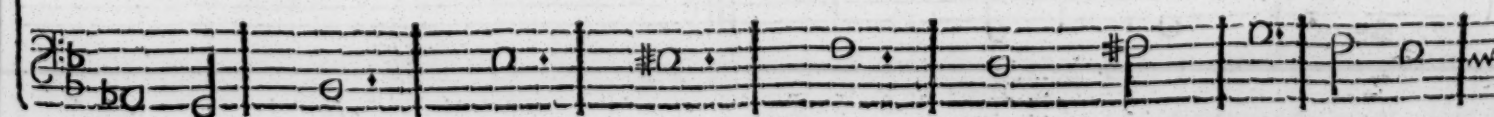
—la-ces of State, lye hush'd in Silence; there's no Midnight cry, caus'd by Oppression, and the Ty-

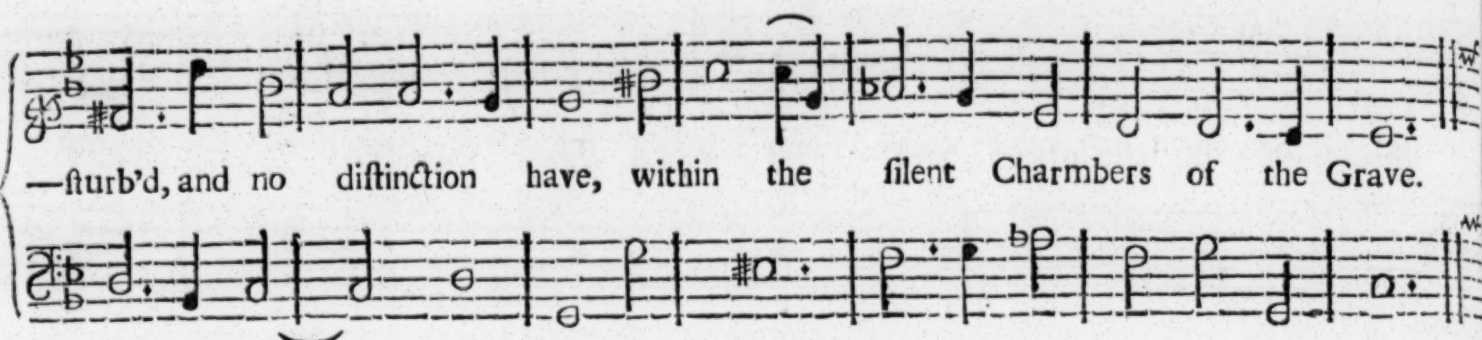


—ran-ny of wicked Rulers. Here, here the Weary cease from Labour, here the



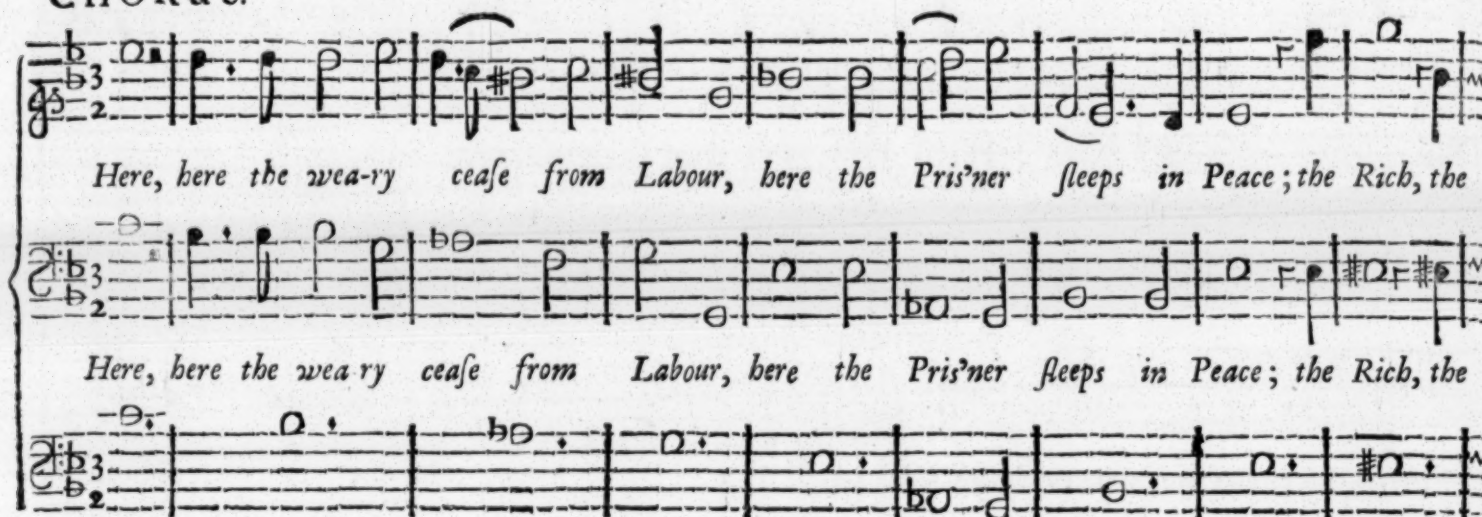
Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di--





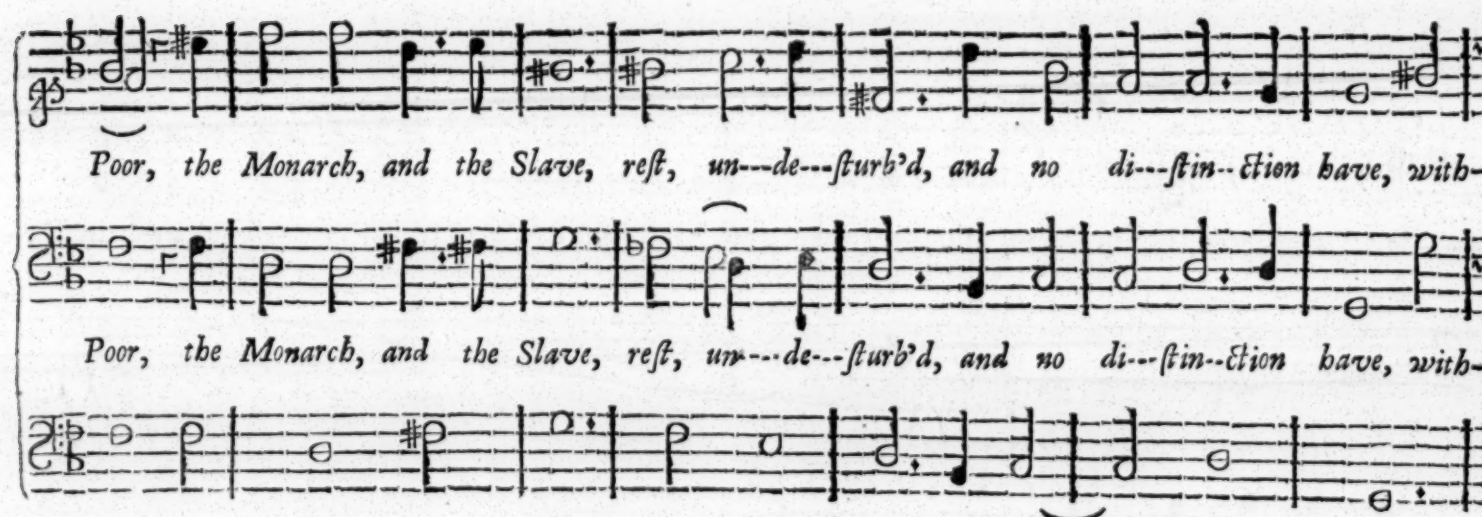
—sturb'd, and no distinction have, within the silent Chambers of the Grave.

CHORUS.



Here, here the weary cease from Labour, here the Prisoner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the

Here, here the weary cease from Labour, here the Prisoner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the



Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, undisturb'd, and no distinction have, with—

Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, undisturb'd, and no distinction have, with—



—in the silent Chambers of the Grave.

—in the silent Chambers of the Grave.

*The 34th. Chapter of Isaiah Paraphras'd by Mr. Cowley.**Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

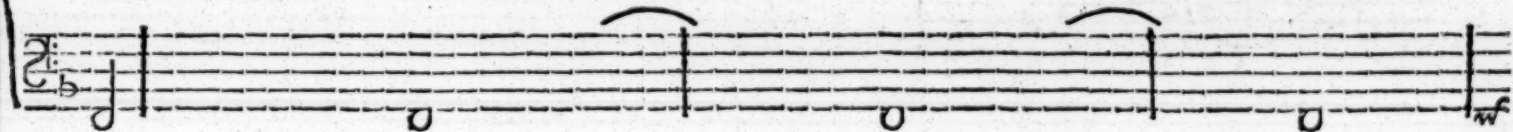
—Wake! awake! and with at-ten-tion hear, thou drowſie World, for it con—



—cerns thee near; awake I ſay! and liſten well, to what from God I his lou—d Prophet



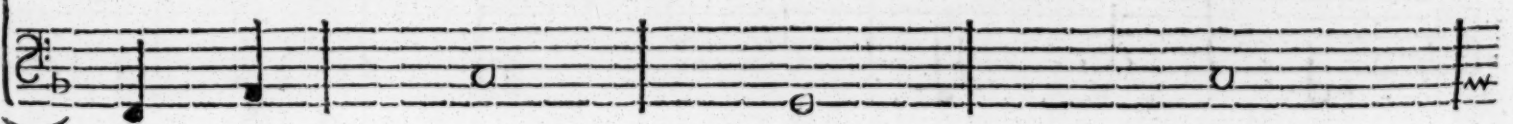
tell; bid both the Poles ſuppreſs their ſtor- - - - - my Noiſe, and bid the



roa—ring Sea con—tain its Voice: Be ſtill, thou Sea, be ſtill thou Air and Earth;



ſtill as old Cha—os be—fore Mo— - - - - tion's Birth: A dreadful Hoſt of



Judgments is gone out, in ſtrength and number more, than e're was rais'd by God before, to





scourge the Re-bel World, and march it rou- - - - -nd a-bout.



I see the Sword of God bran—-dish'd above, and from it strea—-ms a dif-



—mal Ray, I see the Scabbard cast away; how red a-non with Slaughter will it



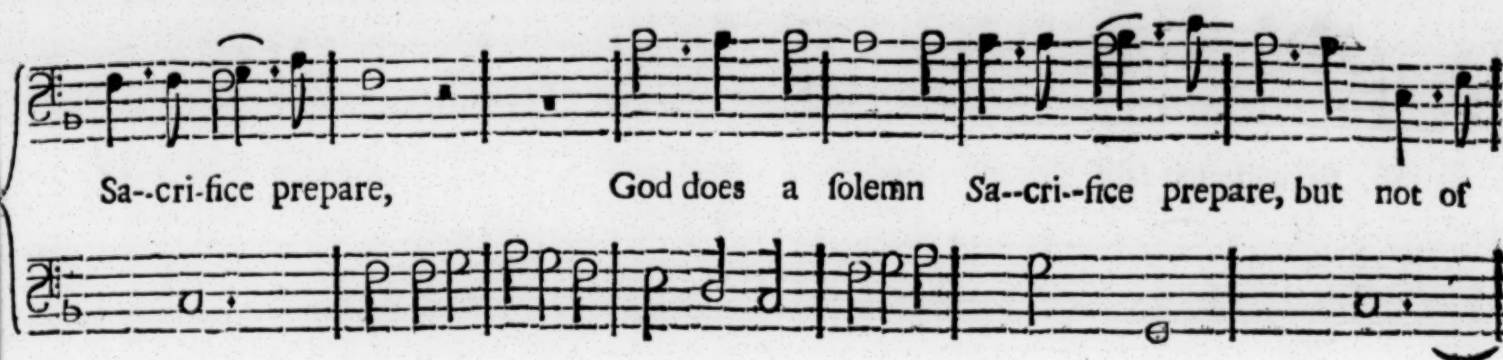
prove? How will it sweat and reek in Blood? How will the Scarlet Glutton be o're—



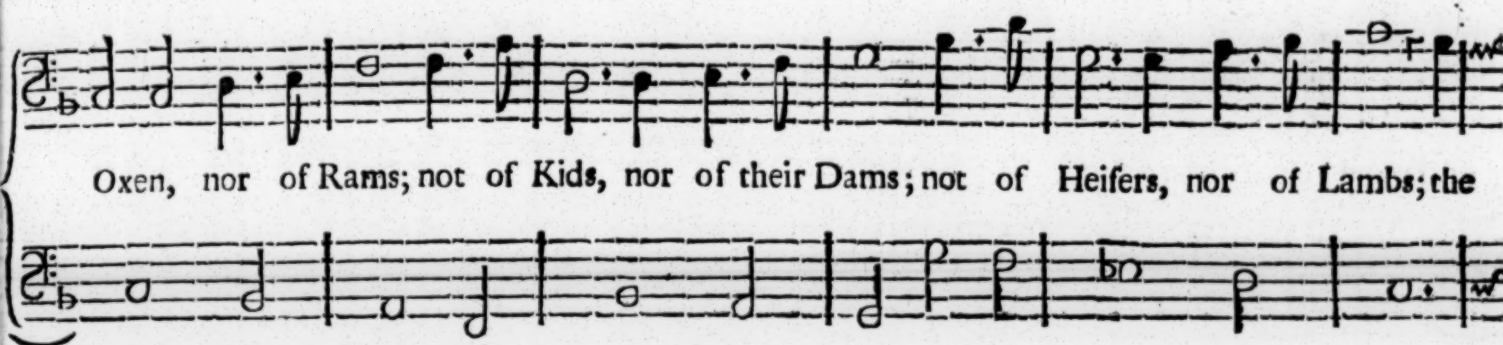
gorg'd with his Food, and de-vour all the mighty Feast? Nothing, nothing soon but Bones will



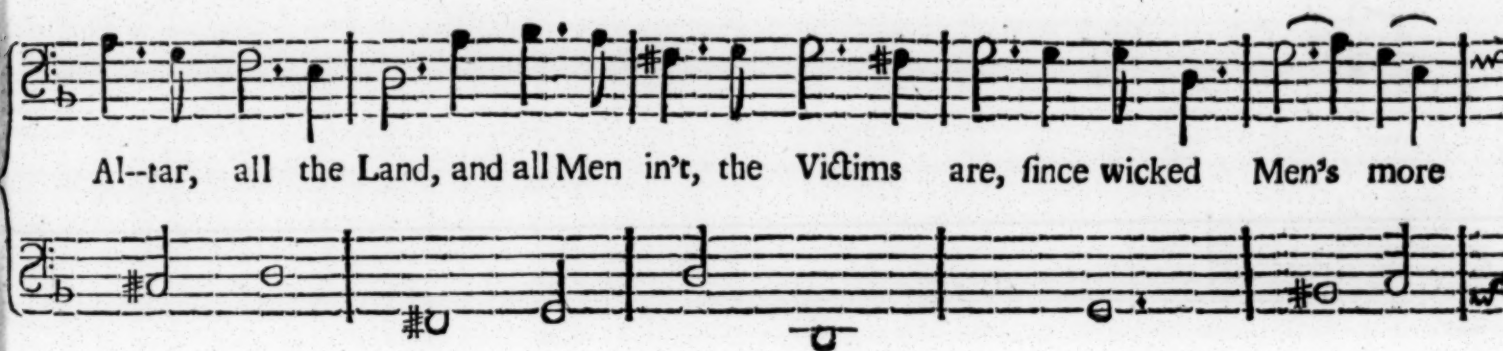
rest; nothing, nothing soon but Bones will rest. God does a solemn



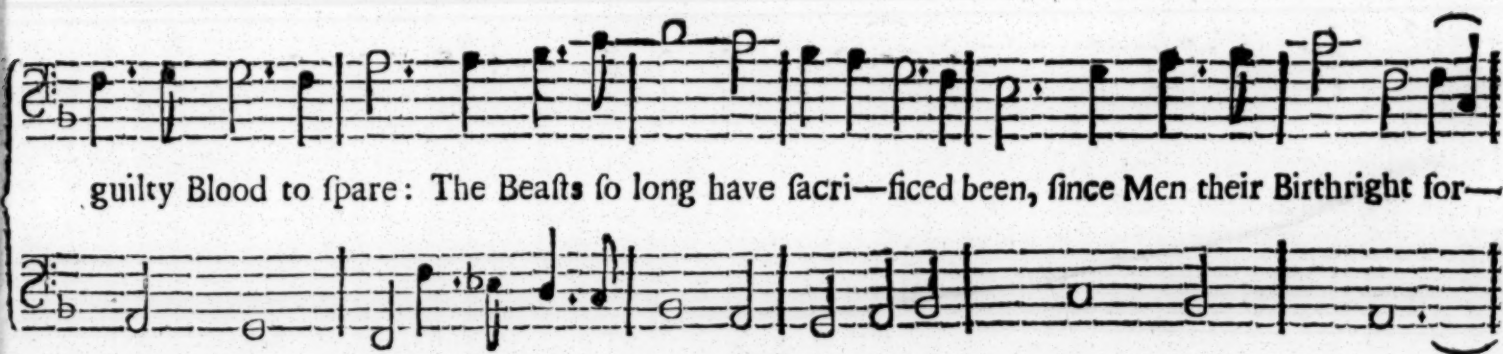
Sa--cri-fice prepare, God does a solemn Sa--cri-fice prepare, but not of



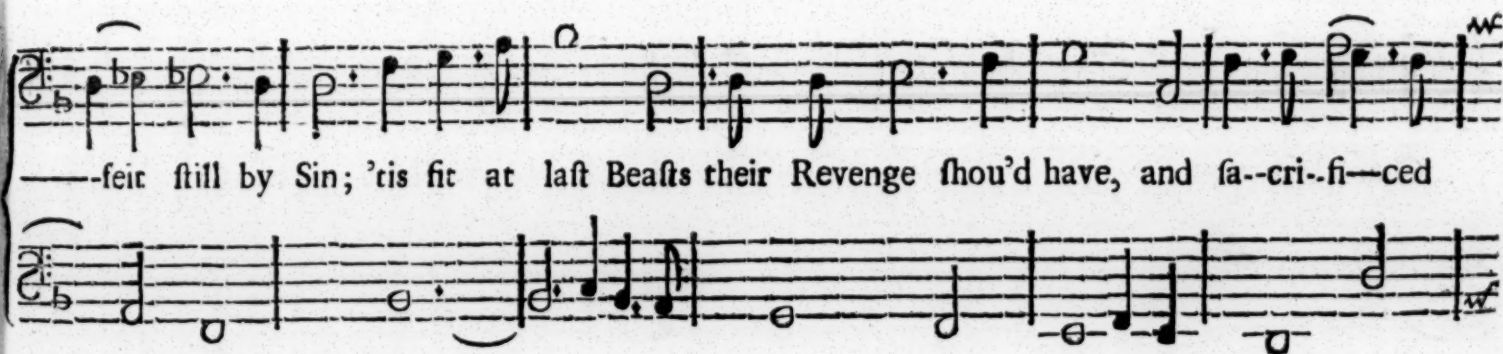
Oxen, nor of Rams; not of Kids, nor of their Dams; not of Heifers, nor of Lambs; the



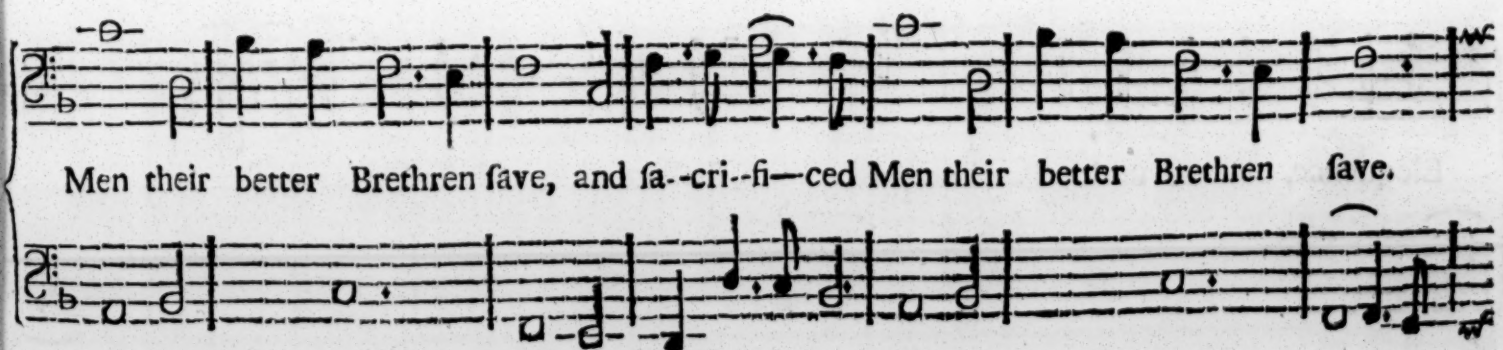
Al--tar, all the Land, and all Men in't, the Victims are, since wicked Men's more



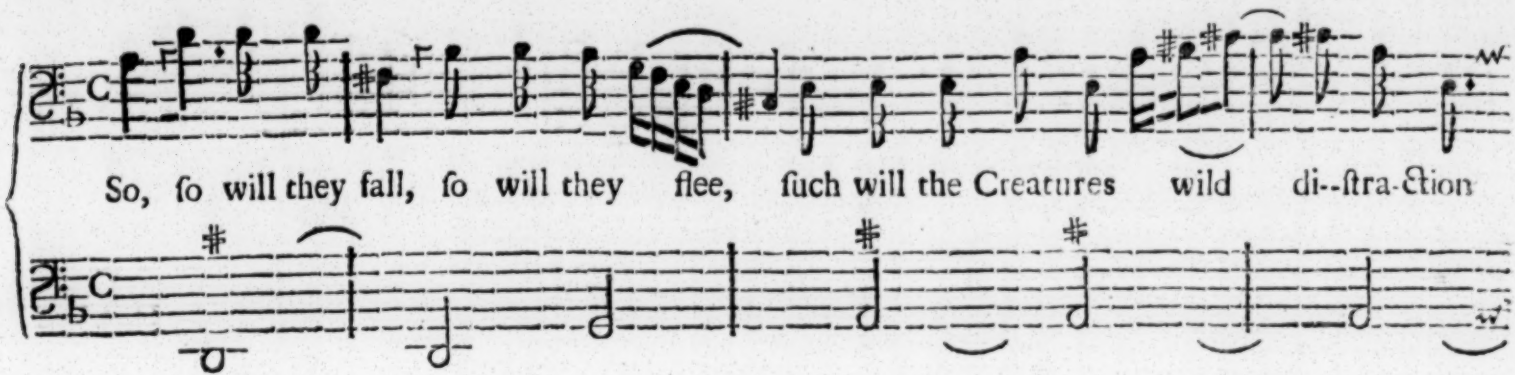
guilty Blood to spare: The Beasts so long have sacri--ficed been, since Men their Birthright for--



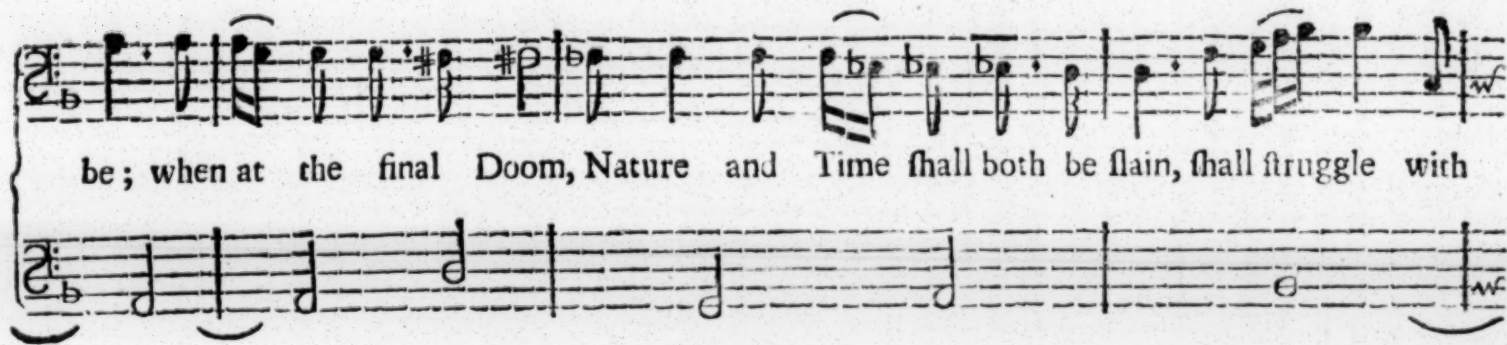
—feit still by Sin; 'tis fit at last Beasts their Revenge shou'd have, and sa--cri-fi—ced



Men their better Brethren save, and sa--cri-fi—ced Men their better Brethren save.



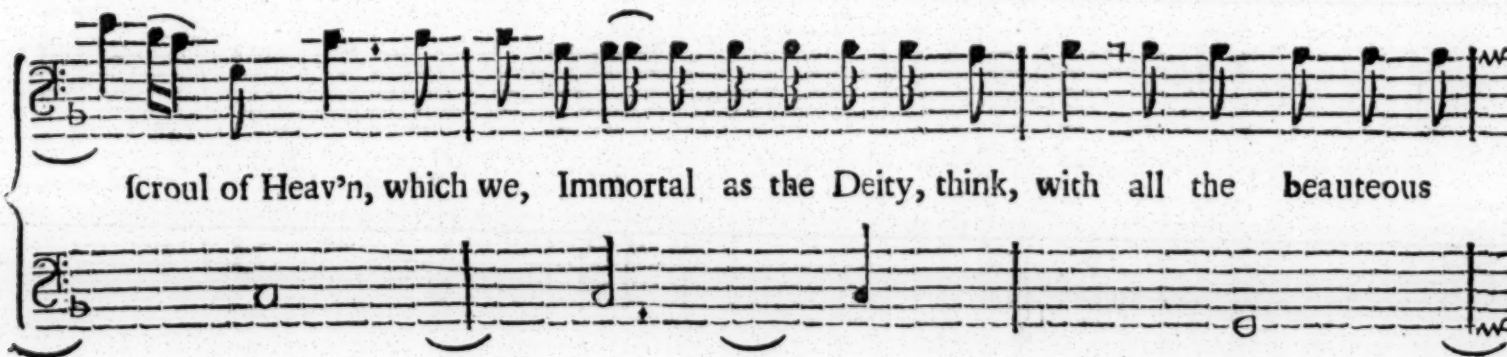
So, so will they fall, so will they flee, such will the Creatures wild di-strac-tion



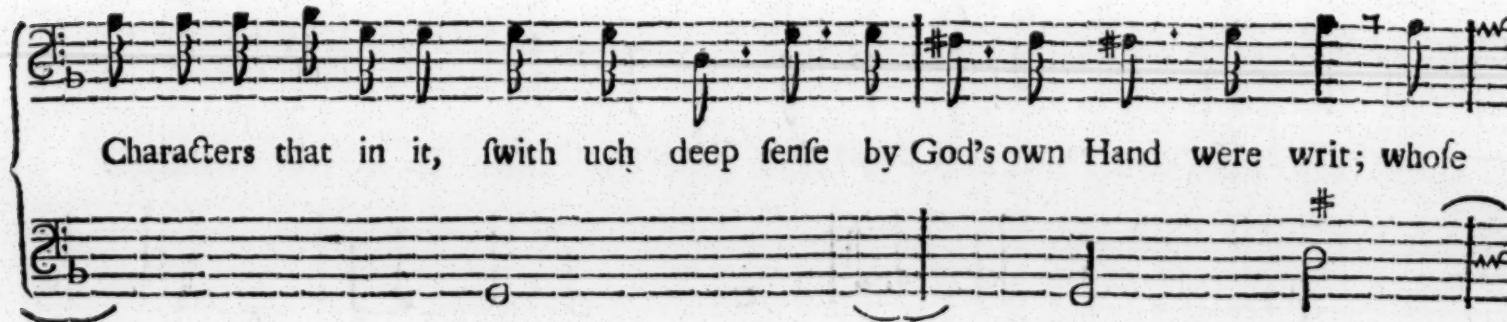
be; when at the final Doom, Nature and Time shall both be slain, shall struggle with



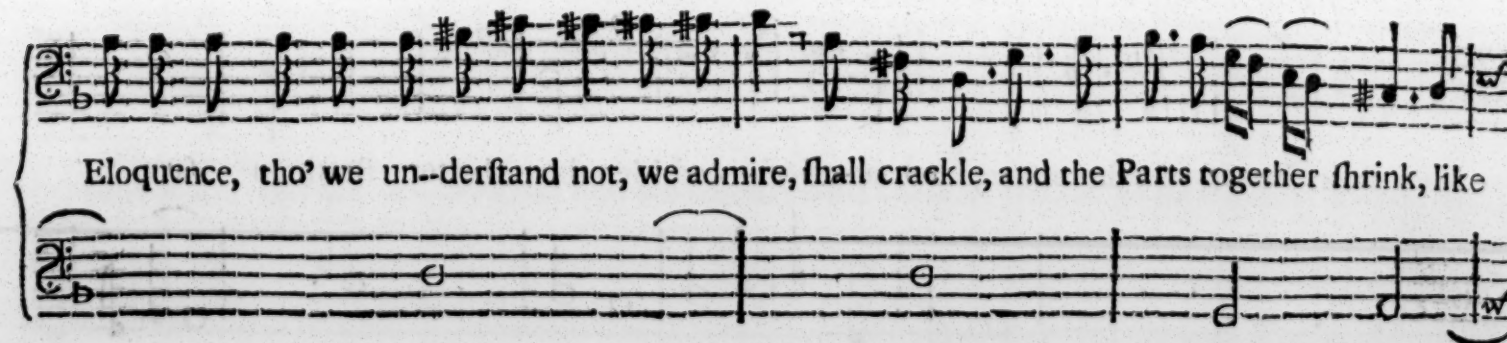
Death's Pangs in vain, and the whole World their Fun'-ral Pile become. The wide-stretch'd



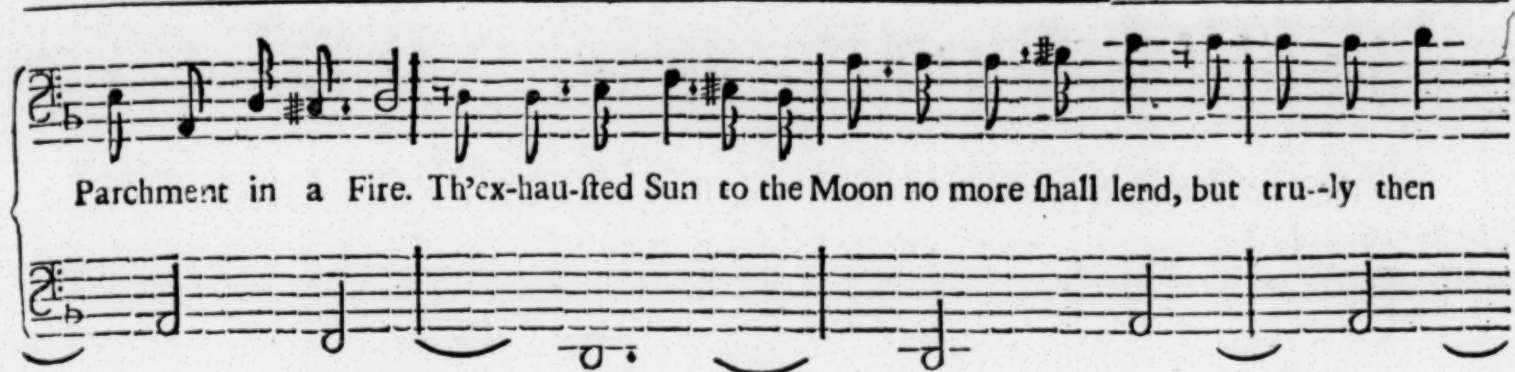
scroul of Heav'n, which we, Immortal as the Deity, think, with all the beauteous



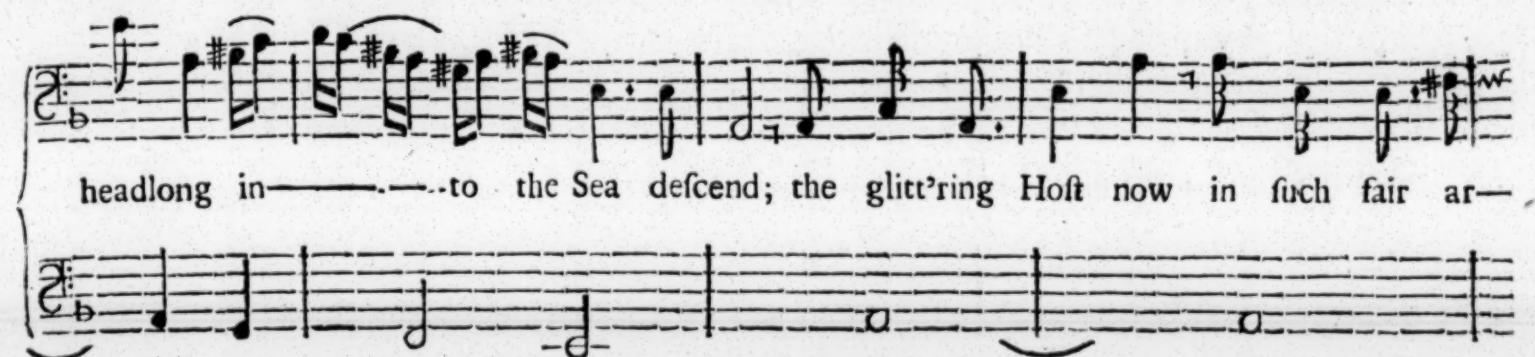
Characters that in it, swith uch deep sence by God's own Hand were writ; whose



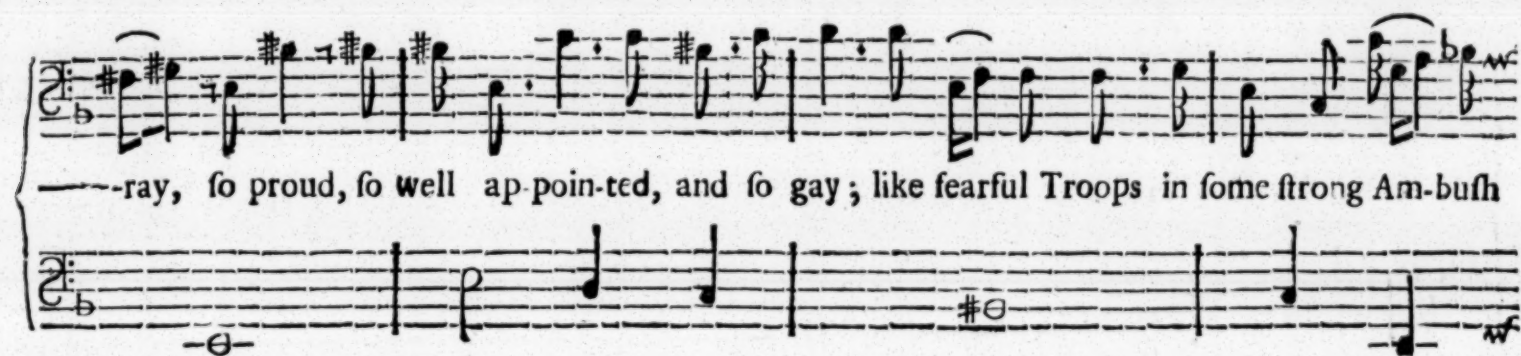
Eloquence, tho' we un-derstand not, we admire, shall crackle, and the Parts together shrink, like



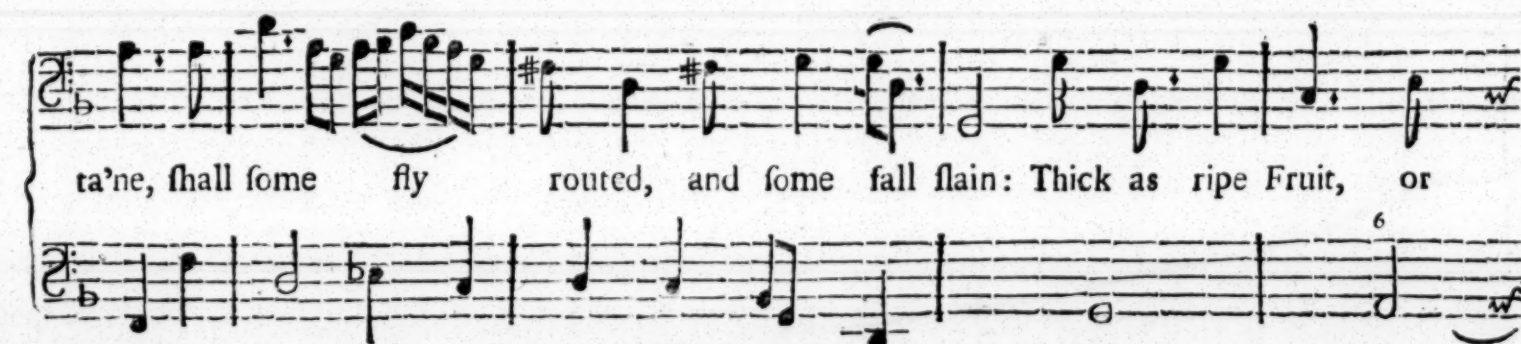
Parchment in a Fire. Th'ex-hau-sted Sun to the Moon no more shall lend, but tru-ly then



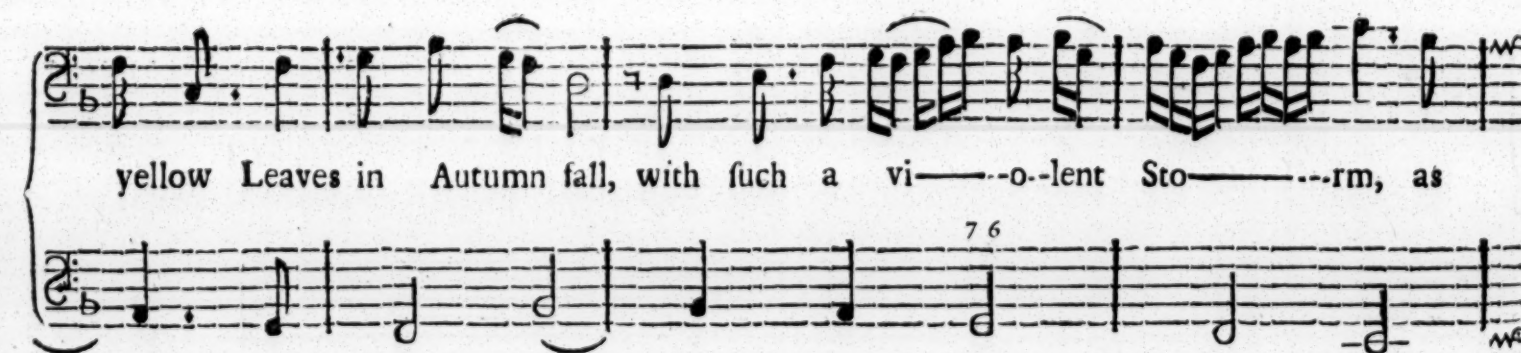
headlong in—to the Sea descend; the glitt'ring Host now in such fair ar—



—ray, so proud, so well ap-poin-ted, and so gay; like fearful Troops in some strong Am-bush

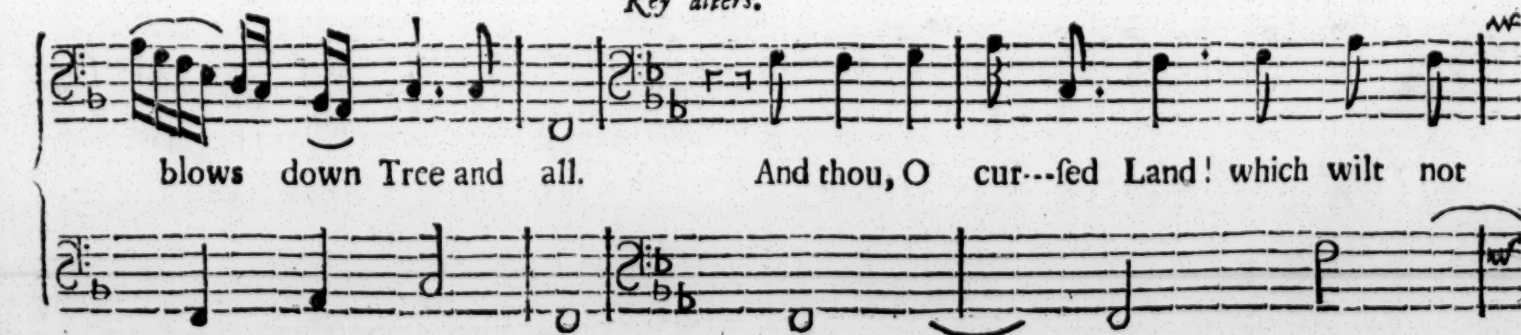


ta'ne, shall some fly routed, and some fall slain: Thick as ripe Fruit, or



yellow Leaves in Autumn fall, with such a vi—o-lent Sto—rm, as

Key alters.



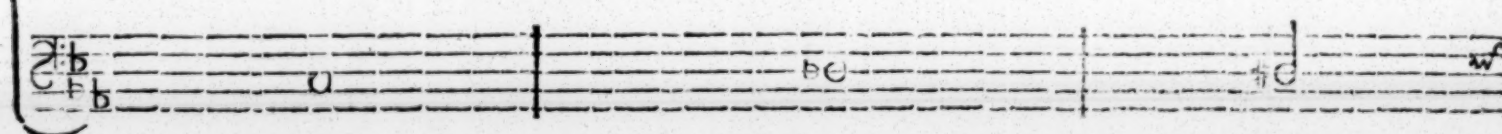
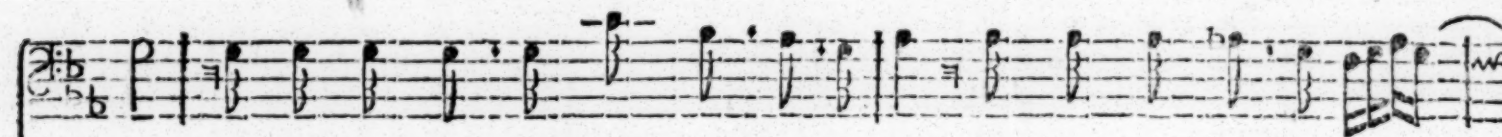
blows down Tree and all. And thou, O cur--sed Land! which wilt not



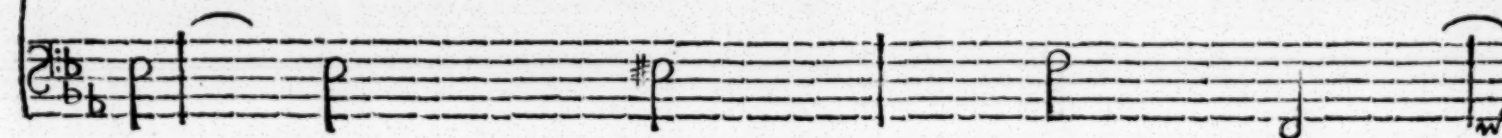
see the precipice where thou dost stand; tho' thou stand just up on the brink, thou of this poyson'd




Bowl the bit—ter dregs shalt drink; thy Rivers and thy Lakes shall so, with human Blood o're--

—flow, that they shall fetch the slaughter'd Corps away, which in the Fields a—roun—



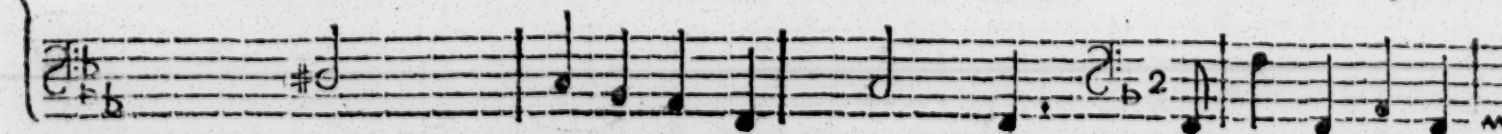

—d un--bu--ry'd lay, and rob the Beasts and Birds to give the Fish their Prey: The rotting

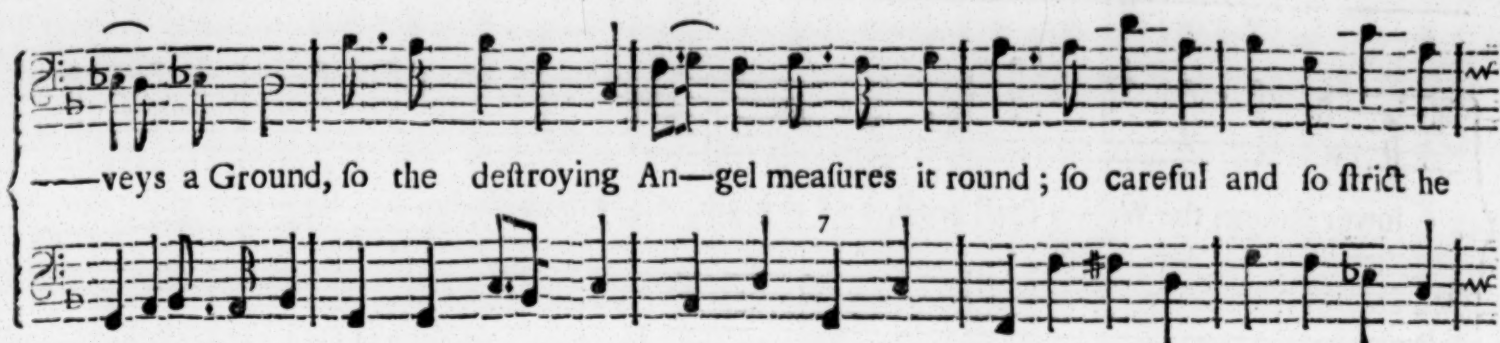



Corps shall so in--fect the Air, beget such Plagues and pu--trid Venoms there; that

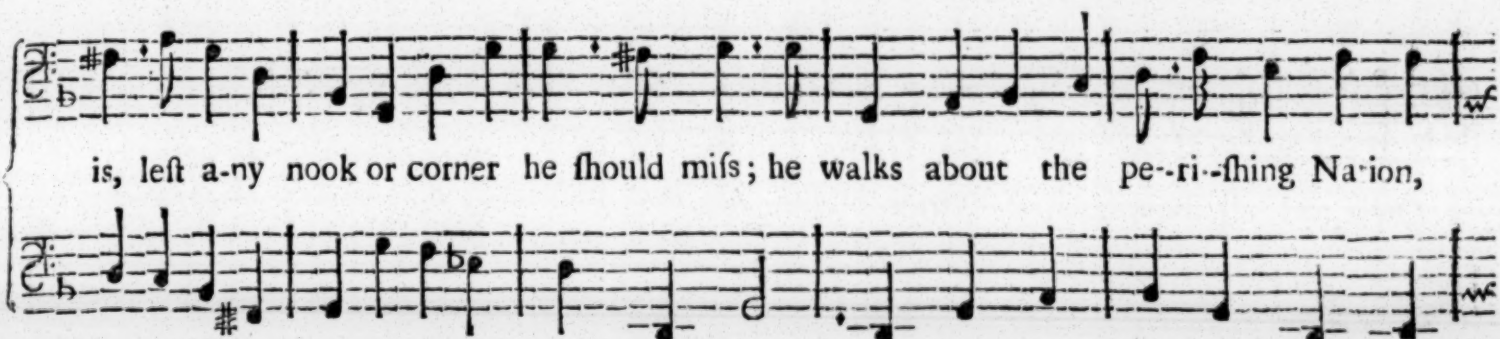



by thine own Dead shall be slain, all thy few living that remain. As one who buys sur—

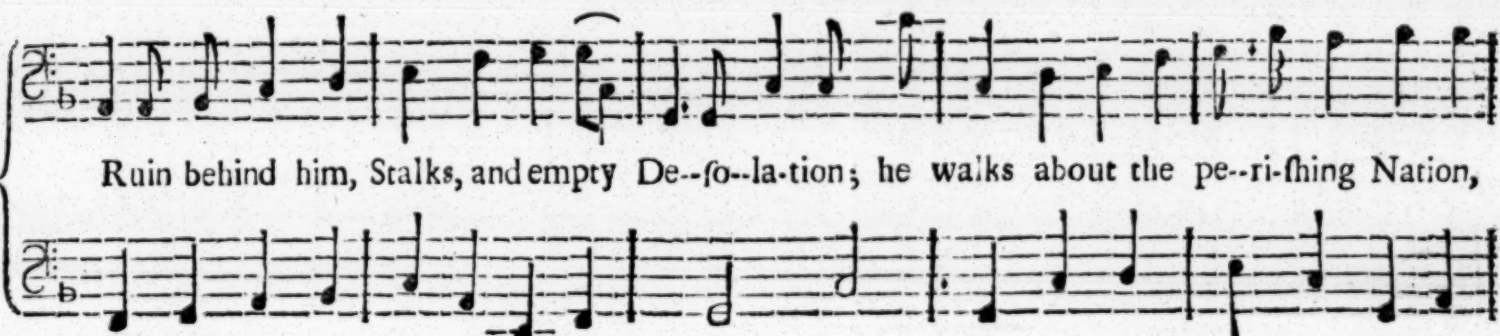




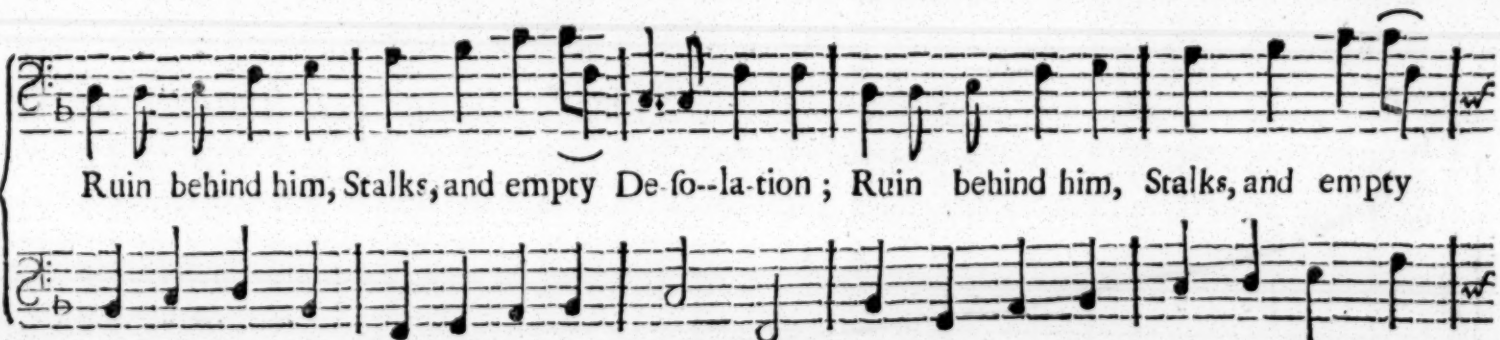
—veys a Ground, so the destroying An—gel measures it round; so careful and so strict he



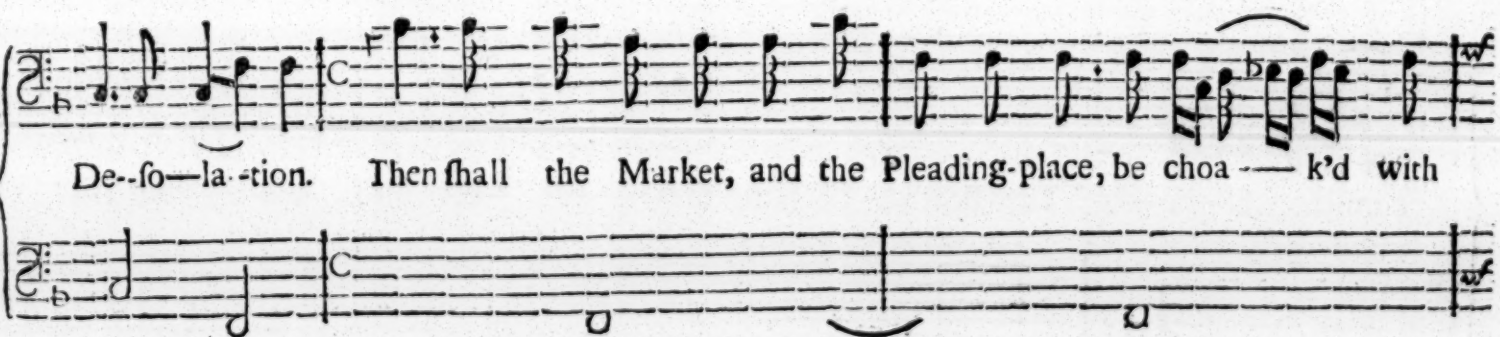
is, left a-ny nook or corner he should miss; he walks about the pe-ri-shing Nation,



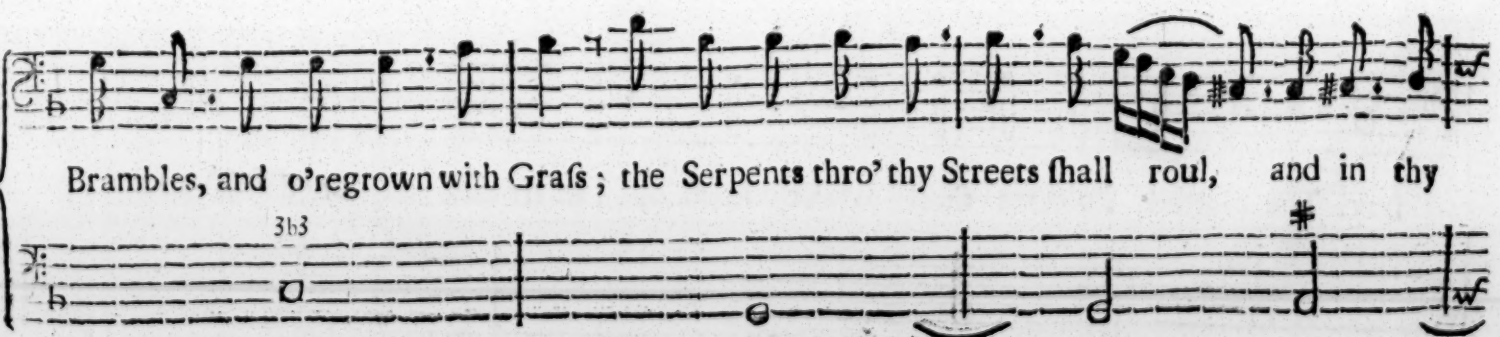
Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De-so-la-tion; he walks about the pe-ri-shing Nation,



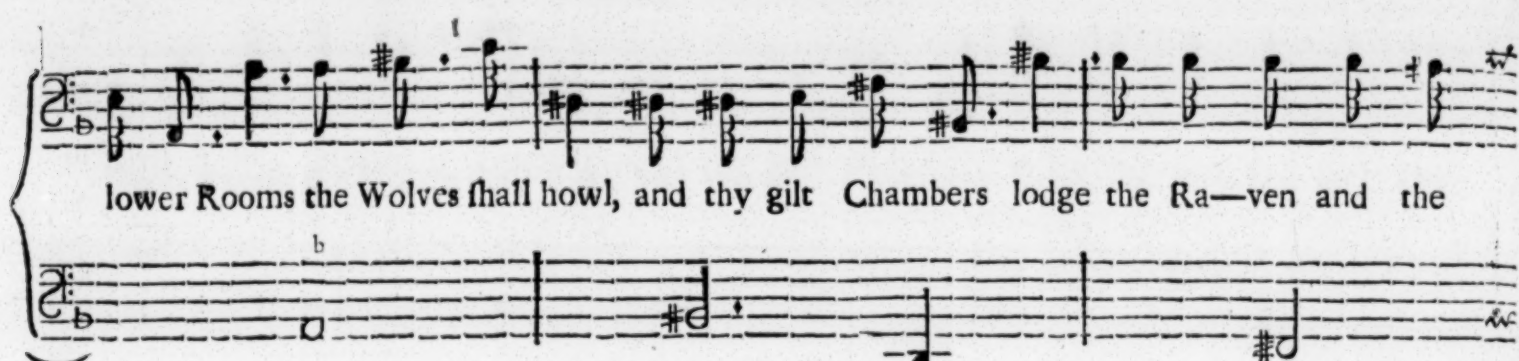
Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De-so-la-tion; Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty



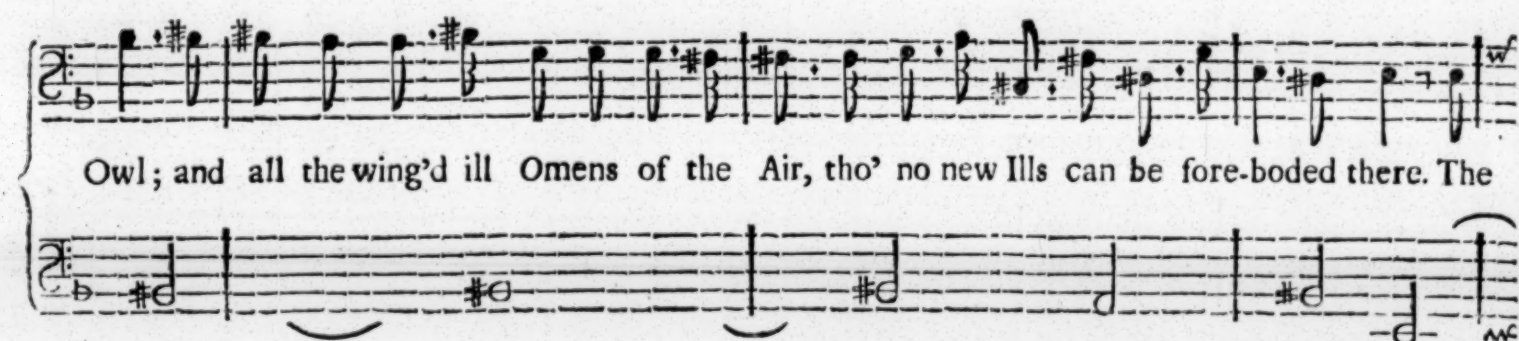
De-so-la-tion. Then shall the Market, and the Pleading-place, be choa—k'd with



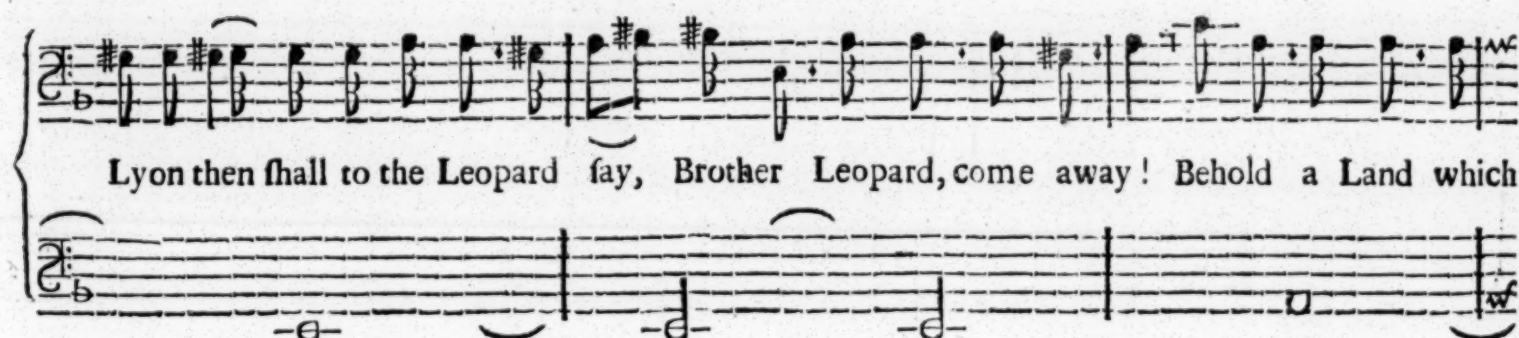
Brambles, and o'regrown with Grass; the Serpents thro' thy Streets shall roul, and in thy



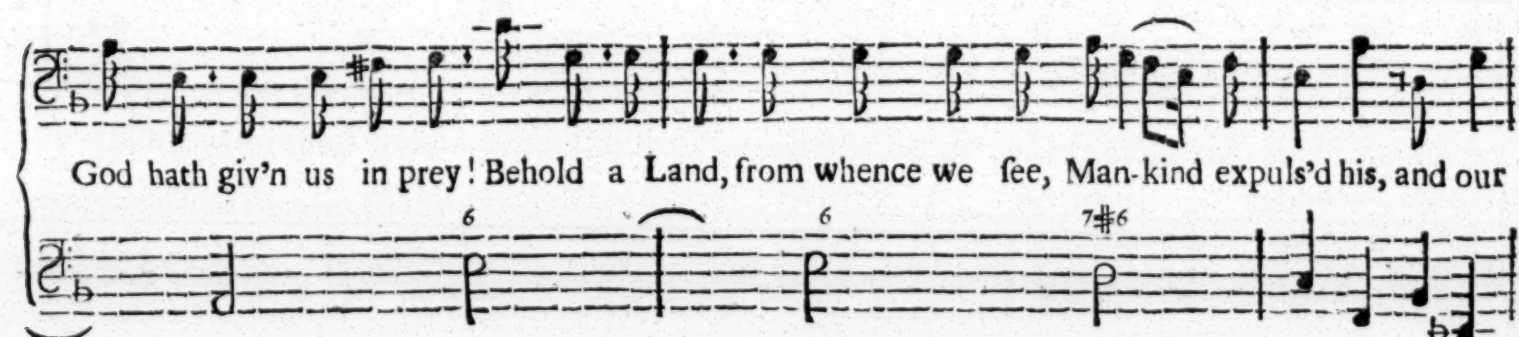
lower Rooms the Wolves shall howl, and thy gilt Chambers lodge the Ra—ven and the



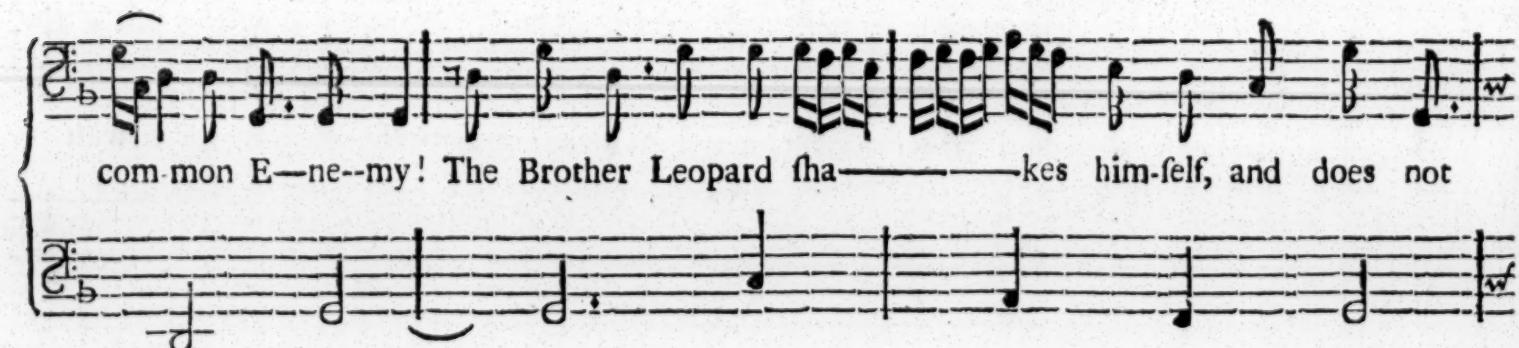
Owl; and all the wing'd ill Omens of the Air, tho' no new Ills can be fore-boded there. The



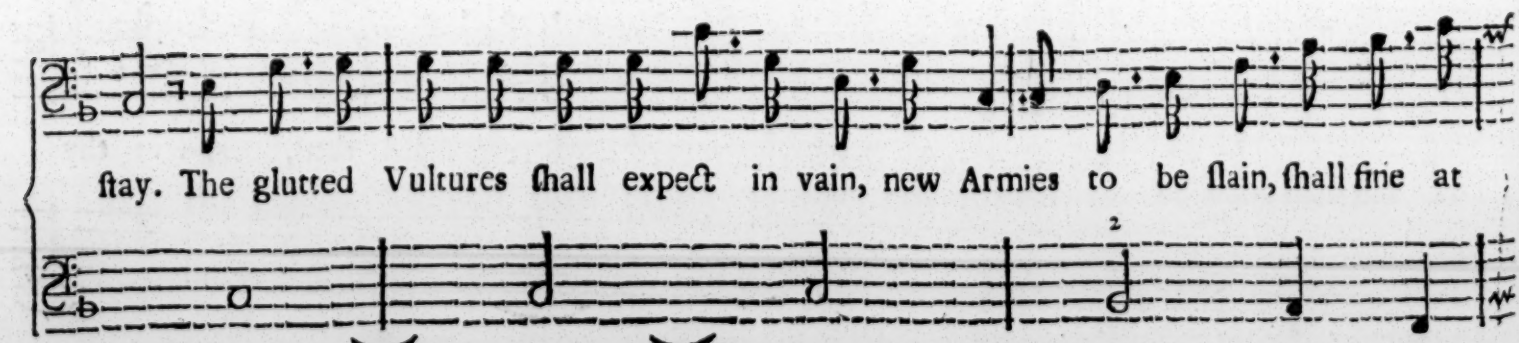
Lyon then shall to the Leopard say, Brother Leopard, come away! Behold a Land which



God hath giv'n us in prey! Behold a Land, from whence we see, Man-kind expuls'd his, and our



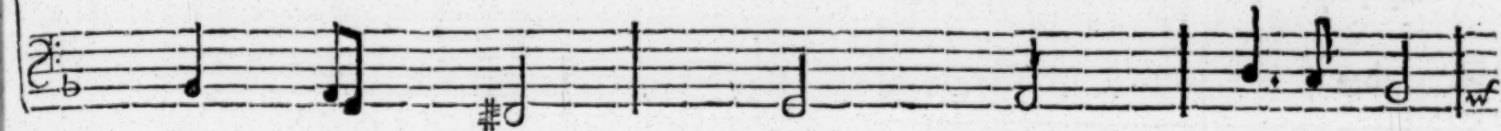
com-mon E—ne--my! The Brother Leopard sha—kes him-self, and does not



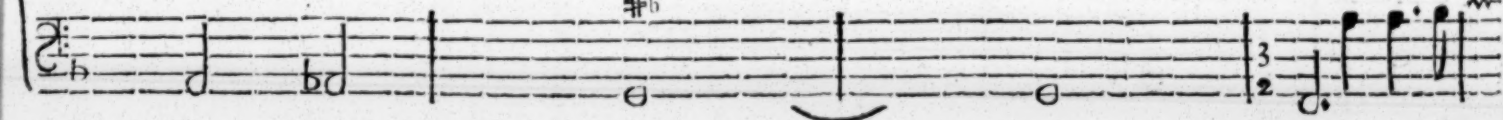
stay. The glutted Vultures shall expect in vain, new Armies to be slain, shall fine at



last their Bus'ness done, leave their con—fu—med Quarters, and be gone: Th'un-bu-ry'd



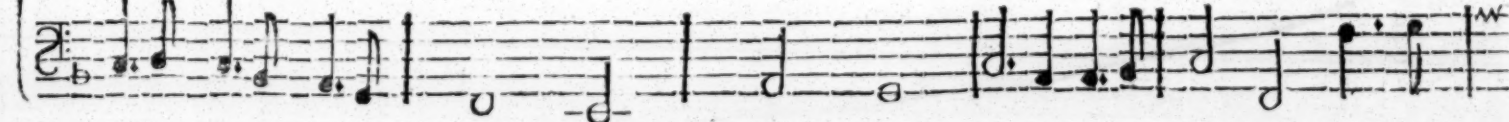

Ghosts shall sad—ly moan, the Sa—tyrs lau—gh to hear them Groan.



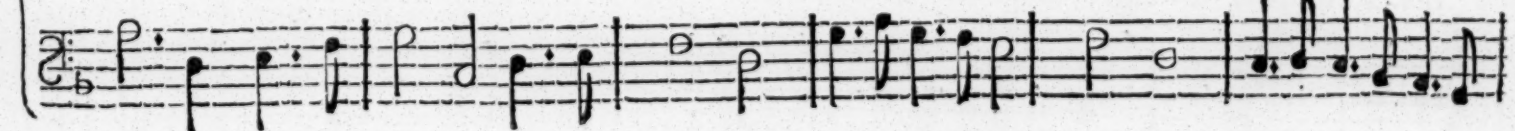

The e—vil Spirits that delight to Dan—ce and Revel in the mask of



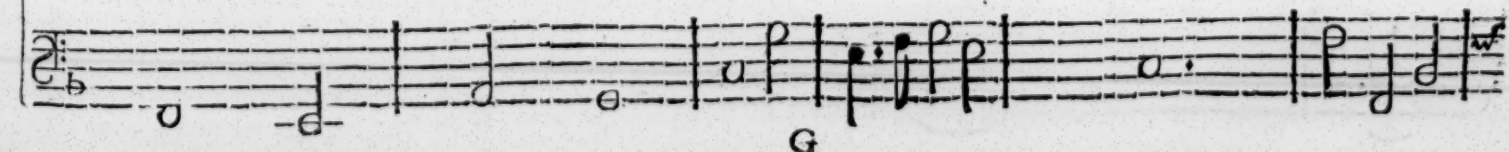

Night, the Moon and Stars their sole Spe—cta-tors shall affright; the e—vil




Spi—rits that delight to Dan—ce and Re—vel in the mask of Night, the Moon and




Stars their sole Spe—ctators shall affright; and if of lost Mankind, ought



G

hap-pen to be left behind, if a—ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in the Palaces shall reign; if a-ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in their Pa—la—ces shall reign.

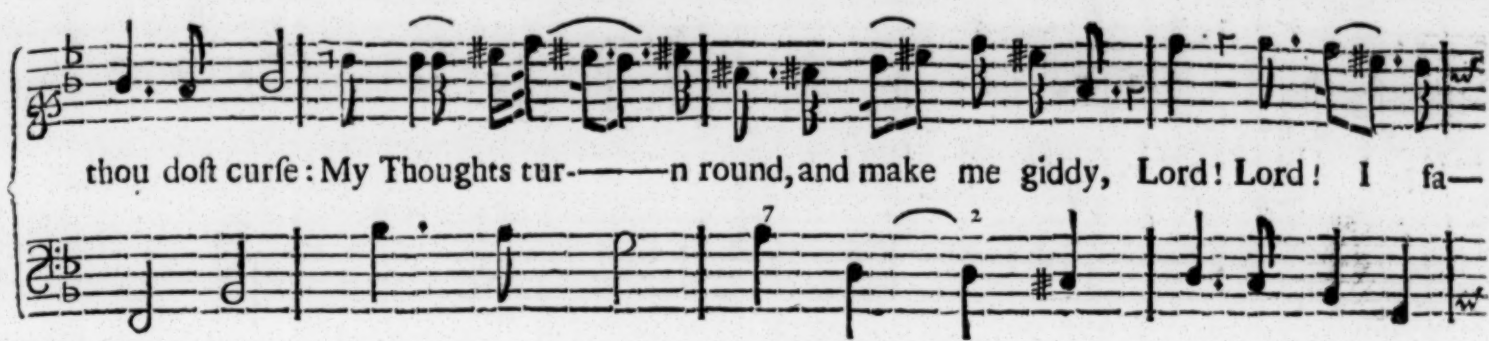
Words by Mr. Herbert, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



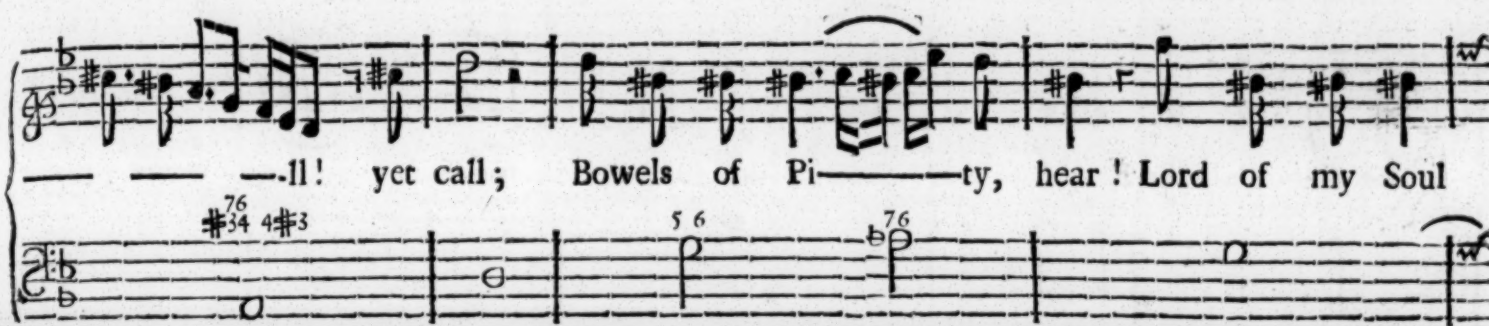
Ith sick and famish'd Eyes, with dou—-bling Knees, and weary

Bones, to thee my Cries, to thee my Groans, to thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend, no

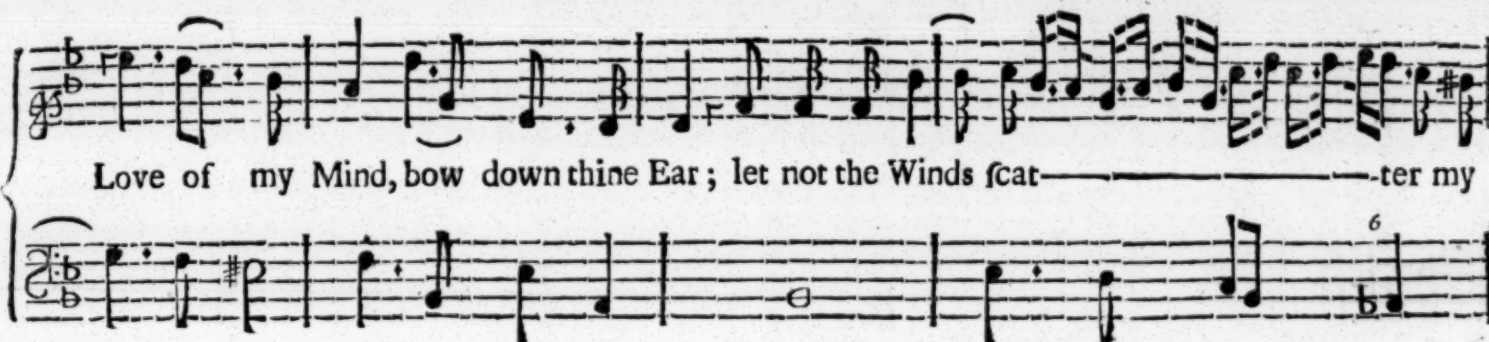
end; my Throat, my Soul is hoarse, my Heart is wither'd, like a Ground which



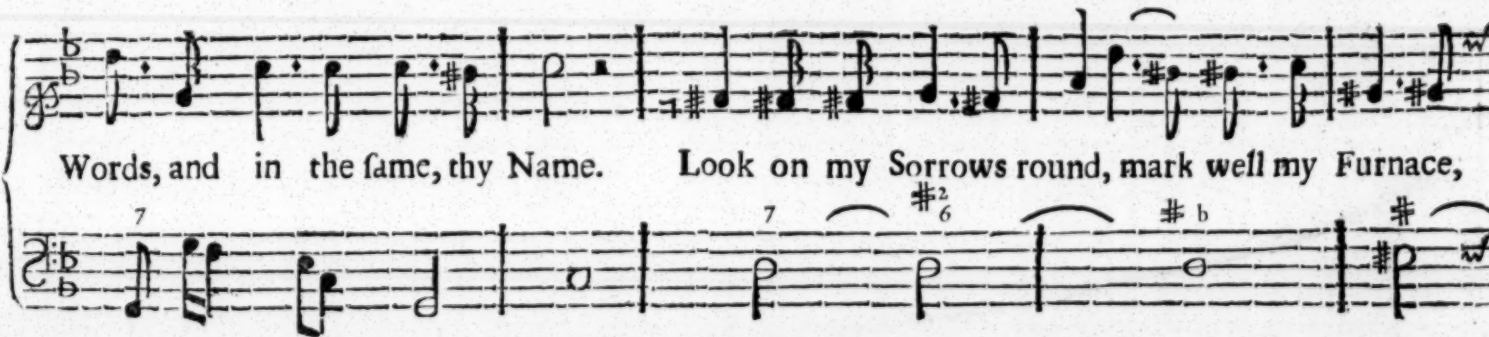
thou dost curse: My Thoughts tur—n round, and make me giddy, Lord! Lord! I fa—



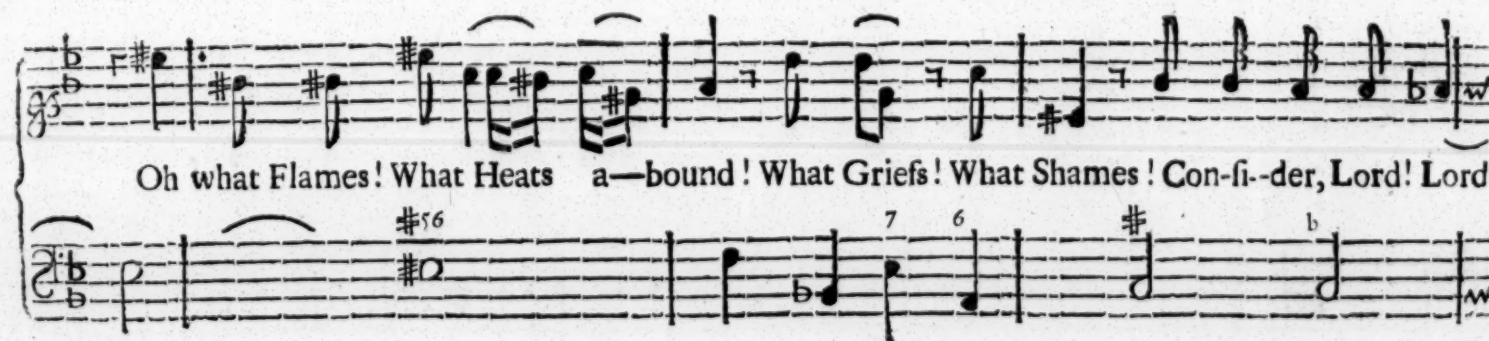
—ll! yet call; Bowels of Pi—ty, hear! Lord of my Soul



Love of my Mind, bow down thine Ear; let not the Winds scat—ter my



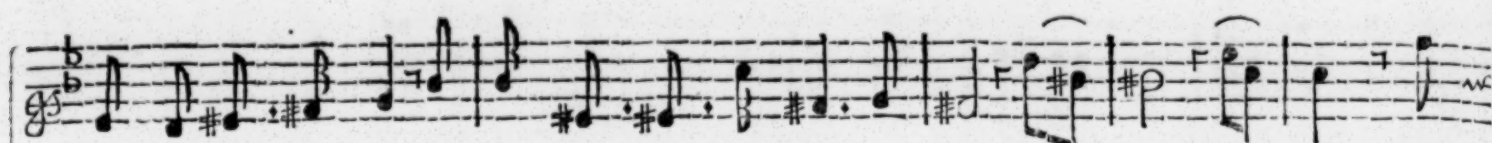
Words, and in the fame, thy Name. Look on my Sorrows round, mark well my Furnace,



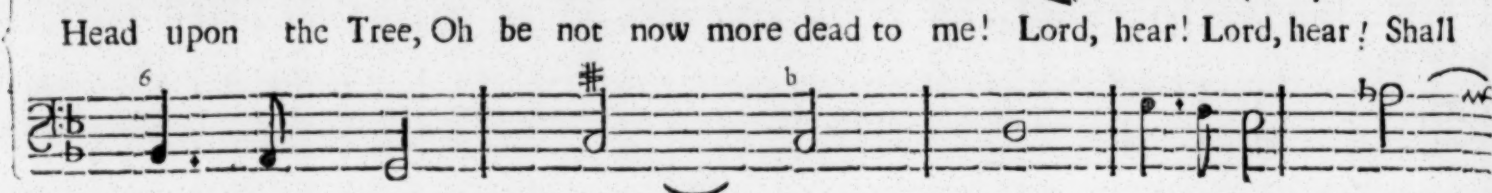
Oh what Flames! What Heats a—bound! What Griefs! What Shames! Con-si—der, Lord! Lord,



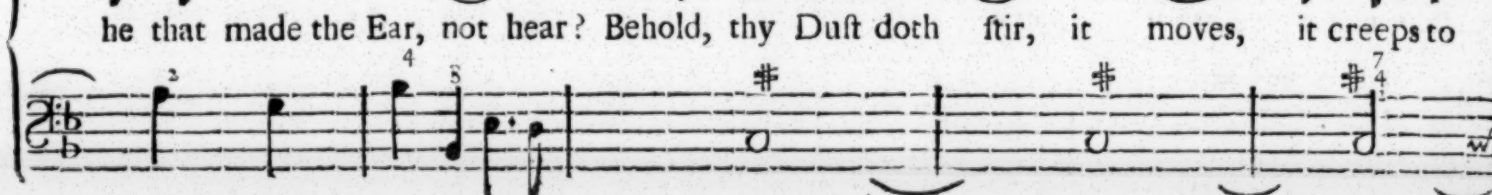
bow thine Ear and hear. Lord Je—su, thou didst bow thy dy—ing



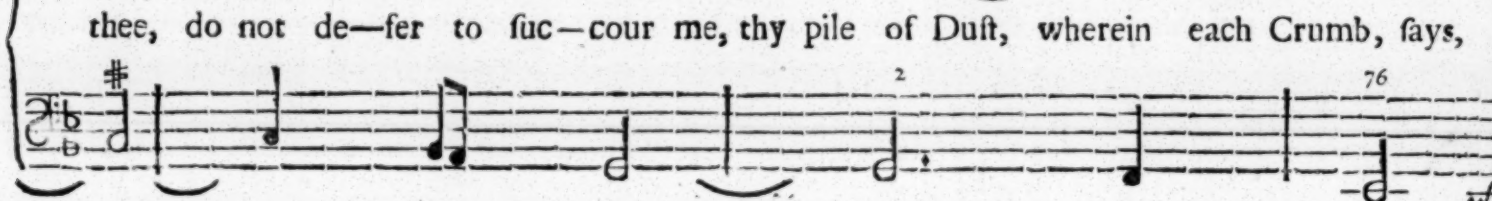
Head upon the Tree, Oh be not now more dead to me! Lord, hear! Lord, hear! Shall



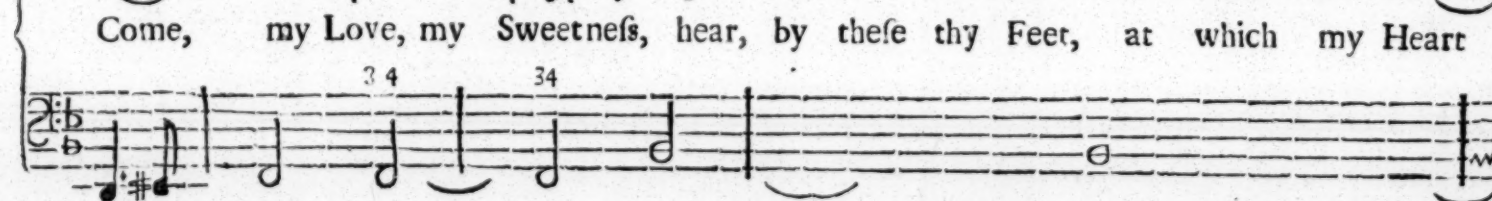
he that made the Ear, not hear? Behold, thy Dust doth stir, it moves, it creeps to



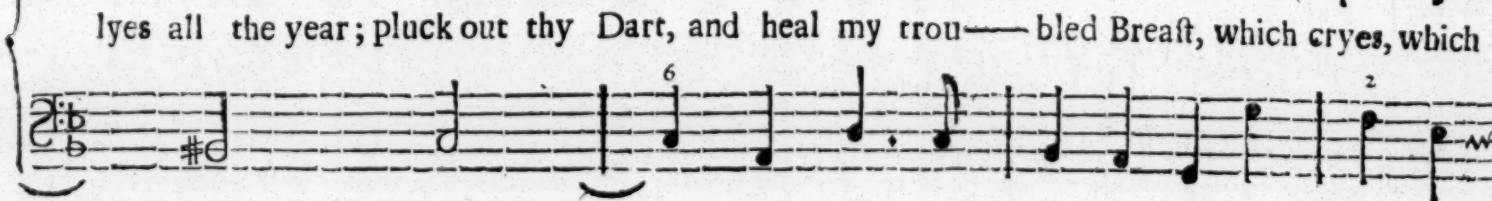
thee, do not de—fer to suc—cour me, thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb, says,



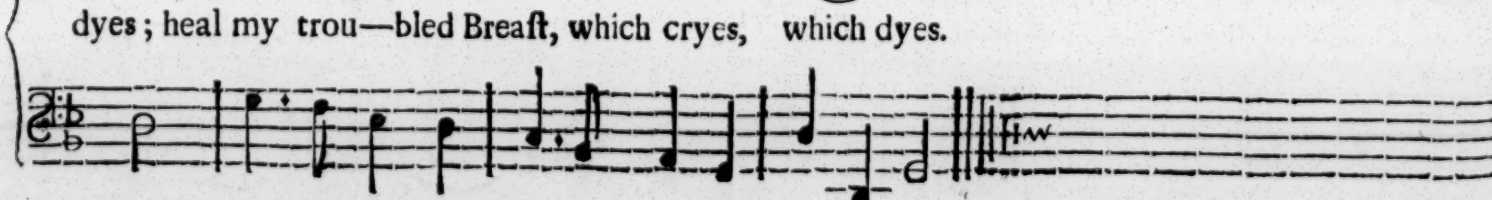
Come, my Love, my Sweetness, hear, by these thy Feet, at which my Heart



lyes all the year; pluck out thy Dart, and heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which



dyes; heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which dyes.



Words by Mr. George Herbert, in his Church-Poems.

Set by Dr. John Blow.



And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove, when I am four, and cross thy

Love! Griev'd for me, the God of Strength and Pow'r; griev'd for a Worm, which when I

tread, I pass a-way, and leave it dead. Then weep, mine Eyes, the God of Love doth

grieve, weep, foolish Heart, and weep-ing live; for Death is dry as Dust; yet if ye

part, end as the Night, whose sable Hew your Sins express, melt in to Dew: When sawcy

Mirth shall knock, or call at Door, cry out, Get hence, or cry no more; Al-mighty



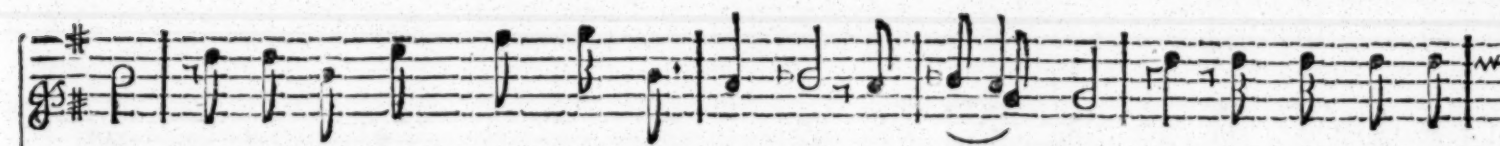
God does grieve, he puts on Sense: I find not to my Grief alone, but to my Gods



too he doth groan. Oh! Oh! take thy Lute, and tune it to a strain, which



may with thee all day complain; there can no Discord but in ceasing be; Marbles can



weep, and surely Strings more Bowels have, than such hard things. Lord, I adjudge my



self to Tears and Grief, ev'n endless Tears without Relief; if a clear Spring for me no



time forbears, but runs, although I be not dry; I am no Crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail, Natures denies, and Flesh would fail,

if my Deserts were Masters of mine Eyes. Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes

good my want of Tears, my want of Tears, with store of Blood.

Lucifer's Fall. Set by Dr. John Blow.



OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

O Lu—ci—fer!

O Lu—ci—fer! Son of the Morning, Son of the

How art thou cut down to the Ground!

How art thou cut

Morning!

How art thou cut down to the Ground,

down to the Ground, to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations, that didst

art thou cut down, cut down to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations,

7 3 75

weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou, art thou cut

Thou that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou cut

down! I will af-cend in-to the Heav'n, I will af—
down! For thou said'st in thy Heart, for thou said'st in thy Heart,

—cend into the Heav'ns. I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of
I will ascend, af—cend, into the Heav'ns: I will ex—

God, I will ex-alt my Throne above the Stars of God; I will sit al--so upon the Mount
—alt my Throne a—bove, above the Stars of God; I will sit al--so upon the Mount

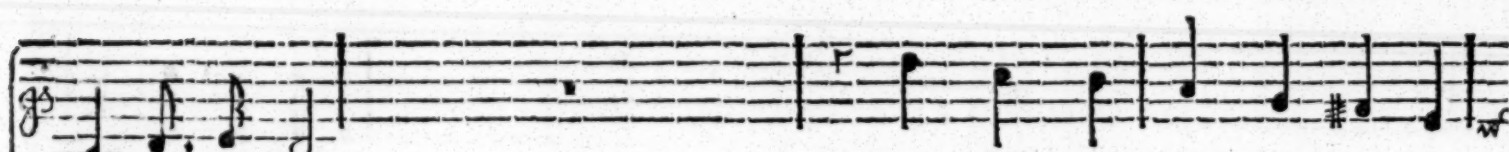
of the Con—gre-ga-ti-on, in the Sides of the North.
of the Congrega—ti—on, in the sides of the North. I will ascend above the height of the



I will af-cend above the height of the Clouds,
Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell; I will af—cend above the



of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down into Hell, be brought
height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell;

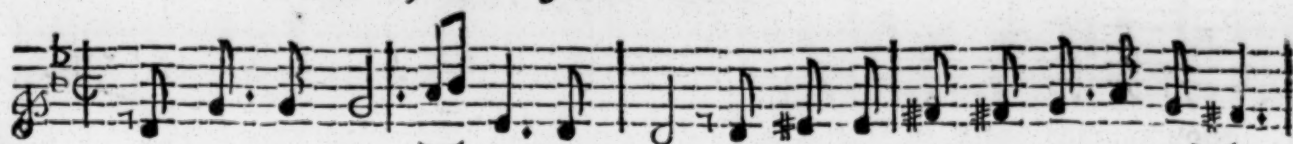


down in—to Hell; thou shalt be brought down in—to
yet thou shalt be brought down, thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell, be



Hell, be brought down in—to Hell.
brought down, be brought down in—to Hell.

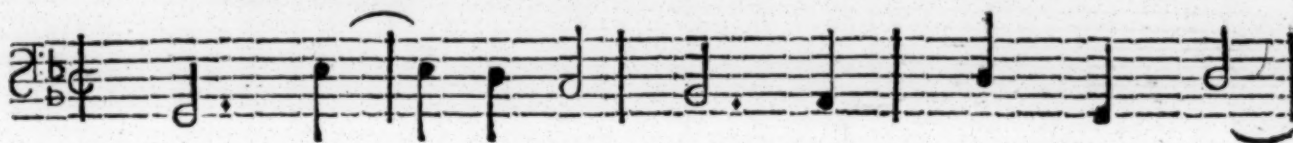
Set by Dr. John Blow.



Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In--spi--rations but of Winds,



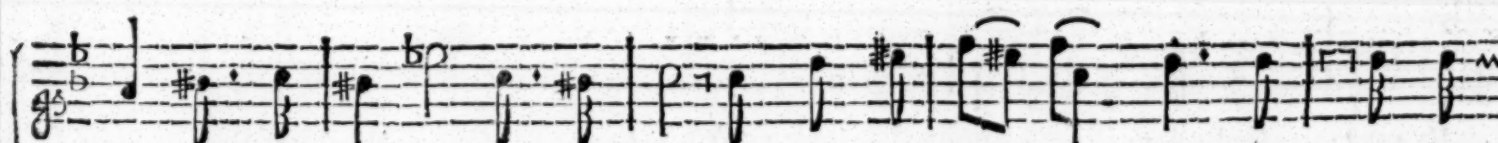
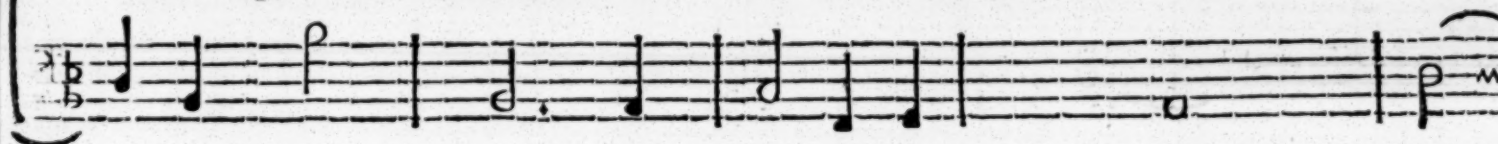
Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In--spi--rations but of Winds,



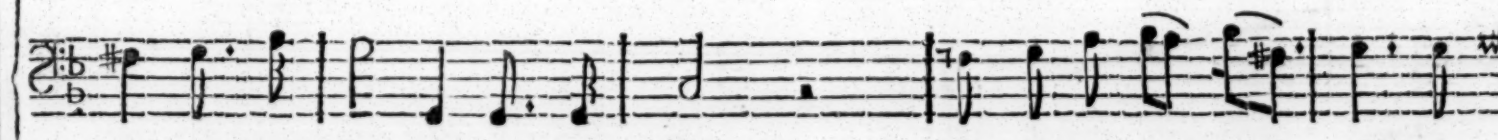
take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e—ver--la--sting Strings,



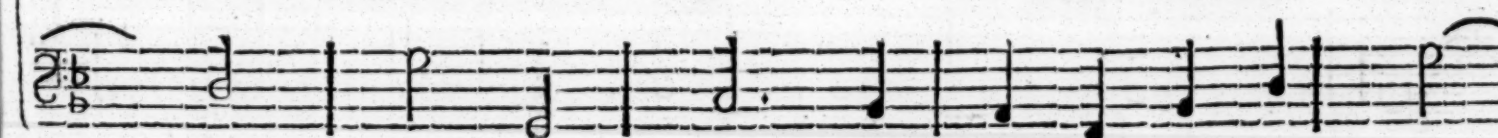
take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e—ver--la--sting Strings,



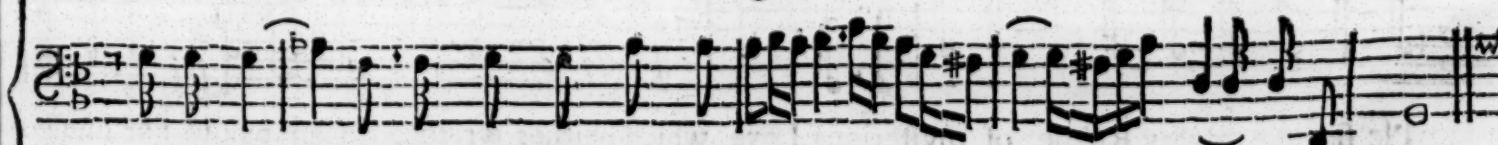
and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Sto--ries, the la—



and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Stories,

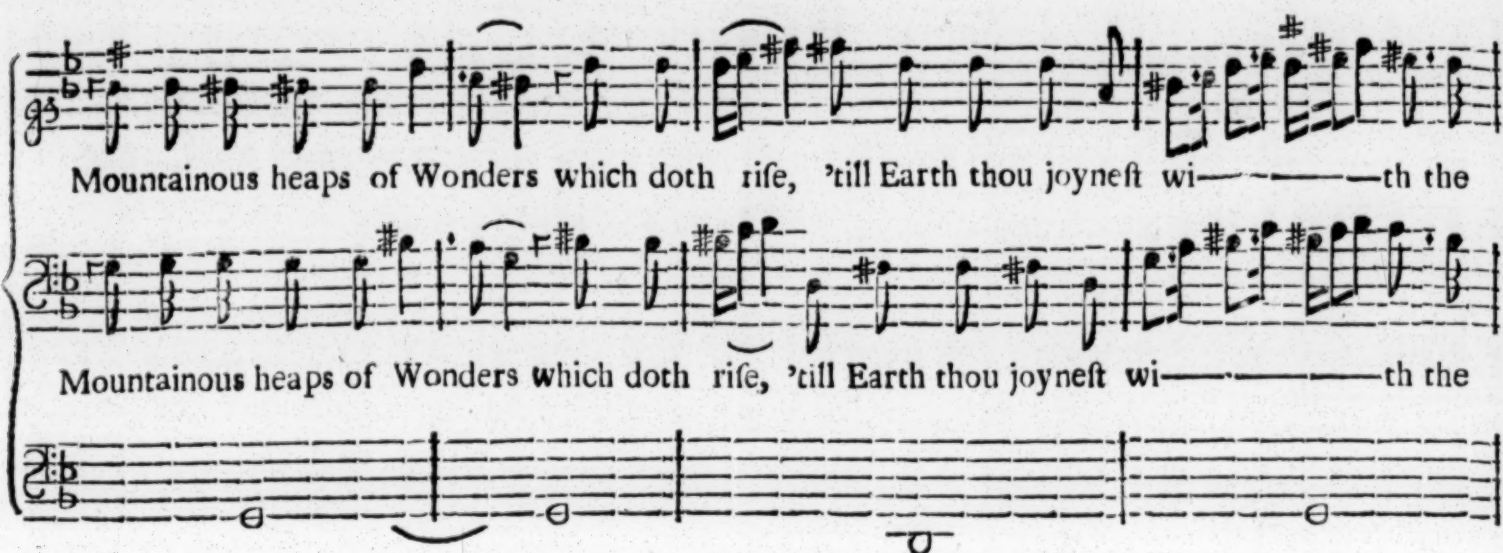


men—ta—ble Glories, of the grea—t cru--ci--fy'd King.



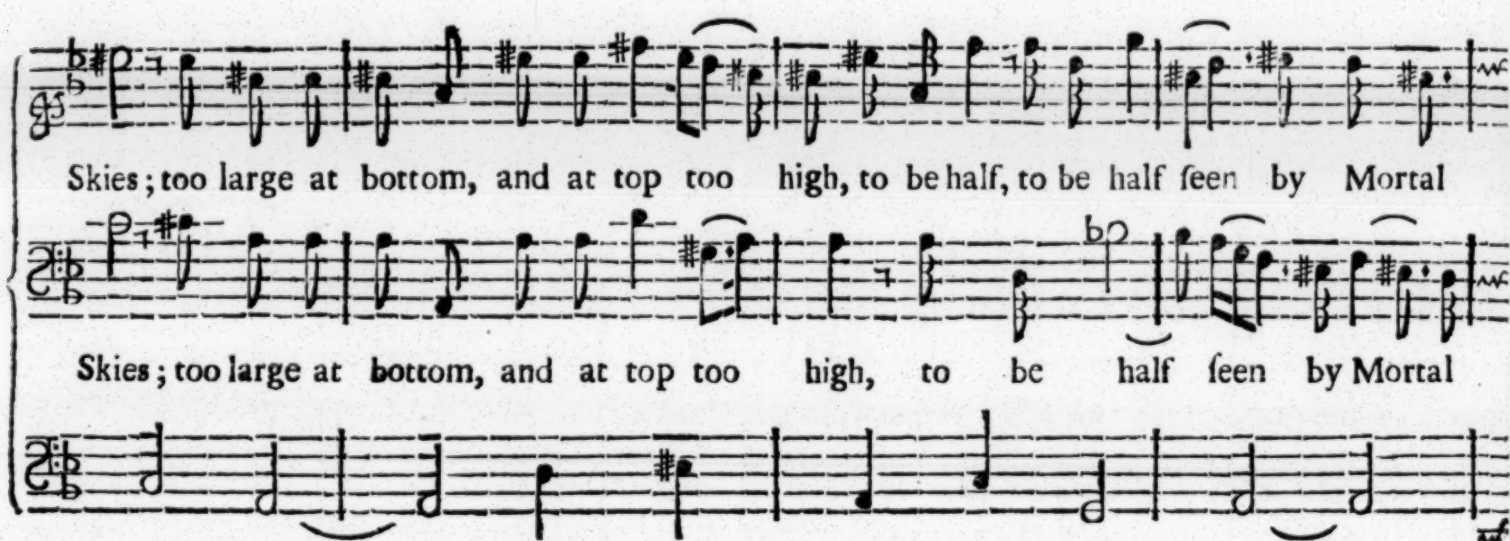
the la—men—ta—ble Glories, of the grea—t cru--ci--fy'd King.





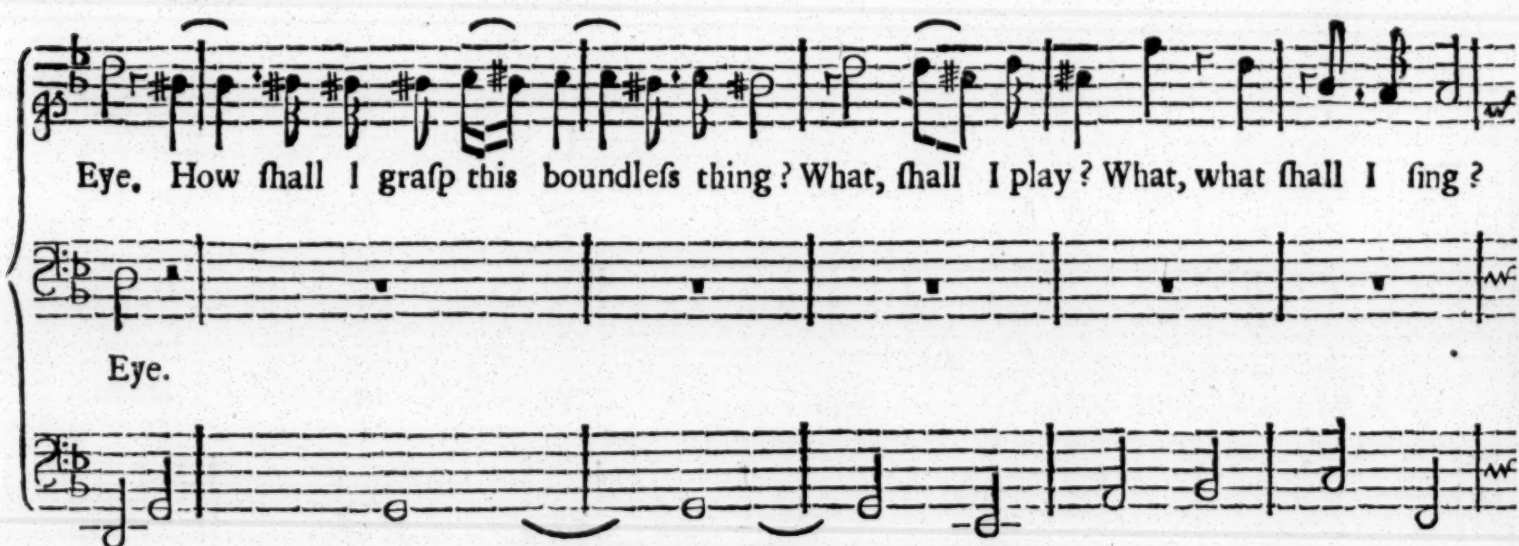
Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi———th the

Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi———th the



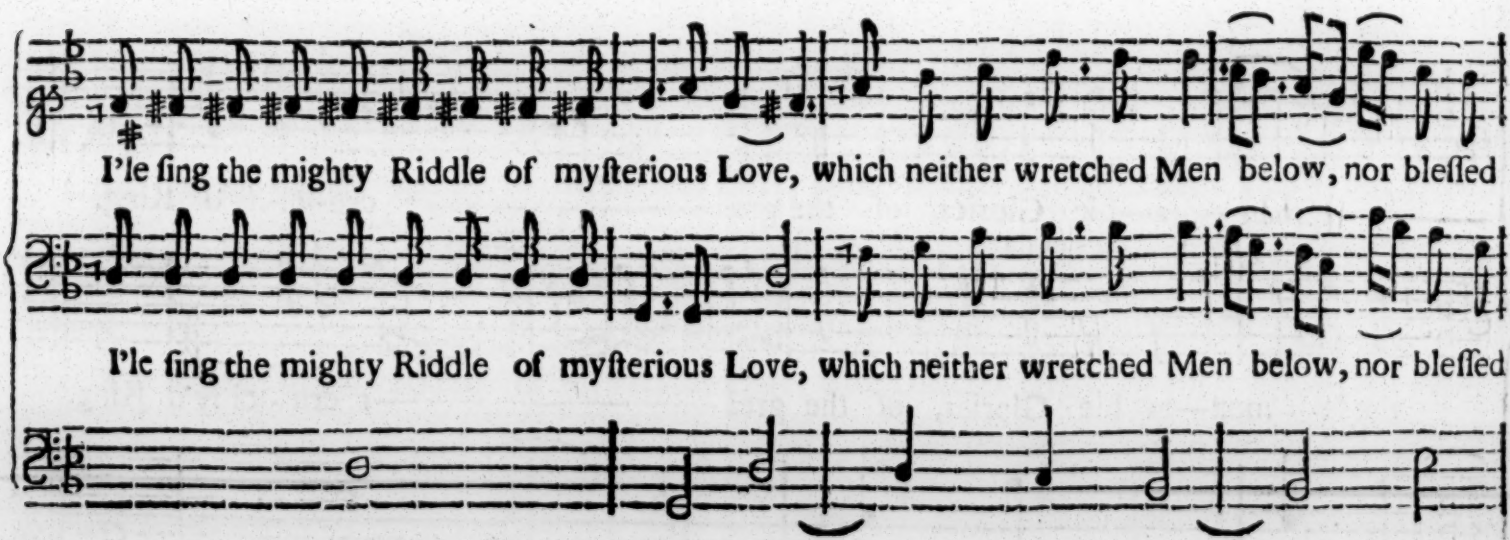
Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half, to be half seen by Mortal

Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half seen by Mortal



Eye. How shall I grasp this boundless thing? What, shall I play? What, what shall I sing?

Eye.



I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed



Spirits above, with all their Com—ments can explain, how all the whole Worlds



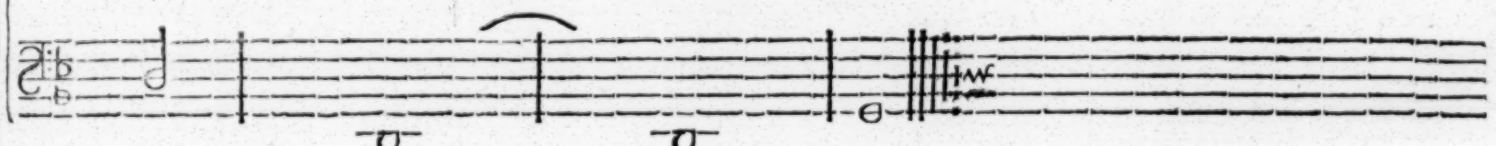
Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain, how all the whole Worlds



Life to dy—e, did not disdain.



Life to dy—e, did not disdain.



The Aspiration. The Words by Mr. Norris, of Wadham Colledge Oxon.

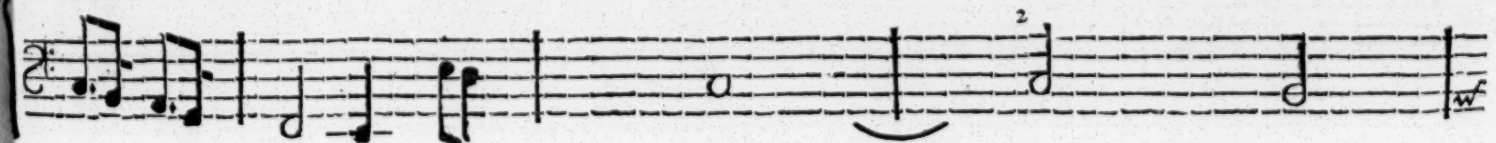
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



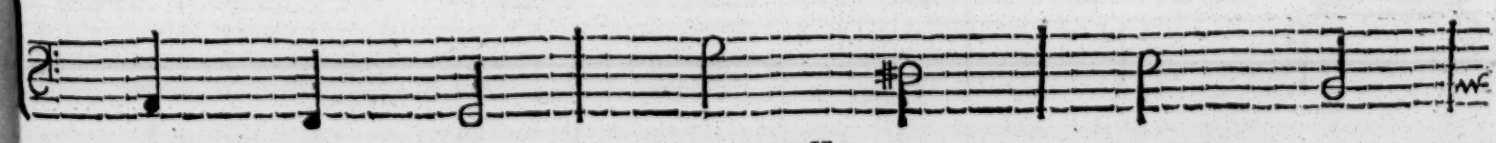
Ow long, how long, grea—t God, how long must I, im—

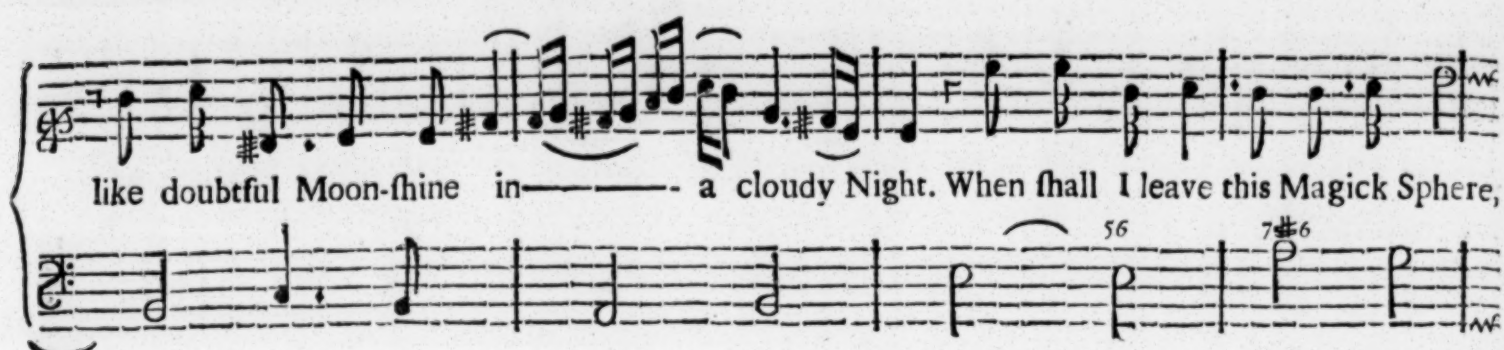


—mur'd in this dork Pri—son lye? Where at the Grates, and A—ve-nues of Sence, my Soul must

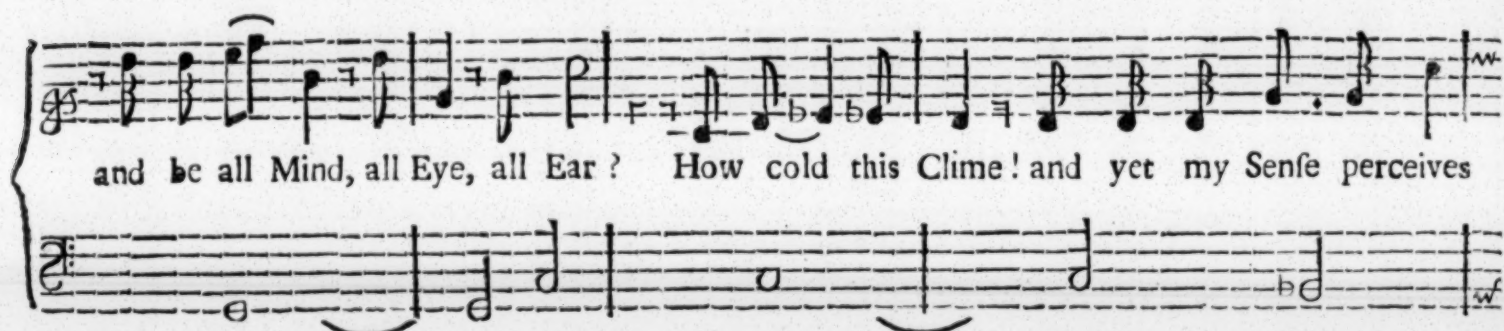


watch to have in—tel—li—gence; where but faint Gleams of thee fa—lure my Sight,

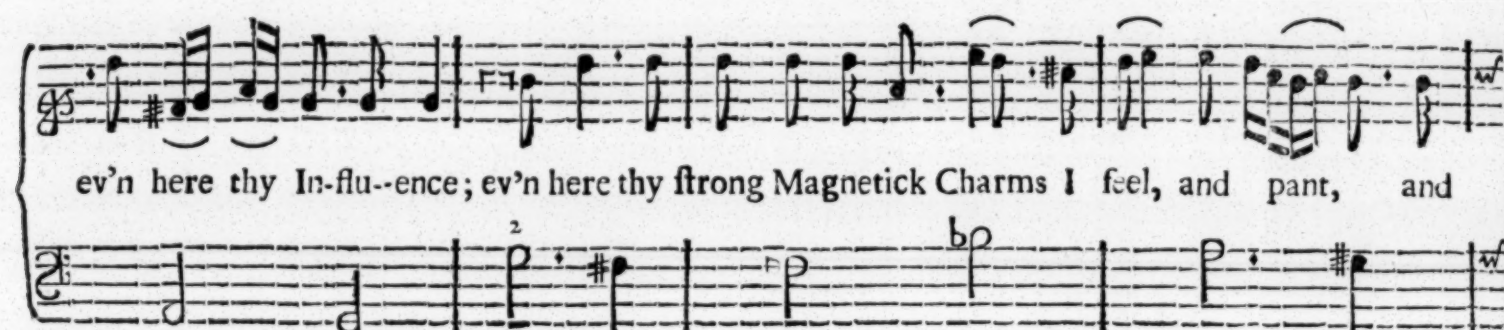




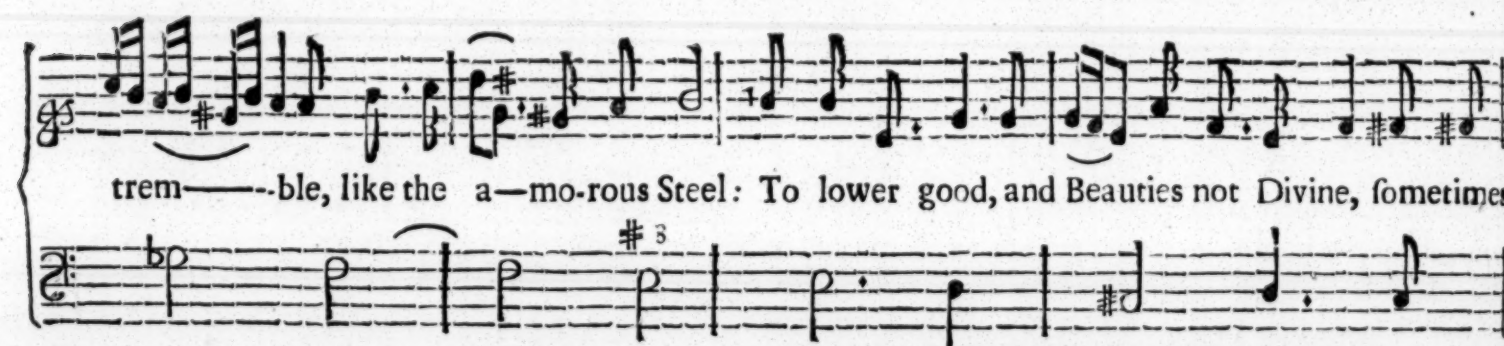
like doubtful Moon-shine in ——— a cloudy Night. When shall I leave this Magick Sphere,



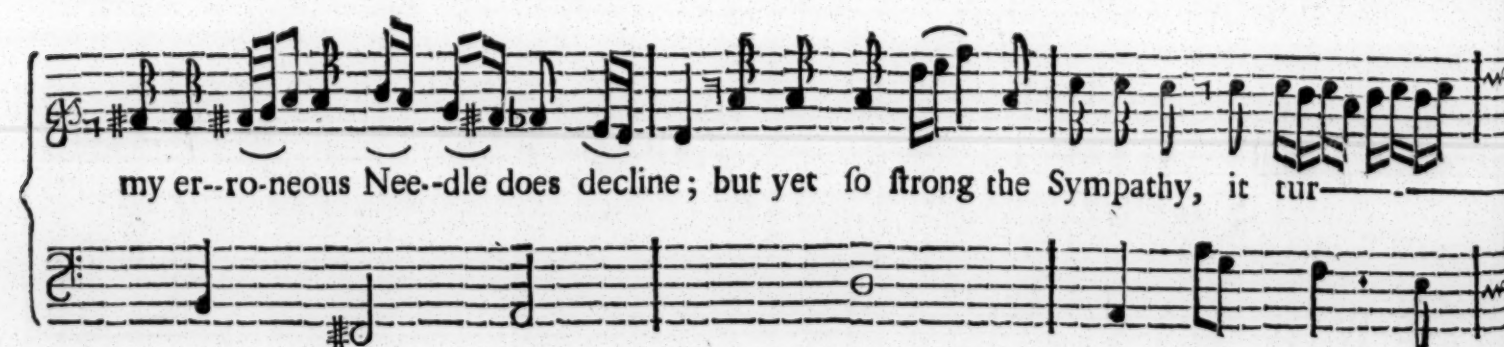
and be all Mind, all Eye, all Ear? How cold this Clime! and yet my Sense perceives



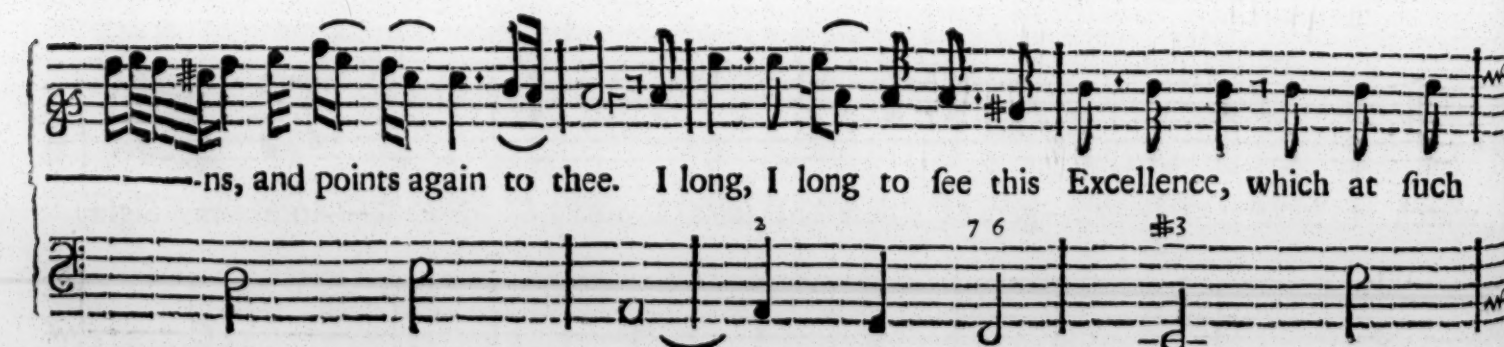
ev'n here thy In-flu-ence; ev'n here thy strong Magnetick Charms I feel, and pant, and



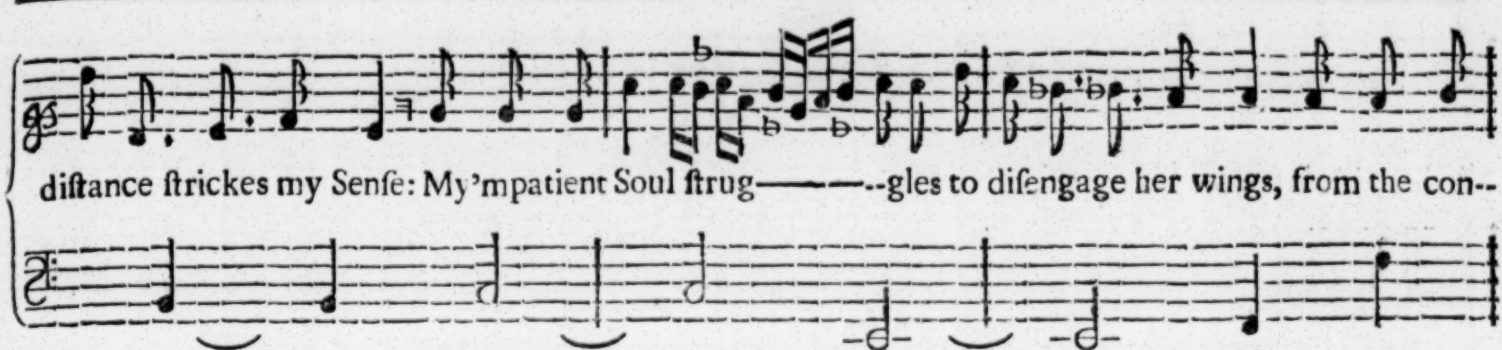
trem——ble, like the a—mo-rous Steel: To lower good, and Beauties not Divine, sometimes



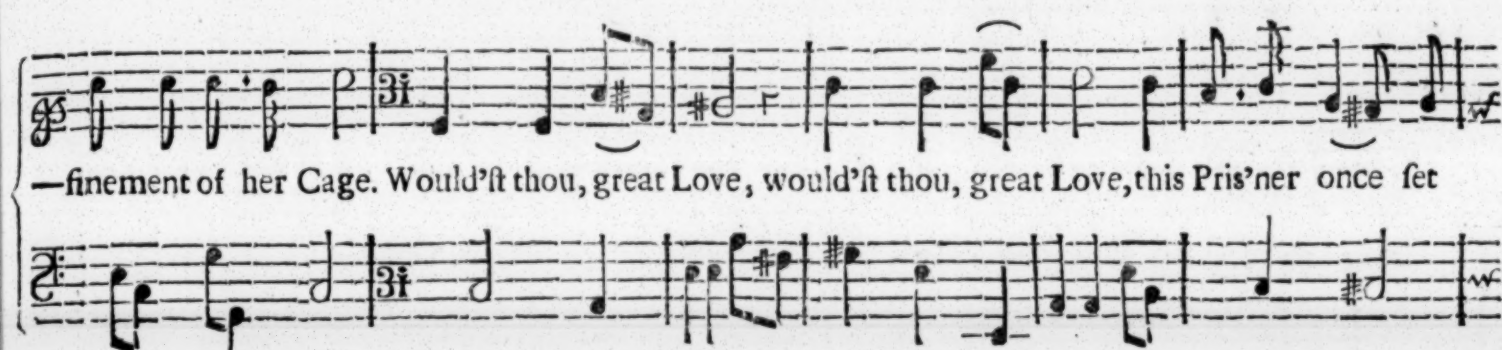
my er--ro-neous Nee-dle does decline; but yet so strong the Sympathy, it tur——



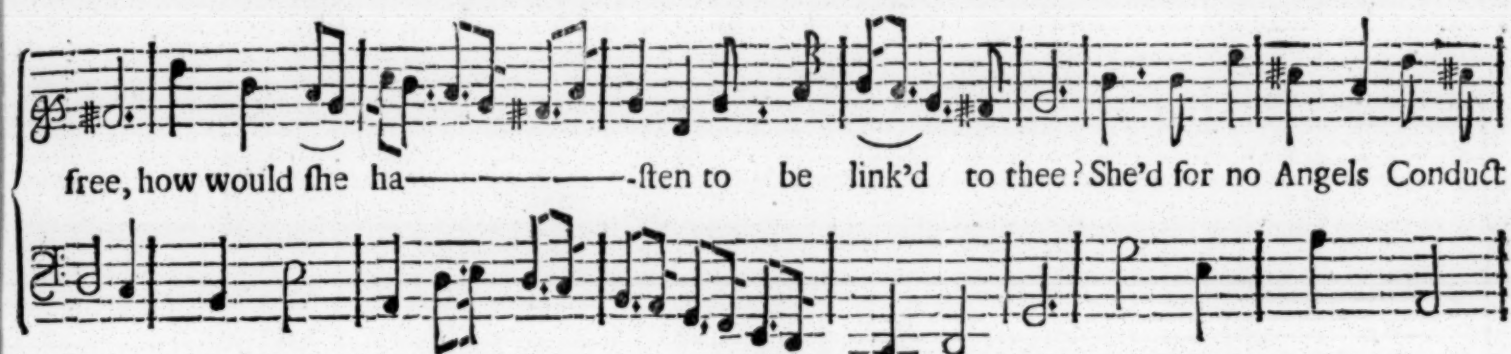
——ns, and points again to thee. I long, I long to see this Excellence, which at such



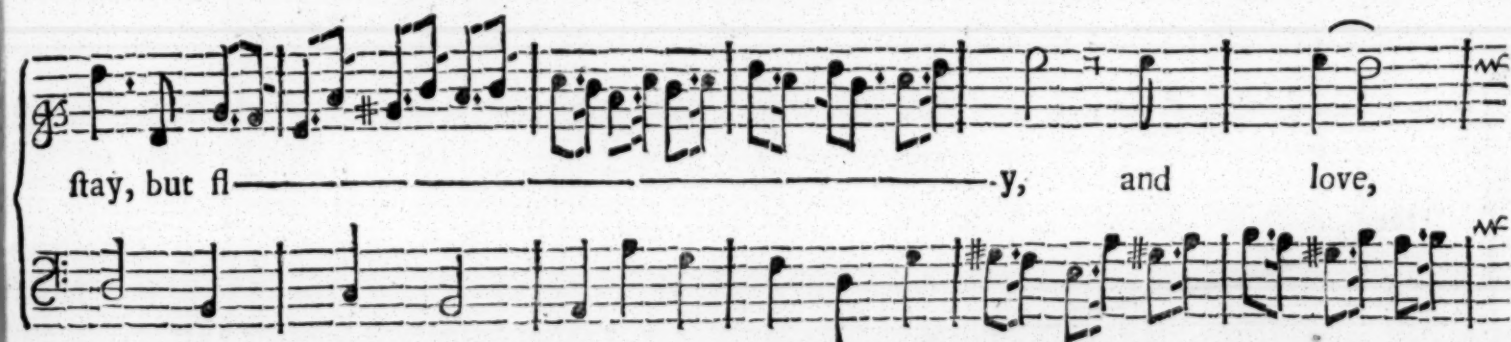
distance stricken my Sense: My impatient Soul struggles to disengage her wings, from the con-



—finement of her Cage. Would'st thou, great Love, would'st thou, great Love, this Prisoner once set



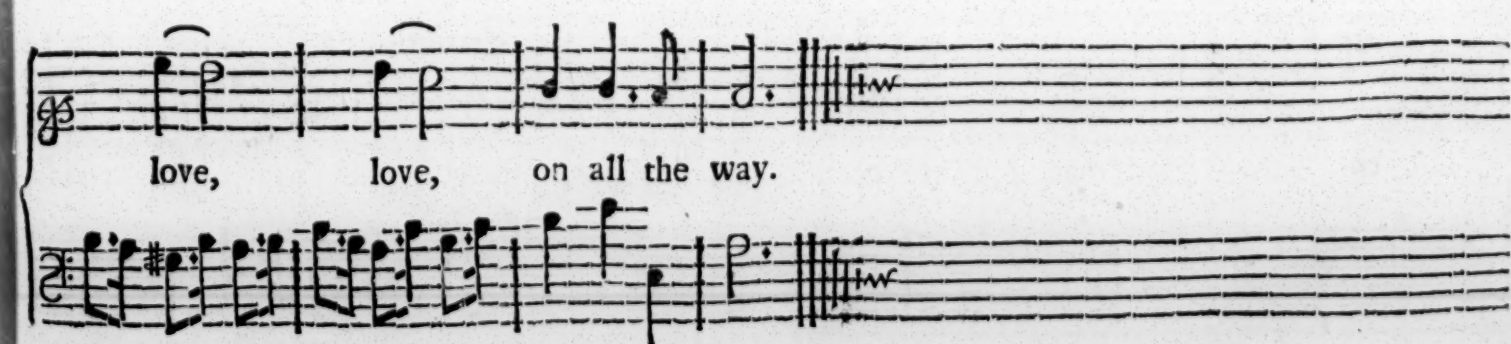
free, how would she have been to be link'd to thee? She'd for no Angels Conduct



stay, but fly, and love,

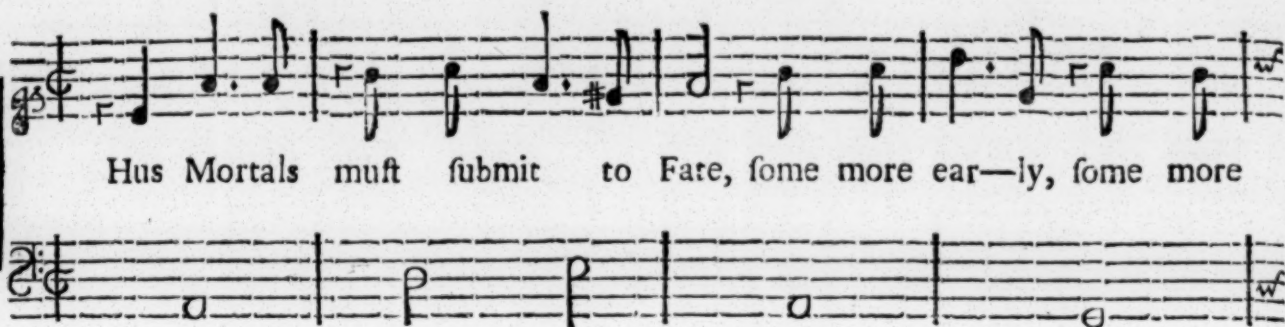


love, on all the way; fly, and

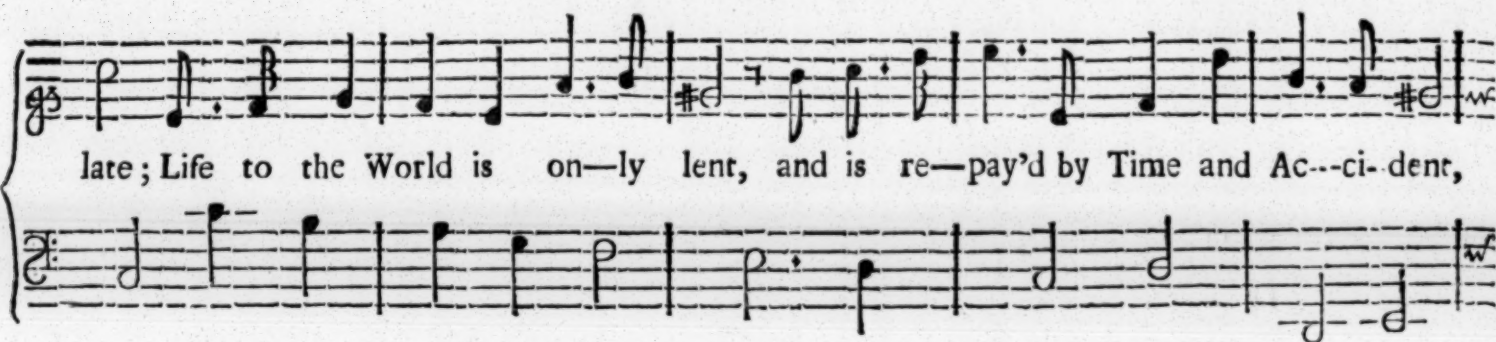


love, love, on all the way.

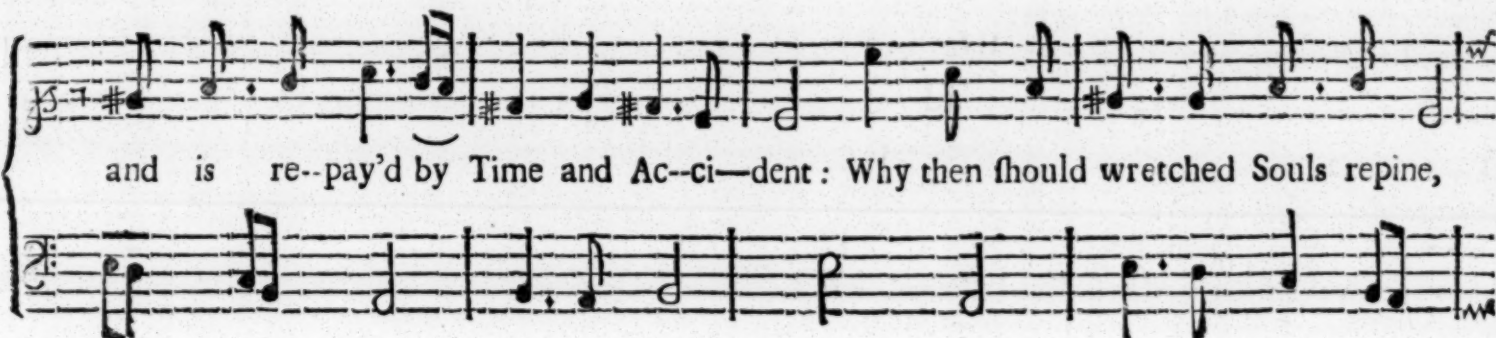
Sett by Dr. William Turner.



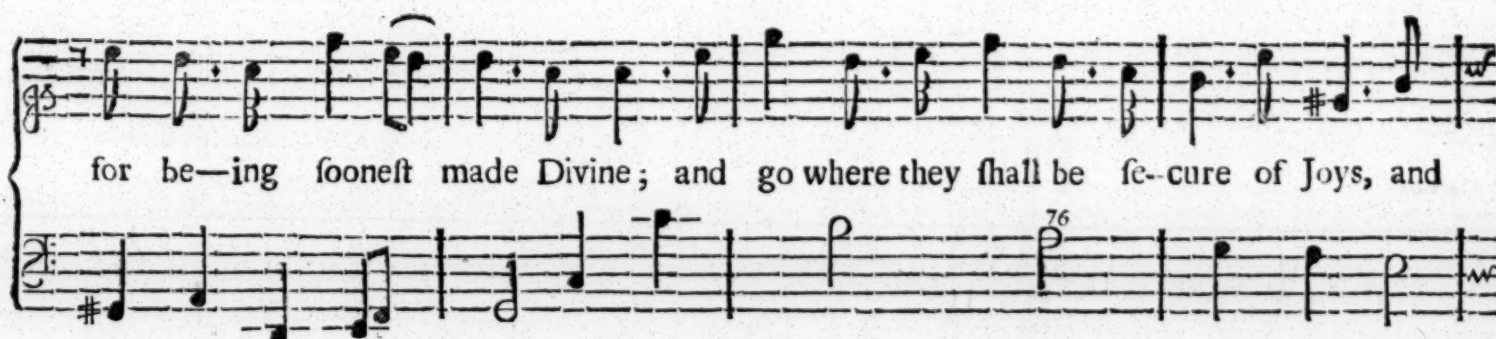
Hus Mortals must submit to Fate, some more ear—ly, some more



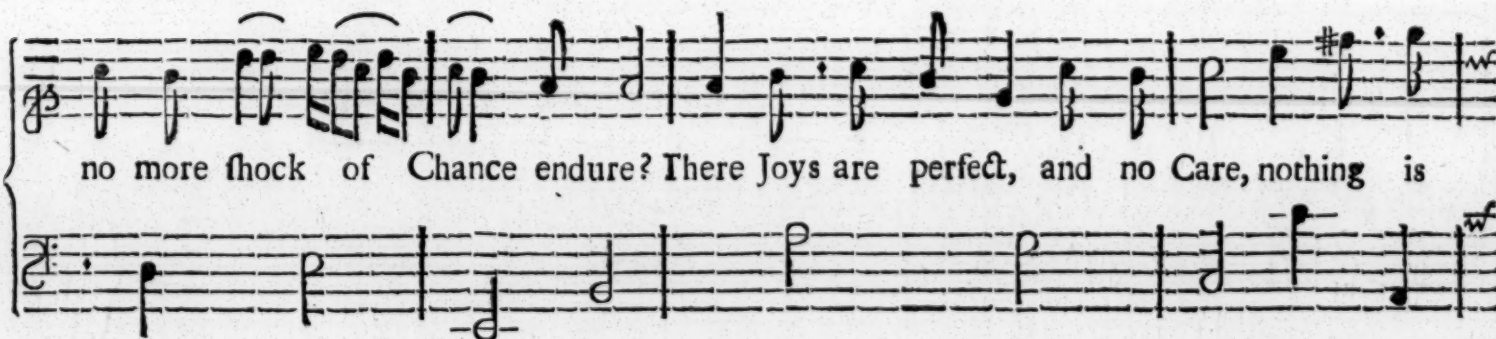
late; Life to the World is on—ly lent, and is re—pay'd by Time and Ac—ci—dent,



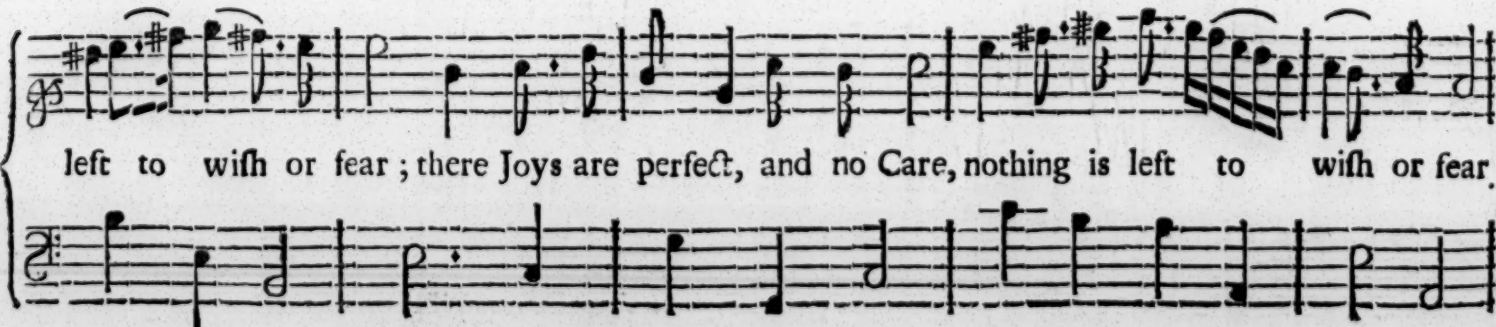
and is re—pay'd by Time and Ac—ci—dent: Why then should wretched Souls repine,



for be—ing soonest made Divine; and go where they shall be se—cure of Joys, and

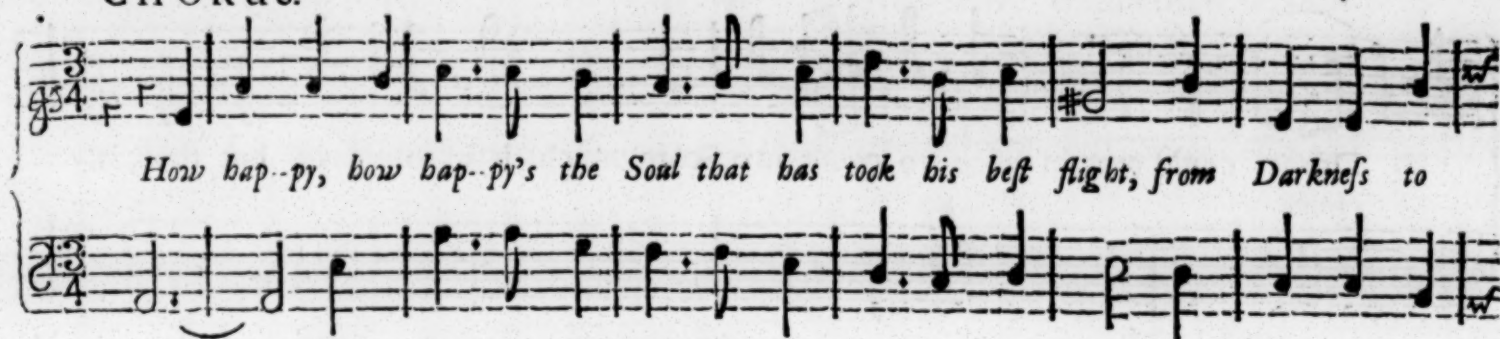


no more shock of Chance endure? There Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is

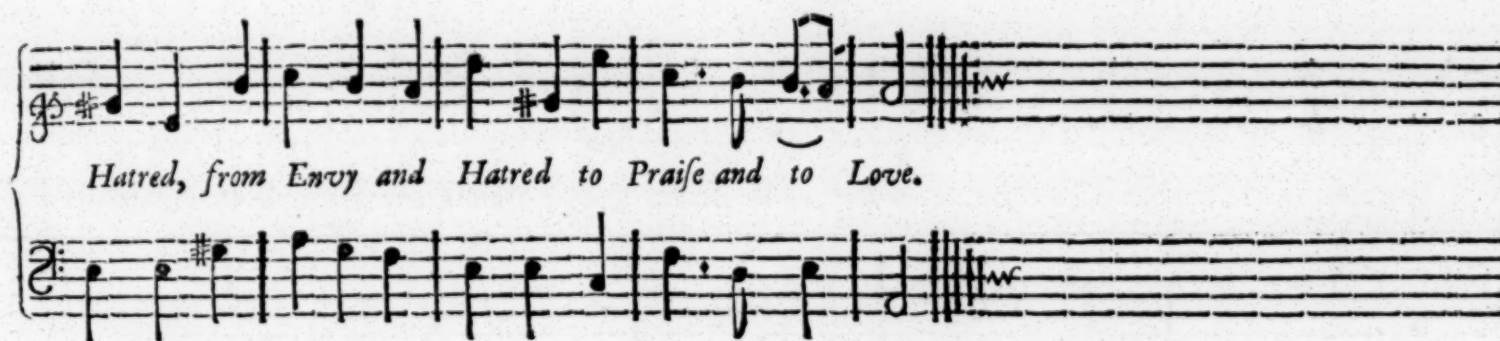
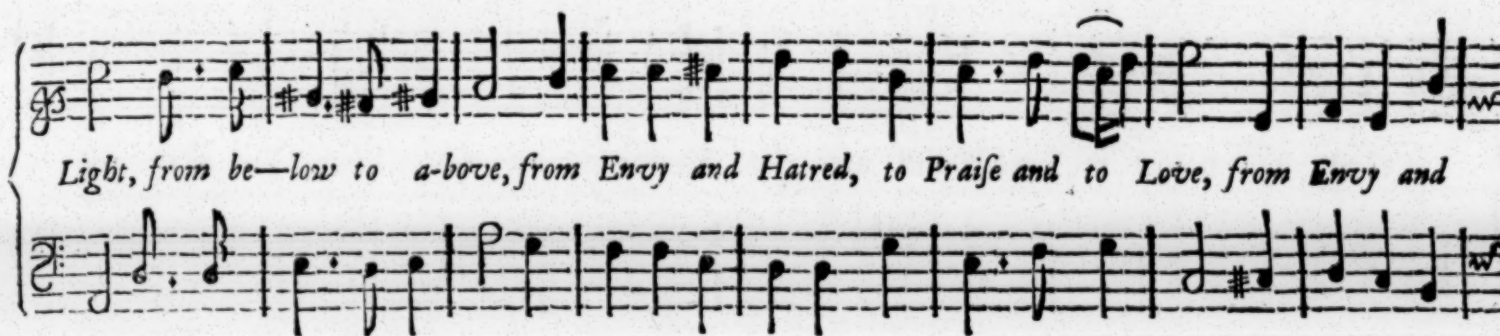


left to wish or fear; there Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is left to wish or fear.

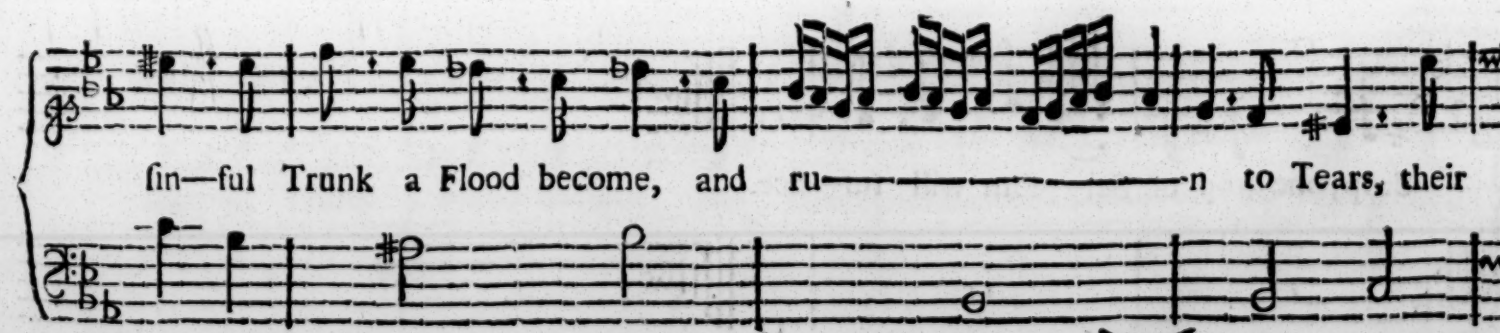
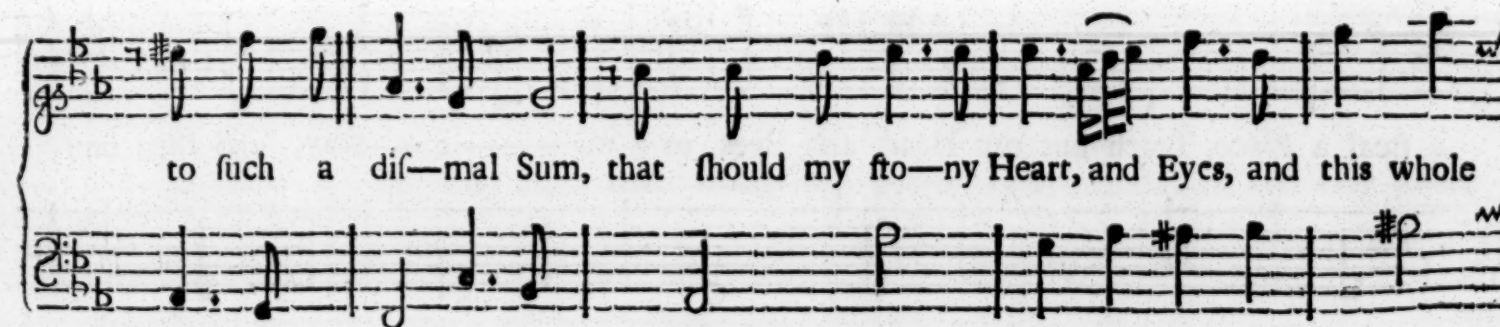
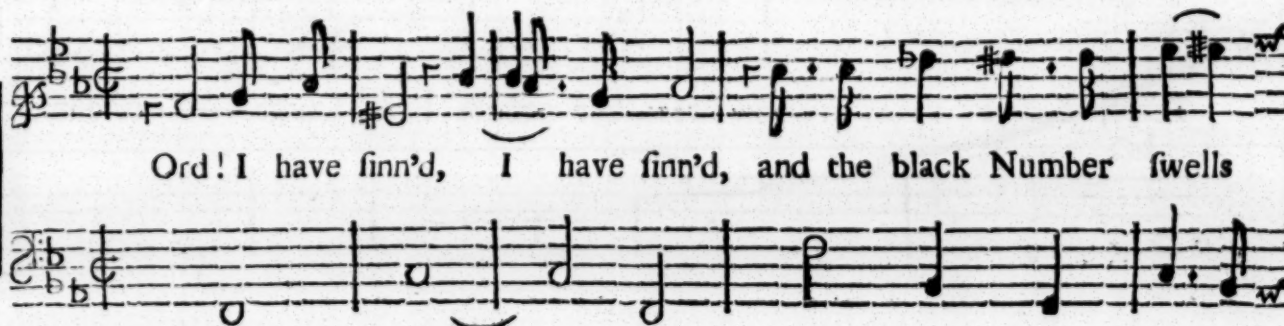
CHORUS.

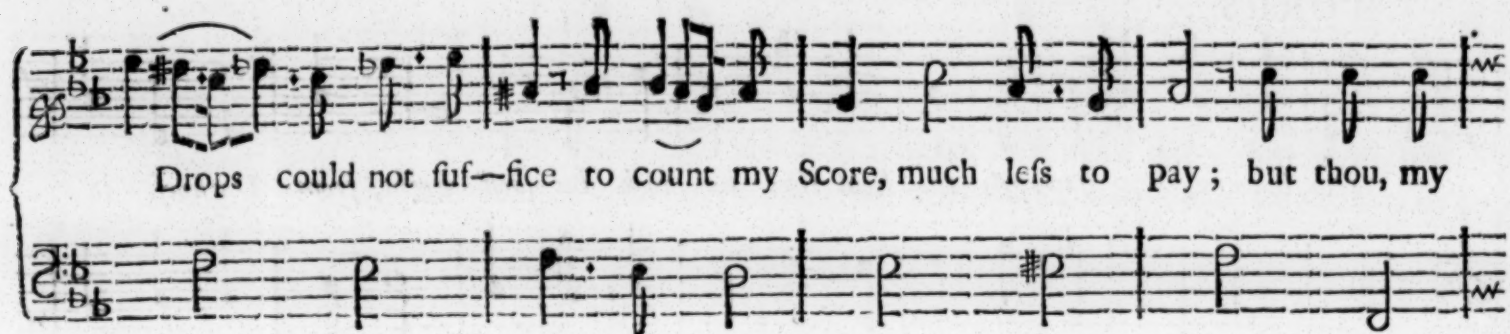


How hap-py's the Soul, &c.

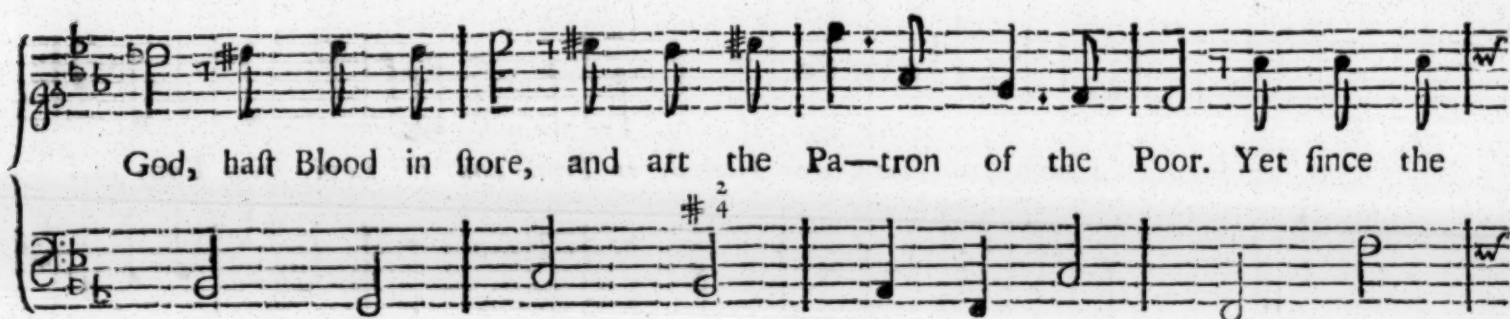


Words by Dr. Jeremiah Taylor. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphries.

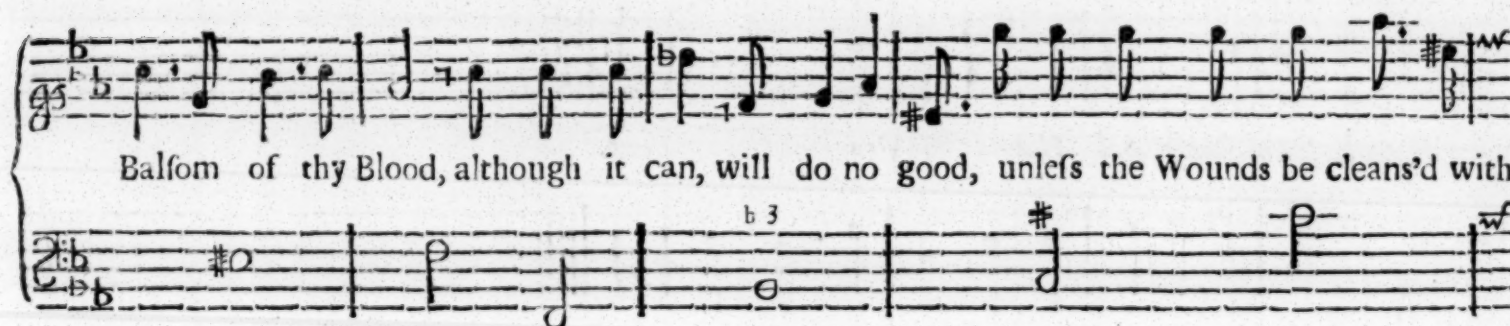




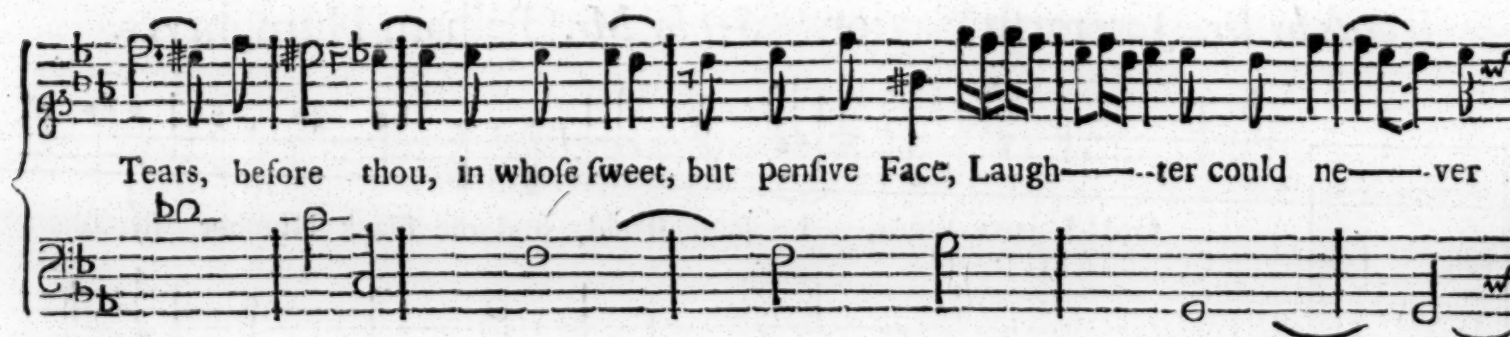
Drops could not suf—fice to count my Score, much less to pay; but thou, my



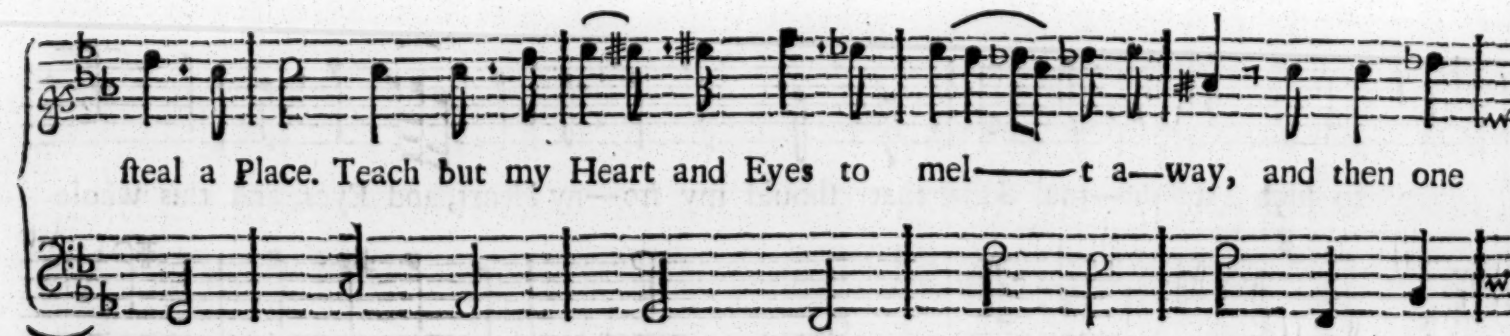
God, hast Blood in store, and art the Pa—tron of the Poor. Yet since the



Balsom of thy Blood, although it can, will do no good, unless the Wounds be cleans'd with



Tears, before thou, in whose sweet, but pensive Face, Laugh—ter could ne—ver



steal a Place. Teach but my Heart and Eyes to mel—t a—way, and then one

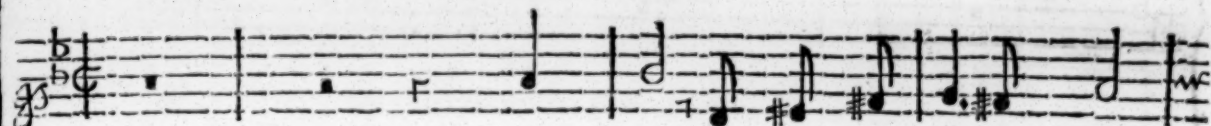


drop, one drop of Bal—som will suf—fice.

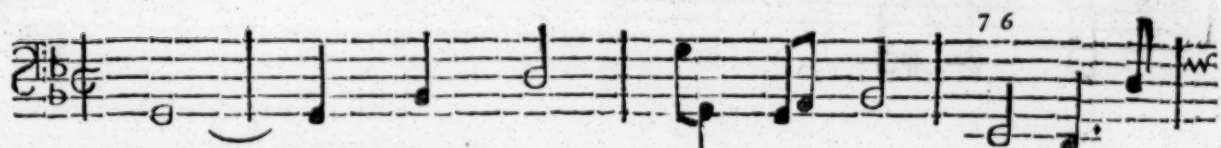
Words by Sir Thomas Dereham. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.



Know that my Redeemer lives, and I



I know that my Redeemer lives,



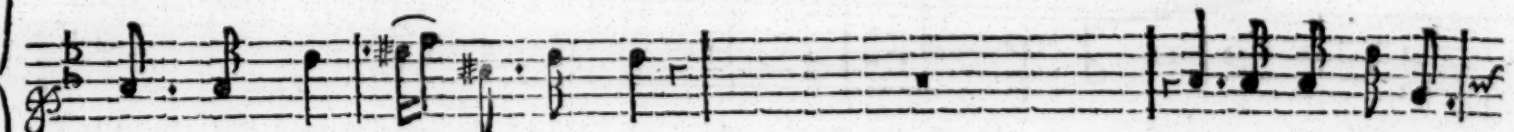
shall see him cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; and I shall see him



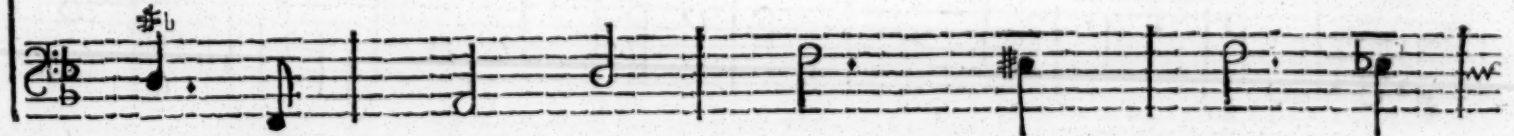
and I shall see him cloath'd with Immor—ta—li—ty; and I shall see him



cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter day shall stand,



cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter



shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command: And tho' this



day shall stand, shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command:



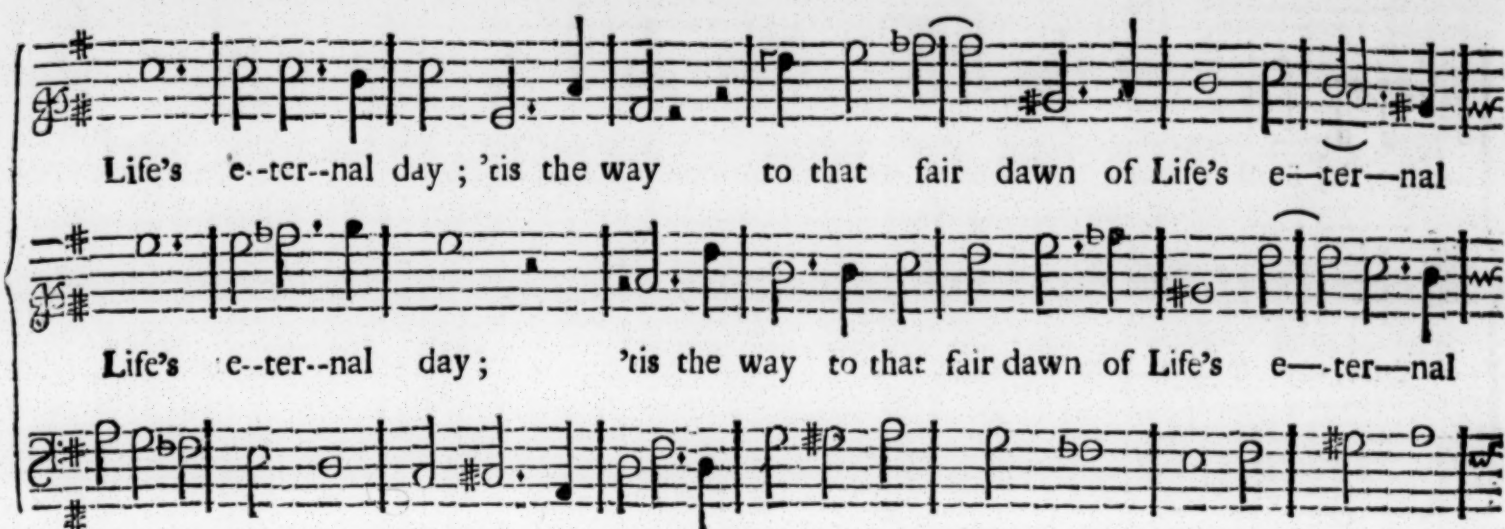
Body crawl—ling Worms devour, in their dark Empire; yet in that same hour, when

Trumpet shall rouse me from slumb'ring Night, these, these ve-ry Eyes shall see his glorious

CHORUS.

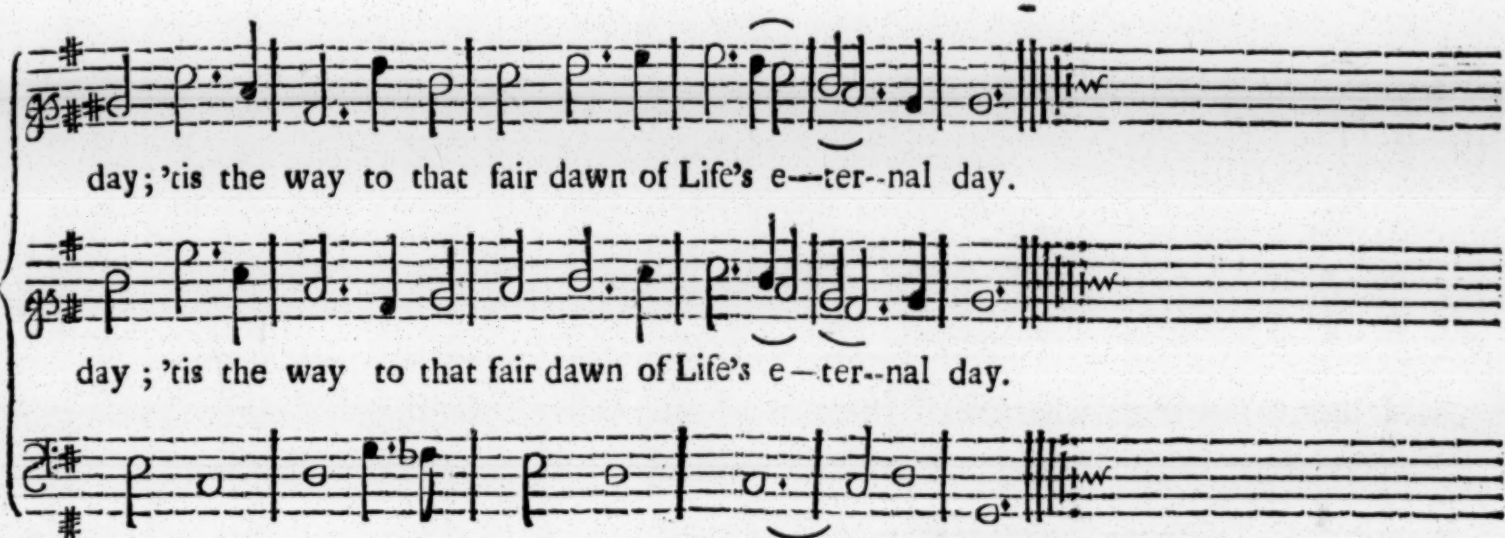
Light. Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the

Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way, the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way, the way, to that fair dawn of



Life's e-ter-nal day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal

Life's e-ter-nal day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal

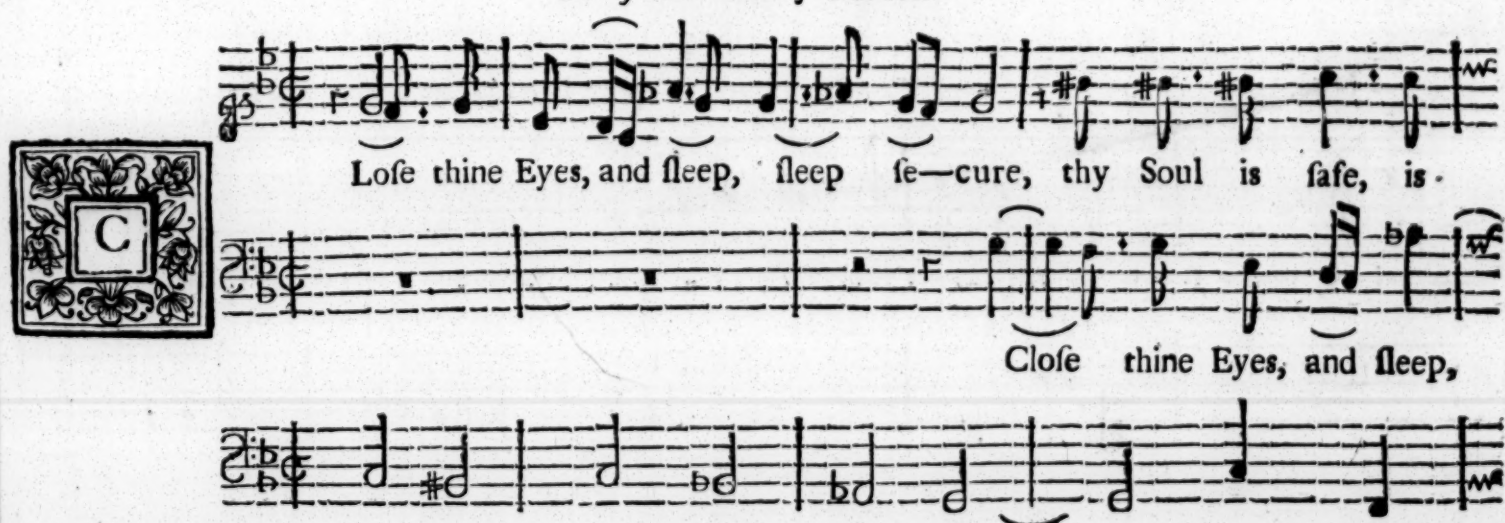


day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.

day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.

Upon a Quiet Conscience, by King Charles the I. of Blessed Memory.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



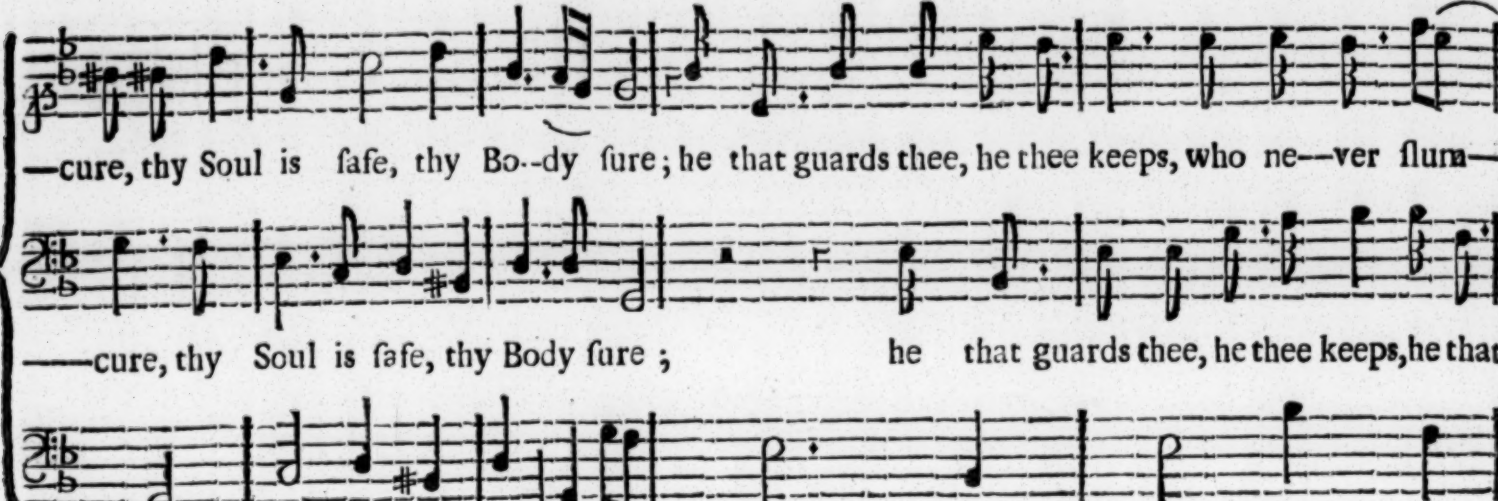
LOSE thine Eyes, and sleep, sleep se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is.

CLOSE thine Eyes, and sleep,

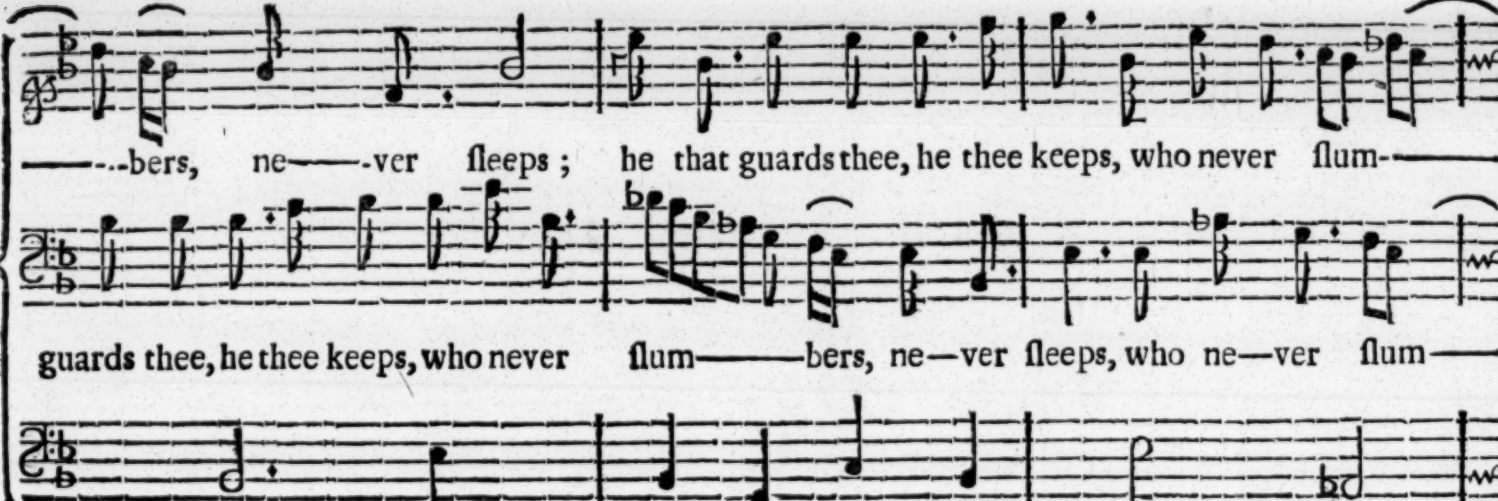


safe, thy Bo-dy sure ; close thine Eyes, and sleep se-cure, and sleep se-

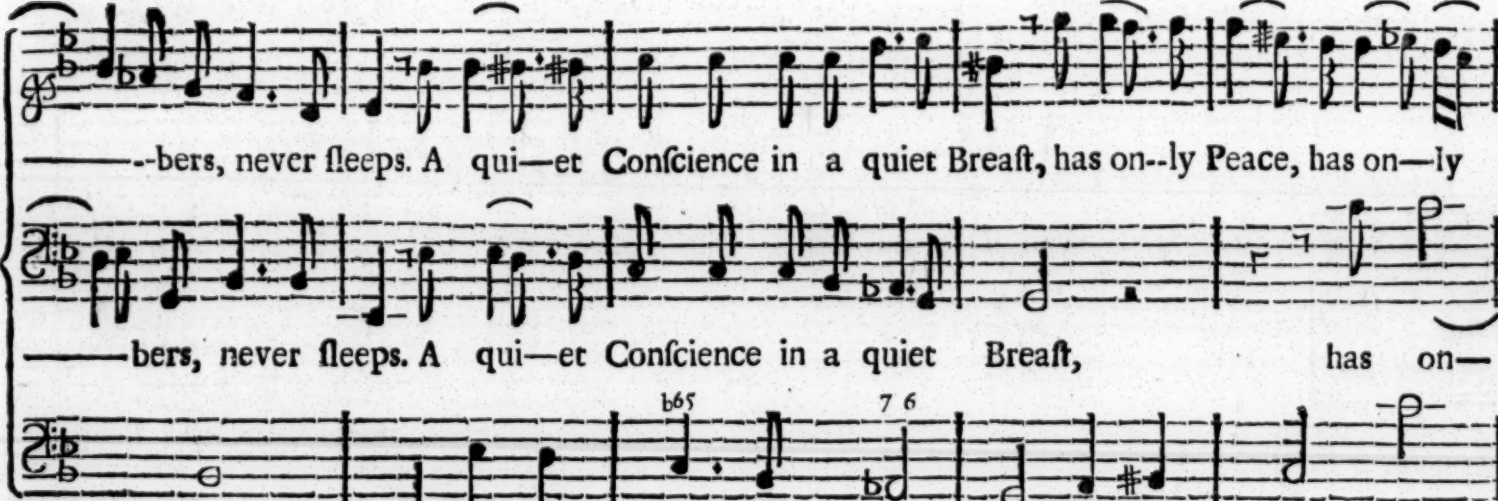
flee-p se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is safe ; close thine Eyes, and sleep, and sleep se-



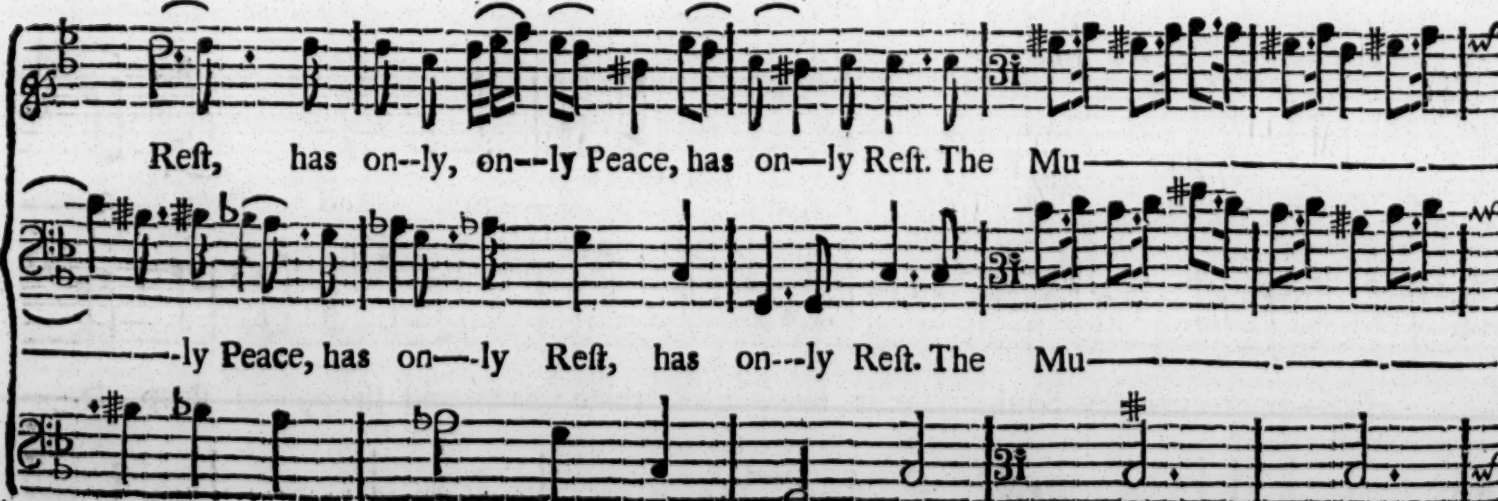
—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Bo—dy sure; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver flum—
—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, he that



—bers, ne—ver sleeps; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who never flum—
guards thee, he thee keeps, who never flum—bers, ne—ver sleeps, who ne—ver flum—



—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on—ly Peace, has on—ly
—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on—



Rest, has on—ly, on—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—
—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—

—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less she sings; Then

—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less she sings; Then

close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no Sleep so

close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no

fwec—t, no Sleep so fwec—t as thine, no Sleep so sweet, no Sleep so

Sleep so fwec—t as thine, no Sleep so fwec—

sweet as thine, no Rest so sure.

—t as thine, no Rest so sure.

*A Dialogue between two Penitents.**First Penitent.**Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes, and Dr. John Blow.*

Ark! how the wakeful chearful Cock, the Villagers A—stro—lo—ger and

Second Penitent.

Clock, clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day, and chides thy Sleep and Night away! I hear, and

thank my kind Remembrancer, he wakes a Sin, that slept within, rouzes a Crime that be—

First Penitent.

—fore would not stir: Flow, flow my Tears! O when will you be—gin! Saint

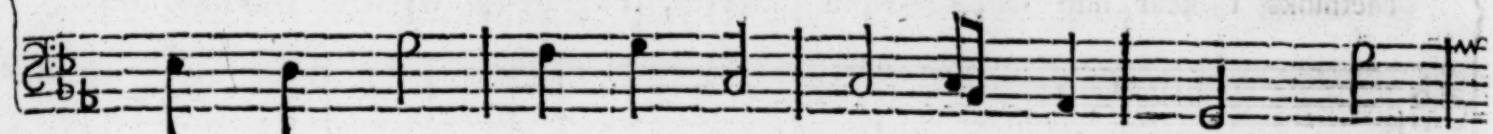
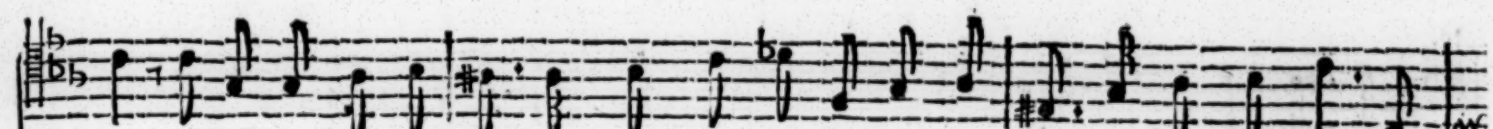
Peter's Bird reproves Saint Peter's Sin! Complaining Man! Haft thou thy Christ deny'd!

Second Penitent.

Wo's me! Wo's me! I have, more than Saint Pe-ter did, with less excuse, and many



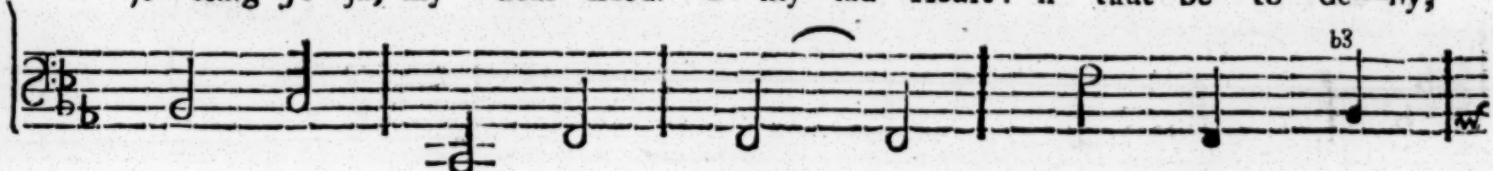
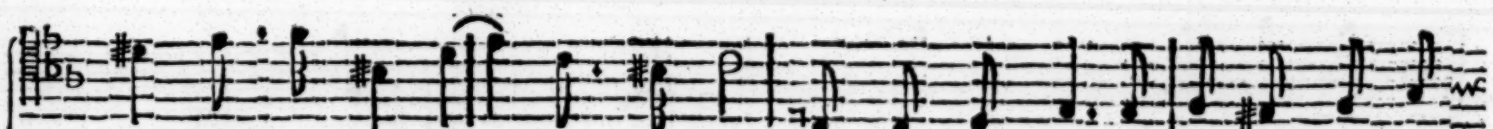
ways beside, ev'n since my Christ way Glorify'd; and this, a--las! too oft, more, more than

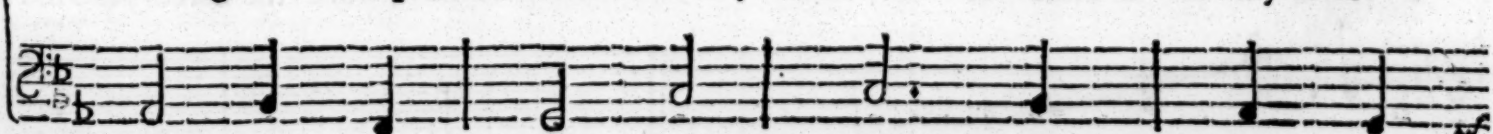
thrice, as of-ten as I chose and woo'd a Vice, or Brutish Lust, to be abhorr'd, re—


First Penitent.


je—ting Je—su, my dear Lord. O my sad Heart! if that be to de—ny,

none ought to weep more Floods than I; when to re—ceive in—to my Heart a

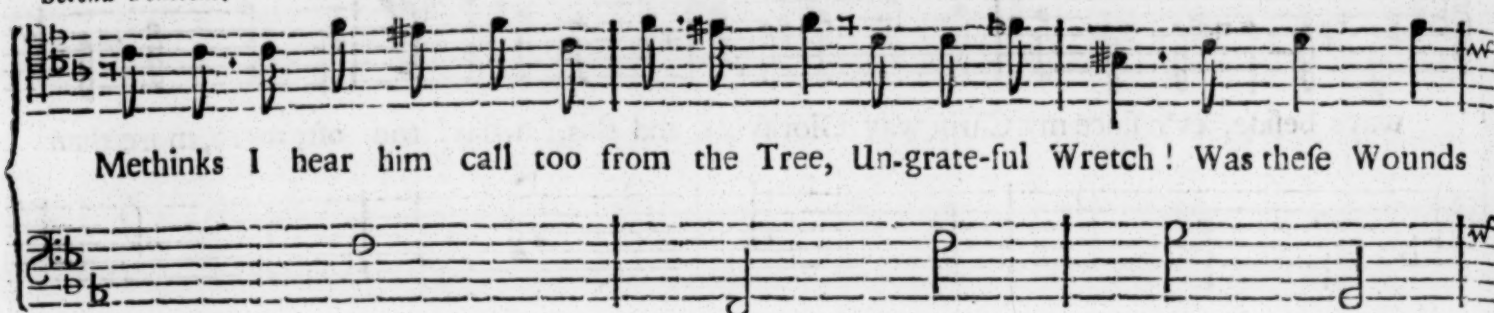



Sin, I thrust my Je--su out, and took it in; But, Lord, how oft he knock'd and

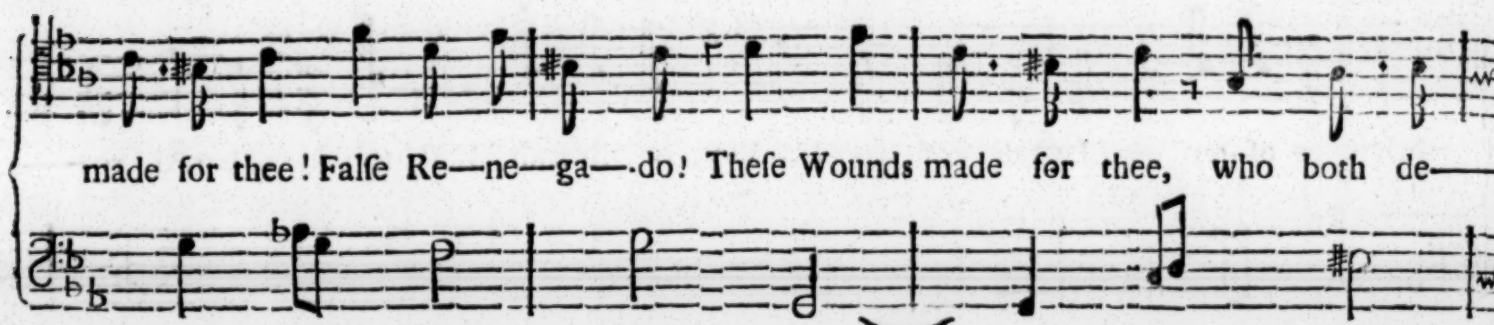



be'ng deny'd, how doleful--ly he cry'd, Why, why dost thou use me thus, who for thee dy'd!

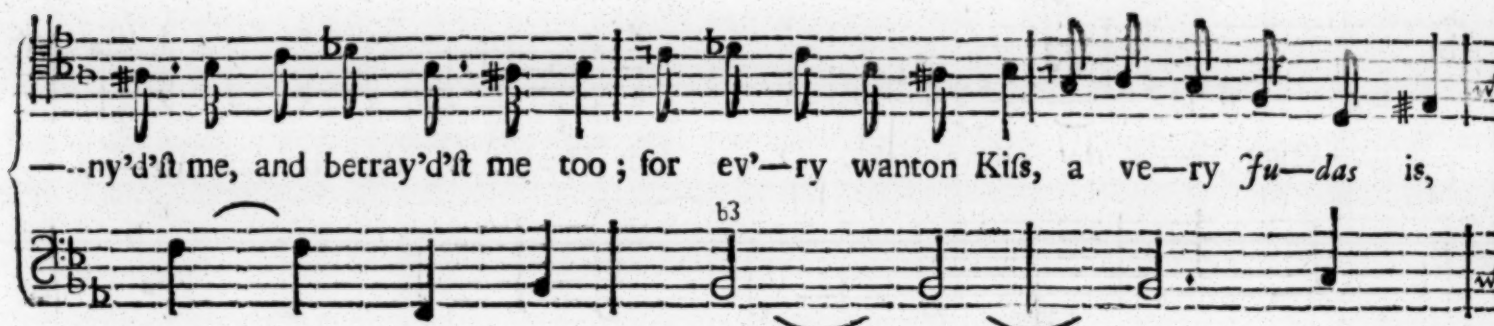


Second Penitent.


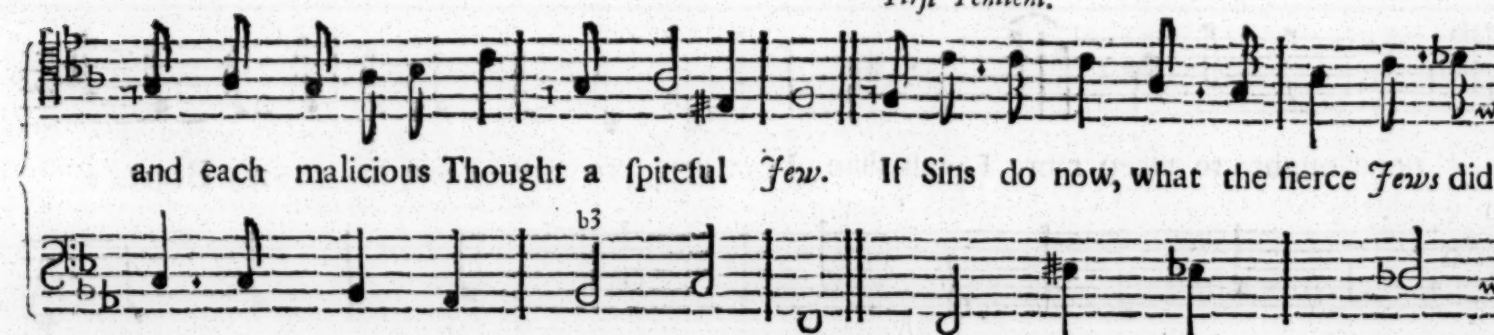
Methinks I hear him call too from the Tree, Un-grate-ful Wretch! Was these Wounds



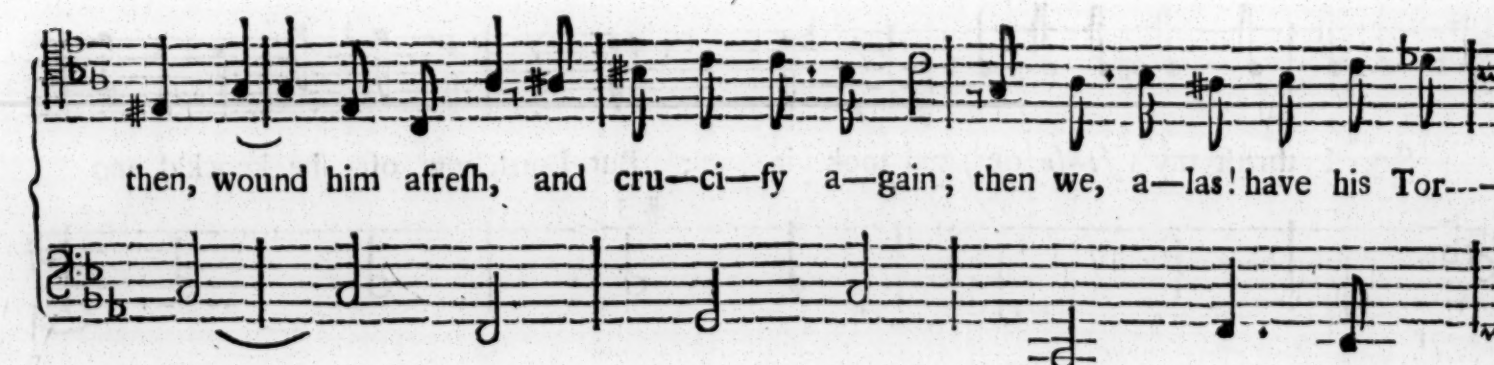
made for thee! False Re—ne—ga—do! These Wounds made for thee, who both de—



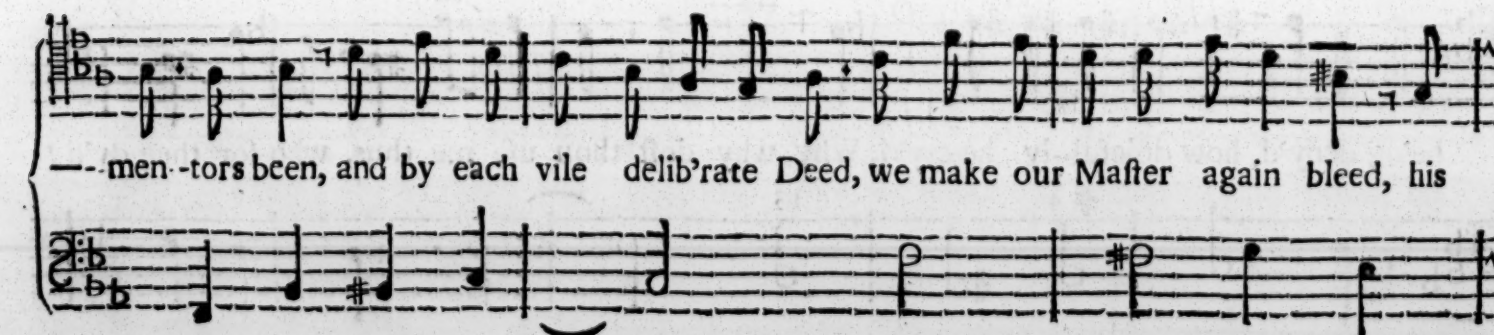
—ny'd'st me, and betray'd'st me too; for ev'—ry wanton Kiss, a ve—ry fu—das is,

First Penitent.


and each malicious Thought a spiteful Jew. If Sins do now, what the fierce Jews did



then, wound him afresh, and cru—ci—fy a—gain; then we, a—las! have his Tor—



—men-tors been, and by each vile delib'rate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his

Second Penitent.

Pain as various as our Sin. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my

Pride does first dis-robe him, then deride; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and

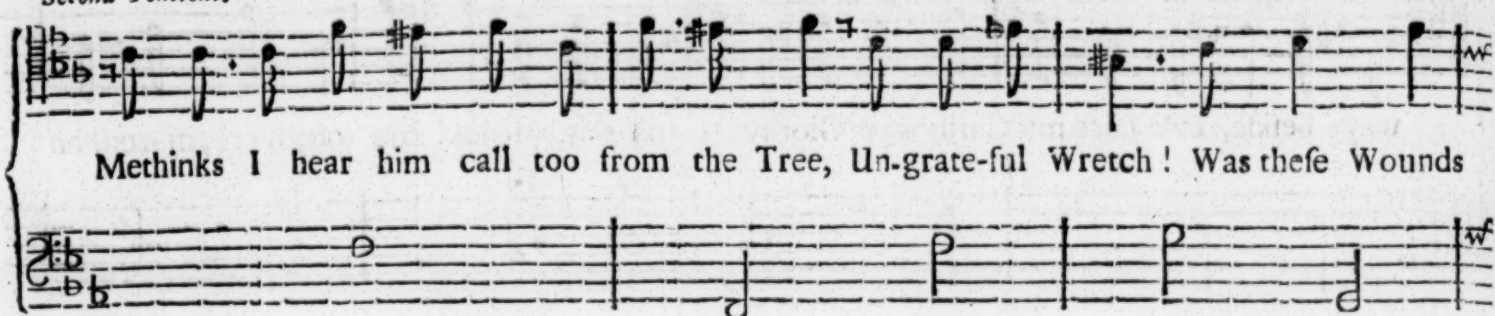
scourge him by my Cru-el-ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his

First Penitent.

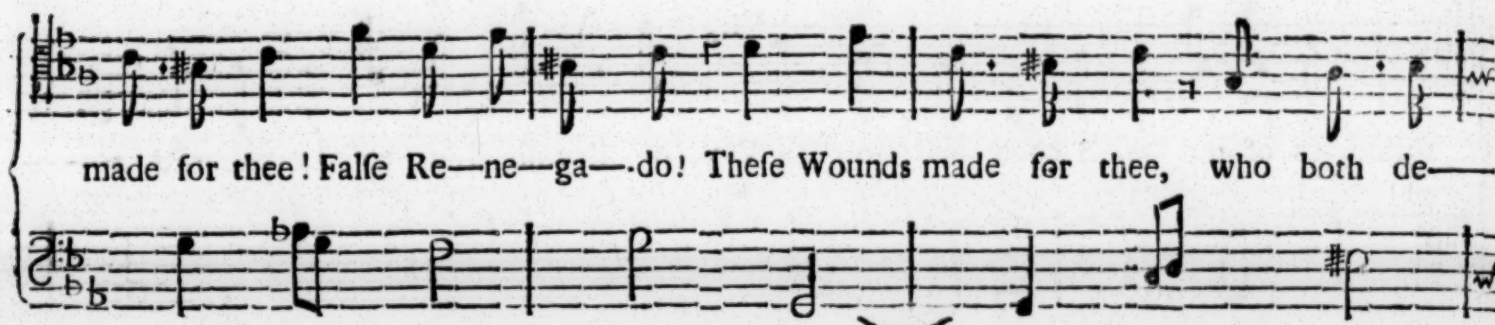
Head with Scorns, and my Hy-po-cri-sy. Stay! Un-to what prodigious height do

our Sins mount! Ev'ry Un-kind-ness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve-ry

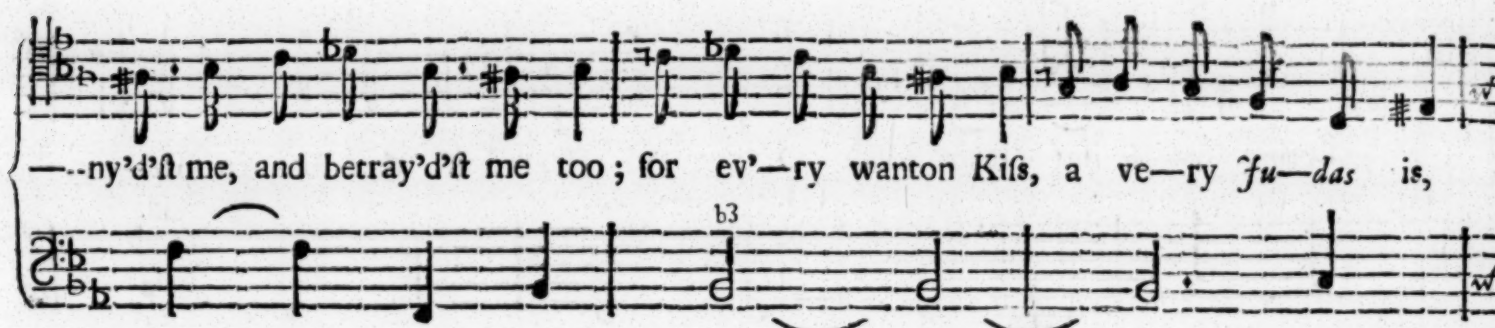
Heart, Christ could bear a-ny think, but this. CHORUS.

Second Penitent.


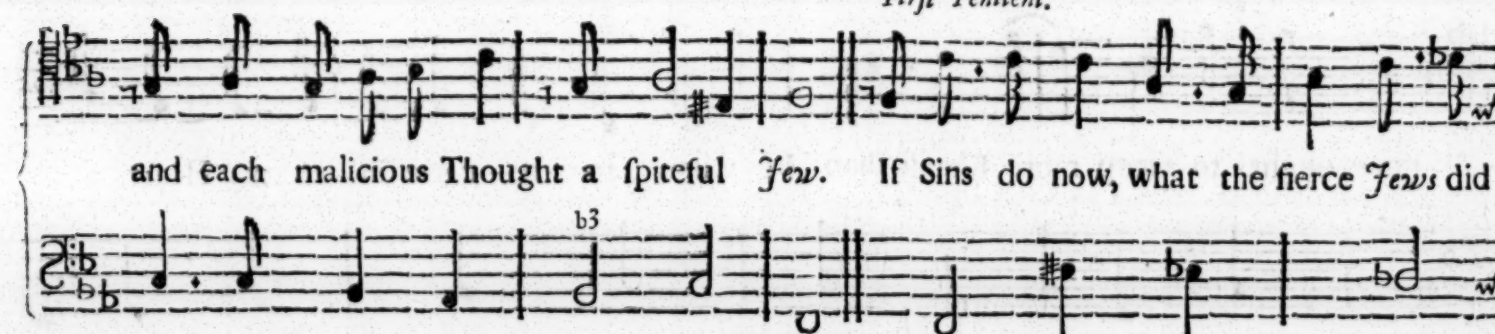
Methinks I hear him call too from the Tree, Un-grate-ful Wretch! Was these Wounds



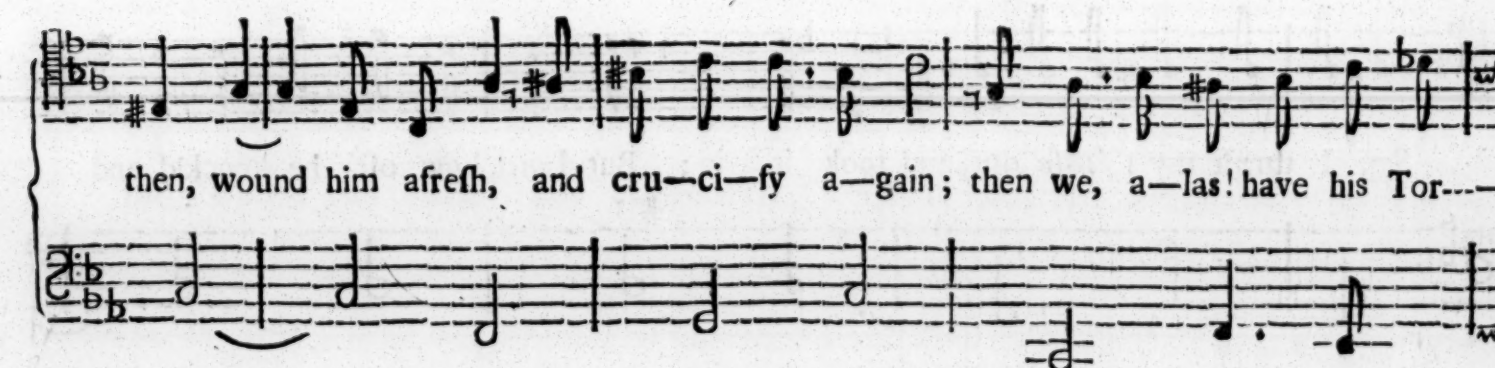
made for thee! False Re—ne—ga—do! These Wounds made for thee, who both de—



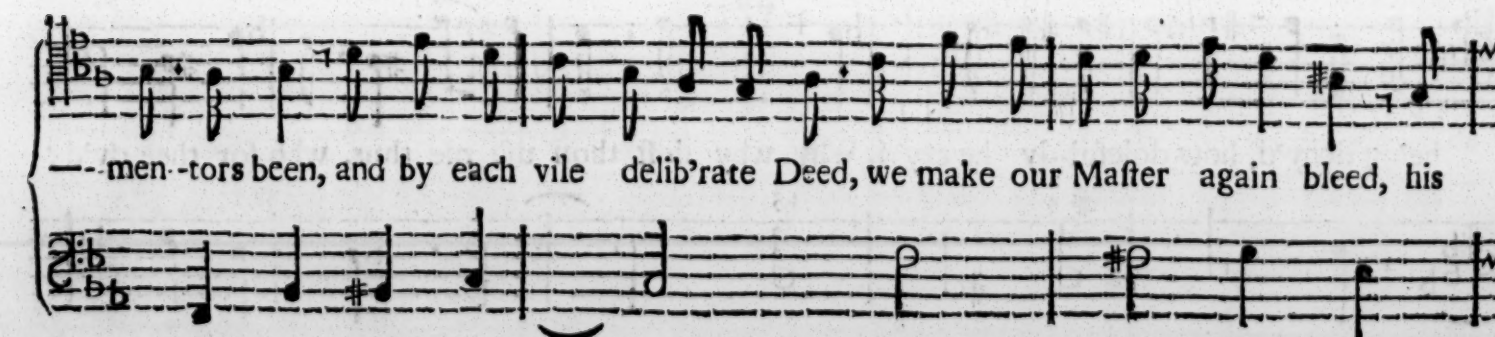
—ny'd'st me, and betray'd'st me too; for ev'—ry wanton Kiss, a ve—ry fu—das is,

First Penitent.


and each malicious Thought a spiteful Jew. If Sins do now, what the fierce Jews did



then, wound him afresh, and cru—ci—fy a—gain; then we, a—las! have his Tor—



—men-tors been, and by each vile delib'rate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his

Second Penitent.

Pain as various as our Sin. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my

Pride does first dis-robe him, then deride; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and

scourge him by my Cru-el-ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his

First Penitent.

Head with Scorns, and my Hy-po-cri-sy. Stay! Un-to what prodigious height do

our Sins mount! Ev'ry Un-kind-ness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve-ry

Heart, Christ could bear a-ny think, but this. CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's dye, but

Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's
first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

dye, but first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je—su mi,
—su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O —mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je—

Jesu in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O —mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Jesu indulgentissi—
—su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O —mi-se-re-re, Jesu, Je—su mi.
—me; O —mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je—su mi.

*A Dialogue betwixt Dives and Abraham.**Dives.*

Set by Dr. John Blow.

Elp, help, Father A-bram! Help, for Mercy's fake! Be--

--hold my Torments, for Mercy's fake! Behold my Tor--ments in-- this

burning Lake! Send La--za--rus with Whirl--winds, that he may these

flakes of mel--ting Sul-phur fan a--way. What Son of

Hell and Darknes dare molest this blessed Saint, scarce warm yet on my Breast? 'Tis

I, 'tis I great Mammon's e--qual once, whose Lott is on--ly, on--ly Tophet

*Abraham.**Dives.*

now. I know thee not. Father, 'tis Dives, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I, who purpled

o're, far'd once de--li--ciouf--ly; Linnen of Egypt then a--dor---n'd my

Abraham.

Head, who now, now in Flame---s lye thus en--ve--lo--ped. And can't thou now his

Cha--ri-ty implore, whom thou saw'st lately at thy flin-ty Door, beg-ging for Crums, those Crums

Dives.

that fell befide thy o're charg'd Table, and was them de-ny'd? vain Soul! Some

Abraham.

pi---ty take! Some pi---ty take! Remember, Son,

Dives.

thy Dogs had pi—ty on him, thou had'st none. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, they were

mine reliev'd him: Oh! in lieu, let him vouchsafe me but a little, little

Abraham.

Dew, to cool my Tongue. Not the least drop of Grace, can e-ver enter, can ever enter, that for-

—sa—ken place; Beside, th'enfathom'd Gulph is fix—ed so, that none can pass 'twixt

Dives.

us and you be—low. Then send them to my Brethren, lest they come

Abraham.

to feel the weight of my E—ter—nal Doom. they've Mo—ses to fore—

Dives. *Abraham.*

warm them. Oh! but they far sooner, far sooner, will a Dead Man's Voice obey. If

Si-nab's roa—ring Thunder from on high can—not be

heard, how, how should a Dead Man's Cry?

CHORUS.

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, 'twill be too

pray; 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O

late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O—

— pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that

—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that dread—

dread—ful Day ; for when Death's fa—tal

—full, dread—ful Day ;

Hand once shuts the Door, 'twill be too

for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the Door,

late ; for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the

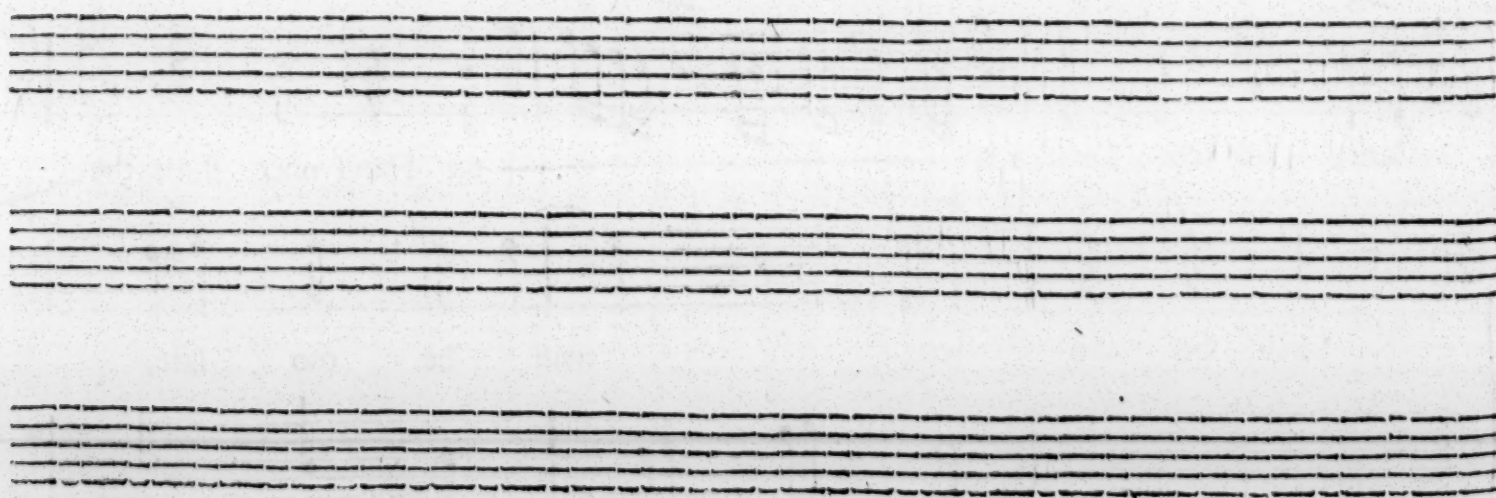
'twill be too late, 'twill be too late,

P

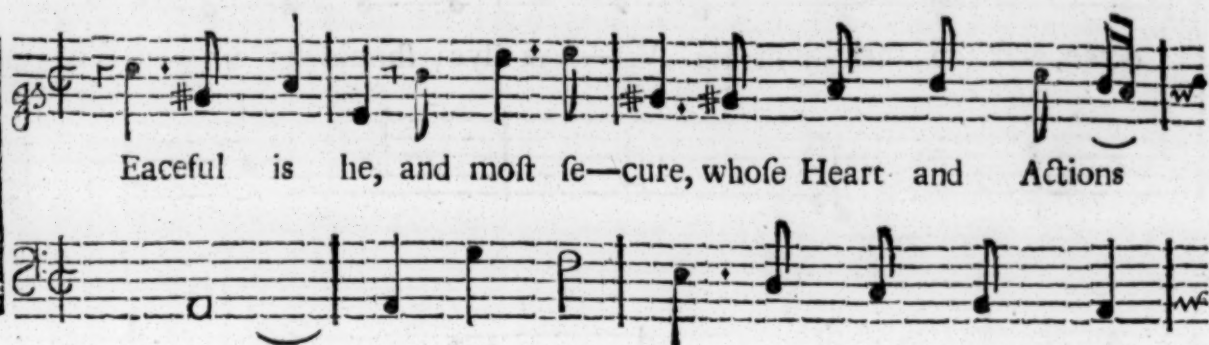
Door, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of Mer-cy,
'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of

the Gates of Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too late,
Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too

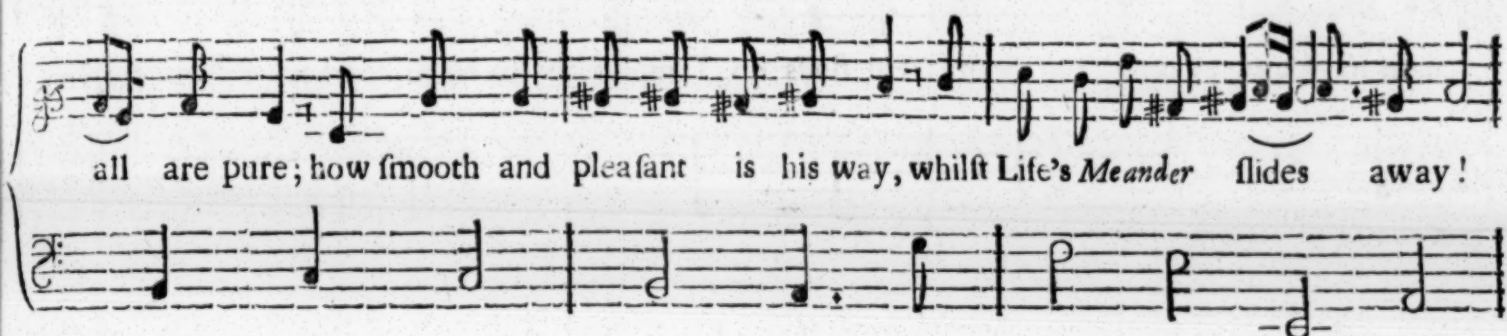
'twill be too late.
late, 'twill be too late.



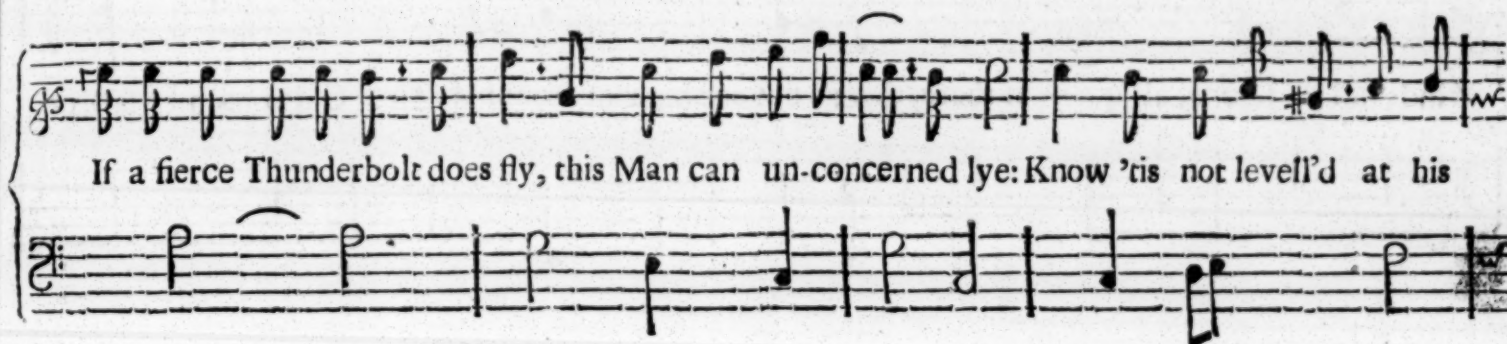
Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman. Set by Dr. John Blow.



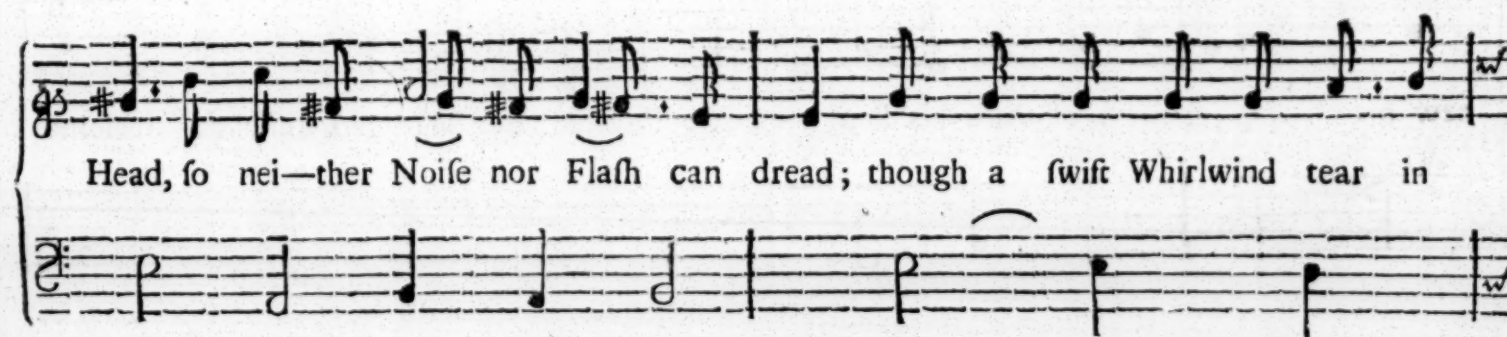
Eaceful is he, and most se—cure, whose Heart and Actions



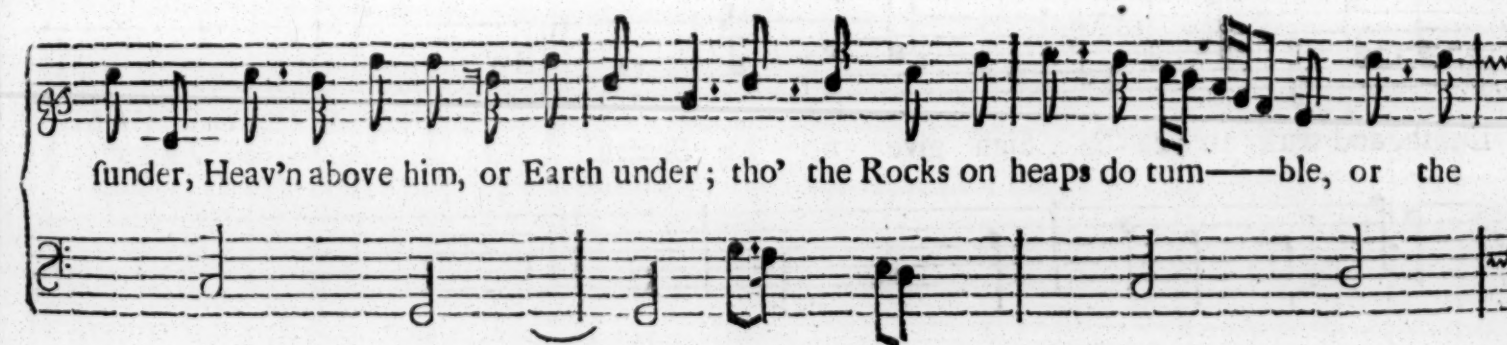
all are pure; how smooth and pleasant is his way, whilst Life's *Meander* slides away!



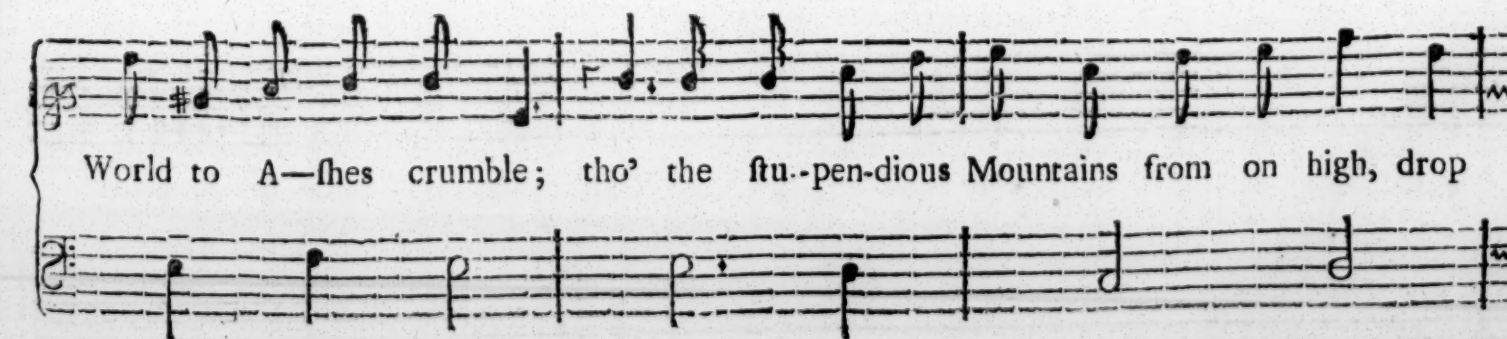
If a fierce Thunderbolt does fly, this Man can un-concerned lye: Know 'tis not levell'd at his



Head, so nei—ther Noise nor Flash can dread; though a swift Whirlwind tear in



sunder, Heav'n above him, or Earth under; tho' the Rocks on heaps do tum—ble, or the



World to A—shes crumble; tho' the stu—pen-dious Mountains from on high, drop



down, and in their hum-ble Val-leys lye; should the un—ru—ly Ocean rore, and



dash its foam against the Shore: He finds no Tempest in his Mind, fears no Billow, feels no



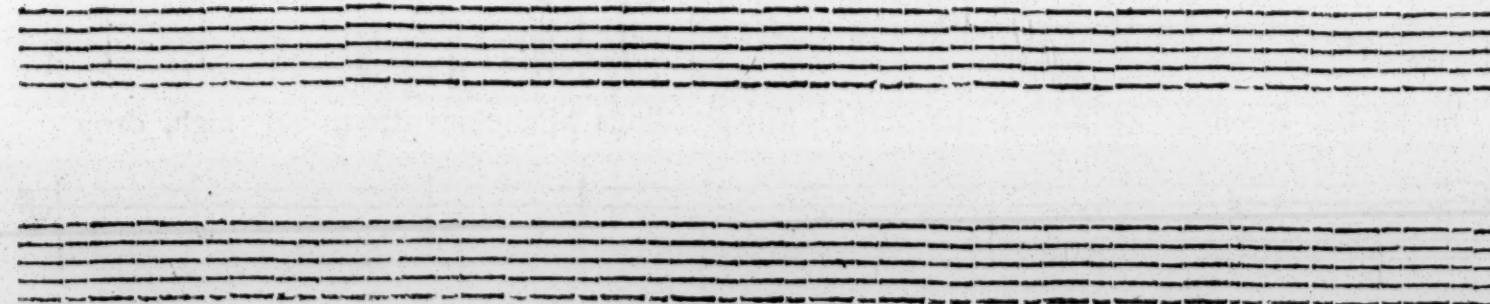
Wind; all is serene, all qui—et there, there's not one blast of troubled Air: Old Stars may fall, or



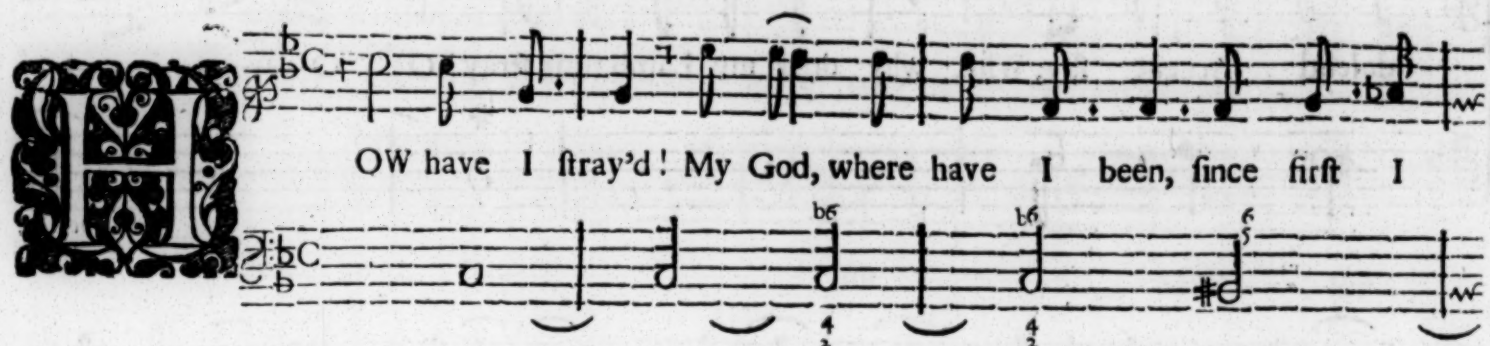
new ones blaze, yet none of these his Soul a-maze: Such is the Man can smile at irksome



Death, and with an ea-sie Sigh give up his Breath.



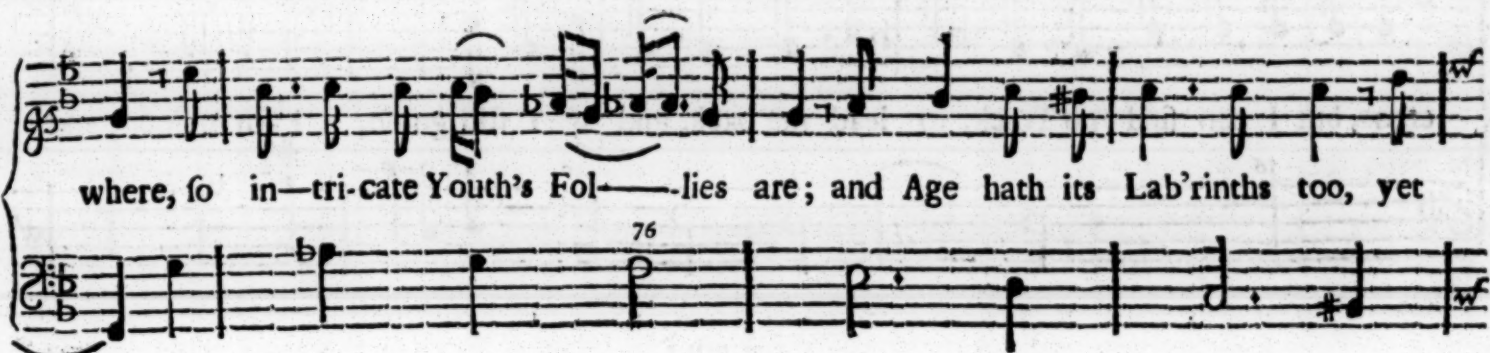
*The Words by Dr. Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*



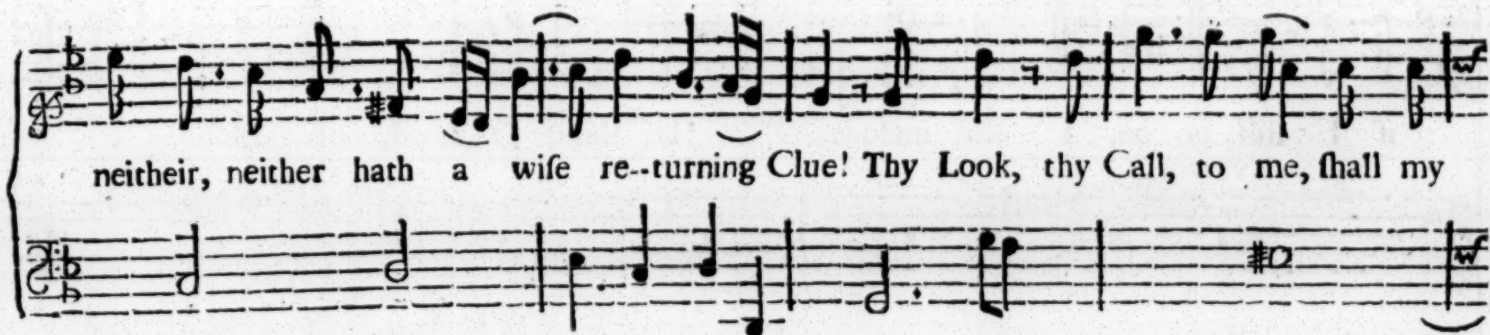
OW have I stray'd! My God, where have I been, since first I



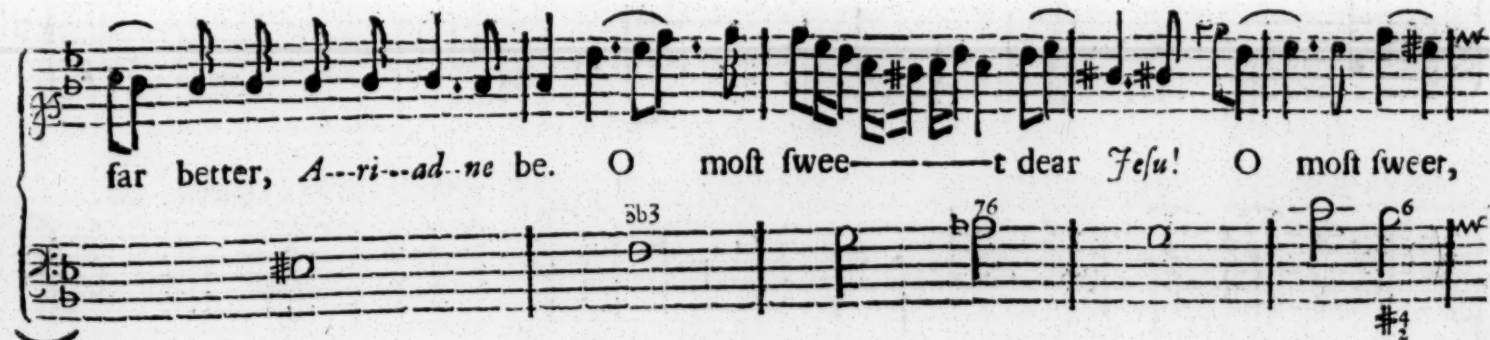
wan—der'd in the Maze of Sin! Lord, I have been I know not



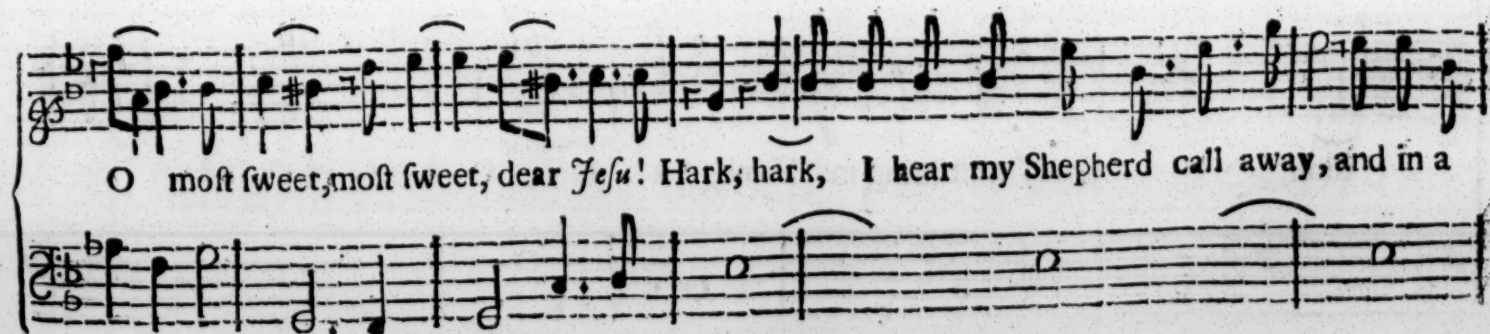
where, so in-tri-cate Youth's Fol—lies are; and Age hath its Lab'rins ths too, yet



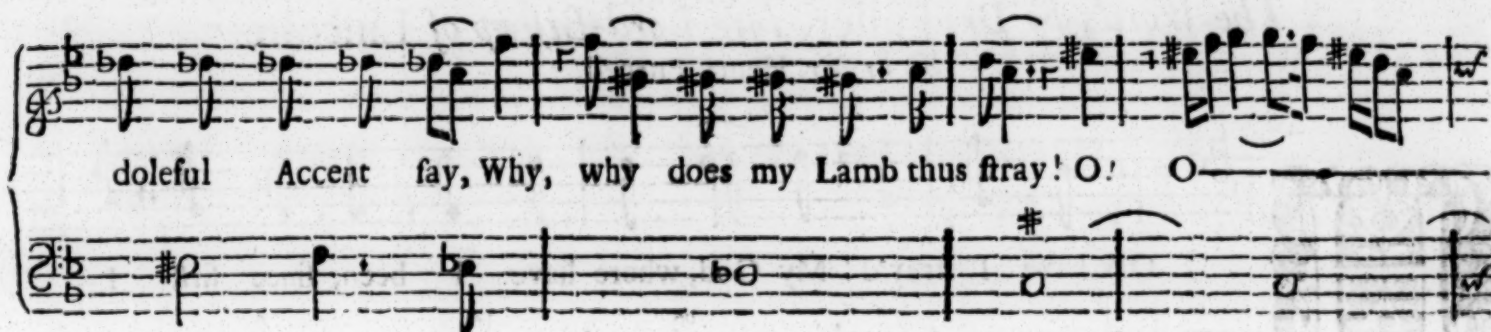
neither, neither hath a wise re--turning Clue! Thy Look, thy Call, to me, shall my



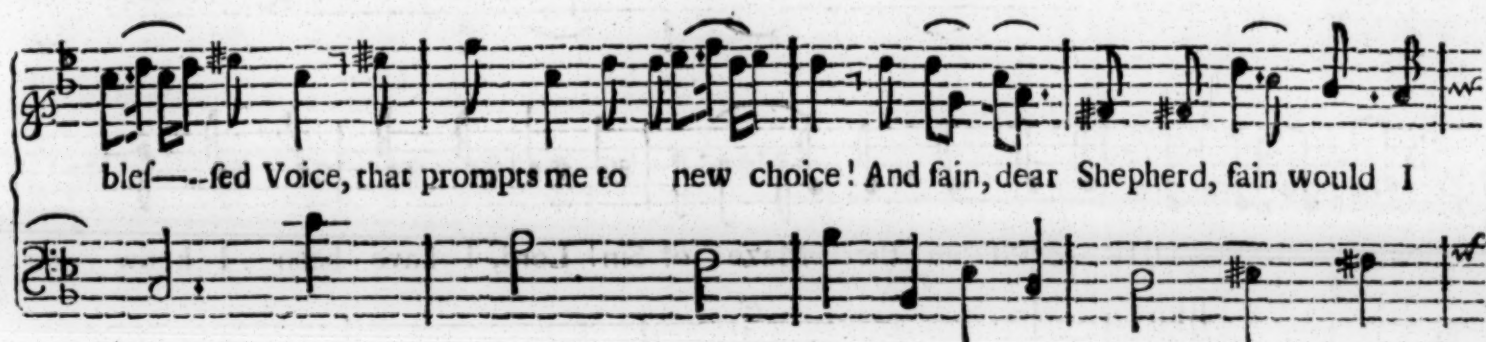
far better, A--ri--ad-ne be. O most swee—t dear Jesu! O most swee,



O most sweet, most sweet, dear Jesu! Hark, hark, I hear my Shepherd call away, and in a



doleful Accent say, Why, why does my Lamb thus fray! O! O—

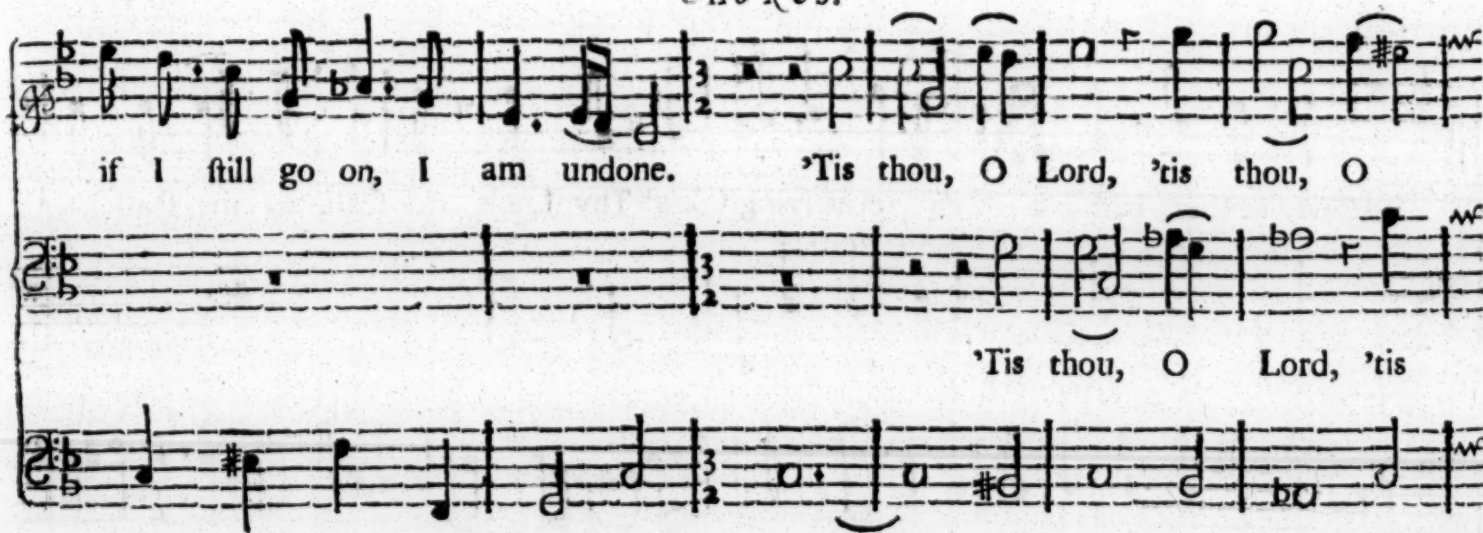


blef—fed Voice, that prompts me to new choice! And fain, dear Shepherd, fain would I



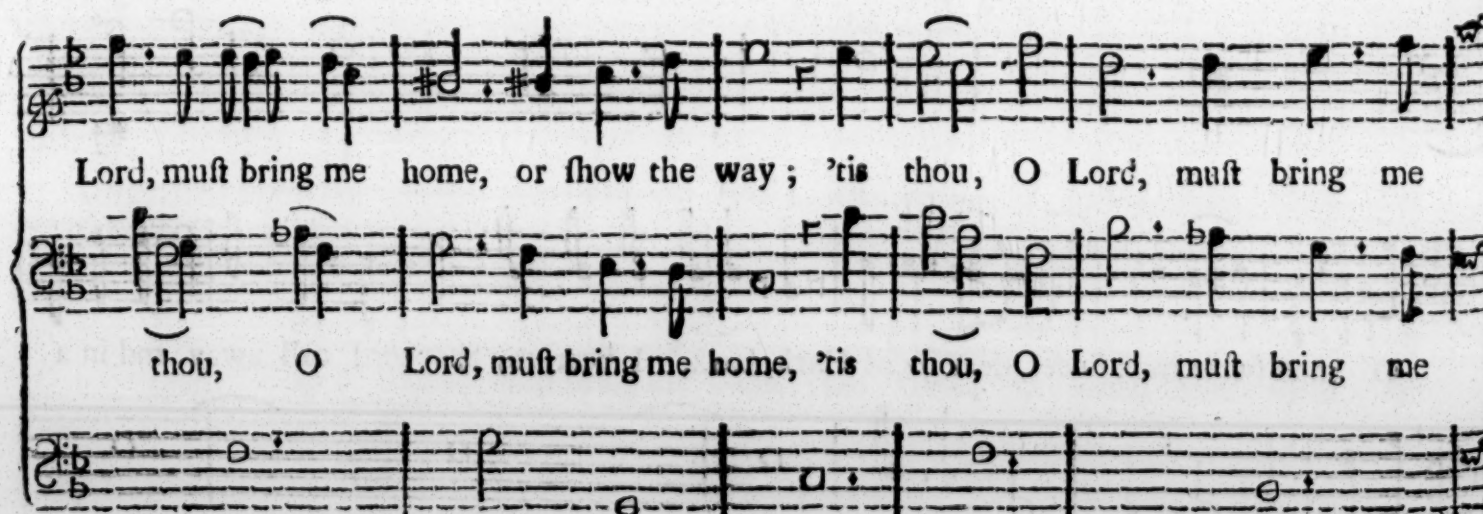
come, but I can find no Track, to lead me back, and if I still go no, I am undone; and

CHORUS.



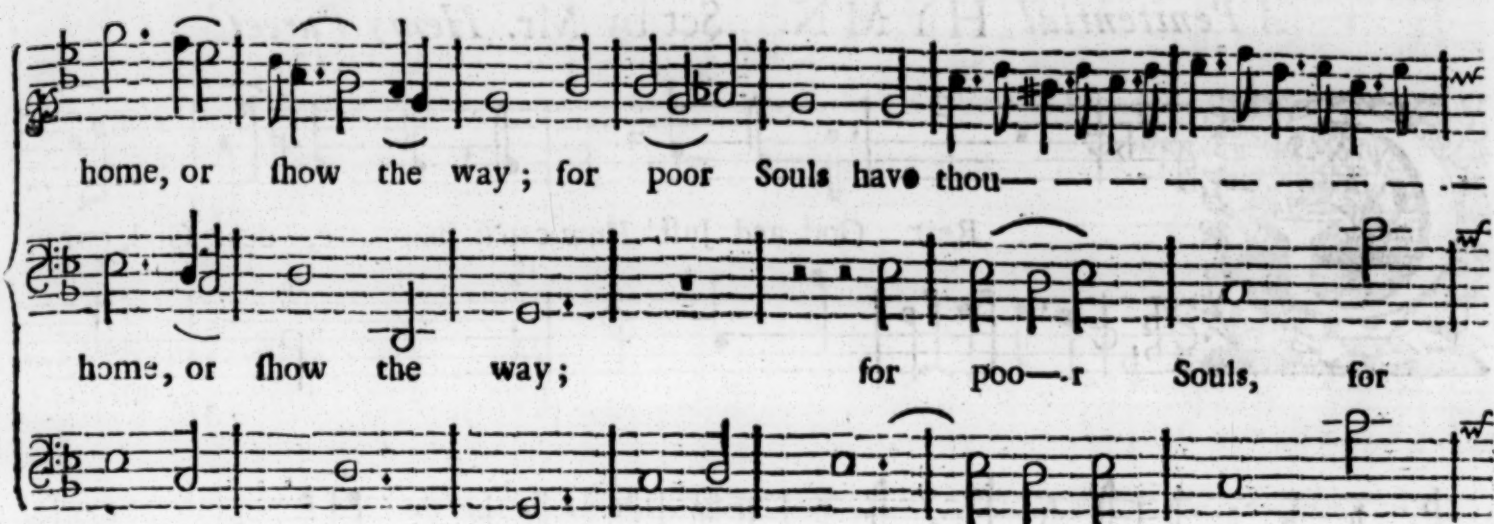
if I still go on, I am undone. 'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis thou, O

'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis



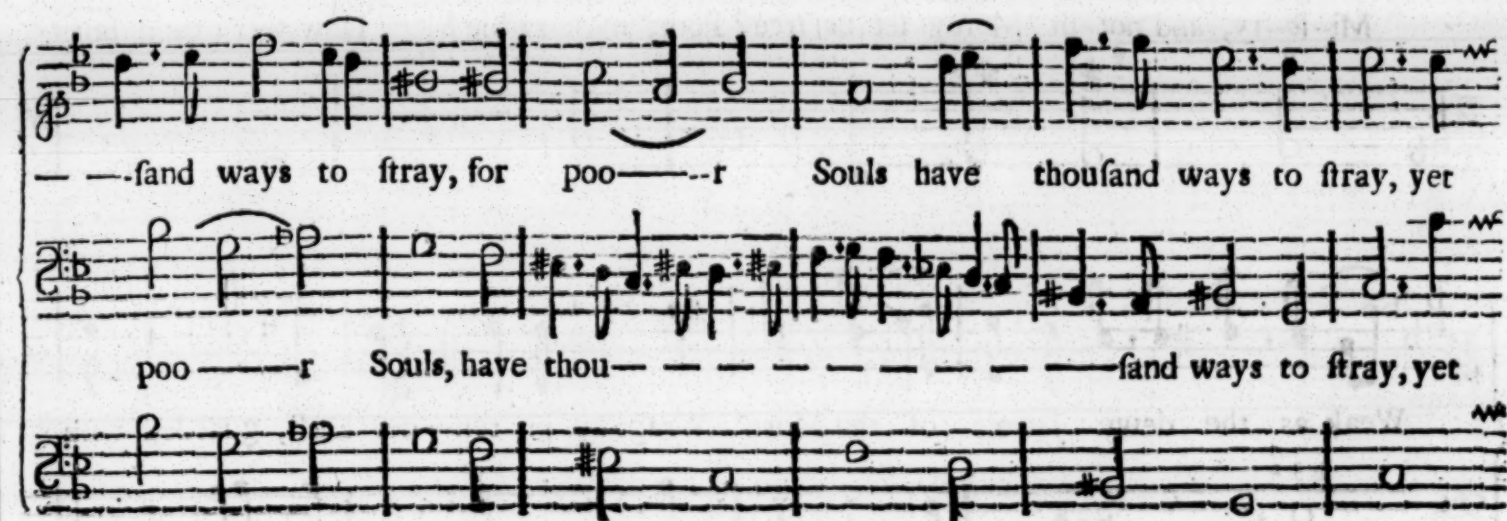
Lord, must bring me home, or show the way; 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me

thou, O Lord, must bring me home, 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me



home, or show the way; for poor Souls have thou—

home, or show the way; for poo—r Souls, for



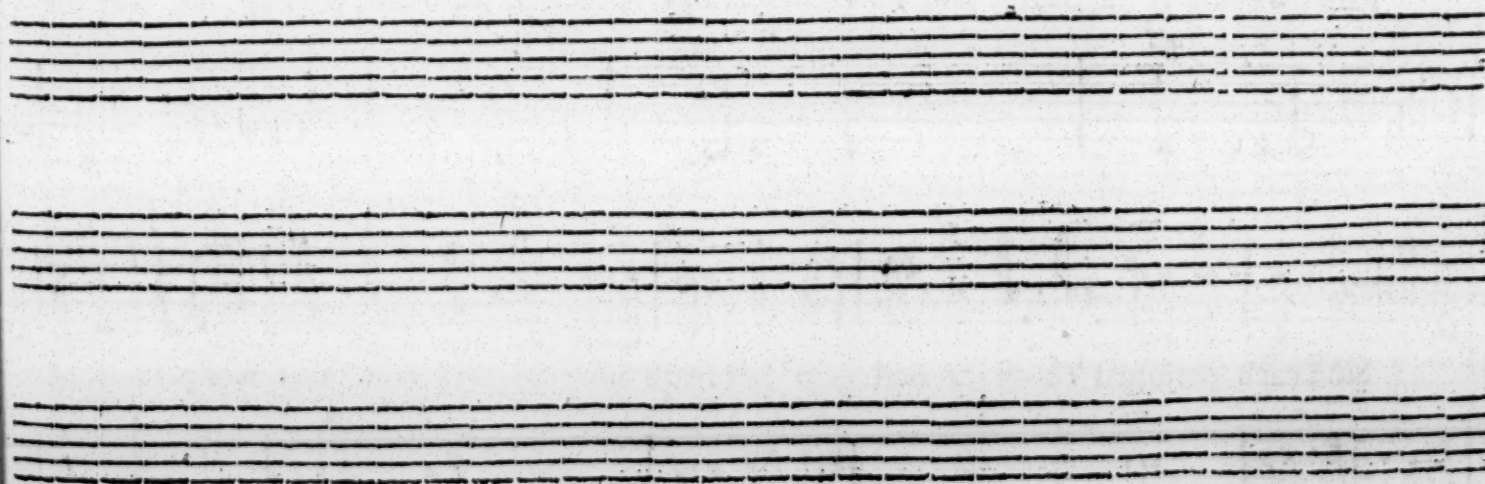
—fand ways to stray, for poo—r Souls have thousand ways to stray, yet

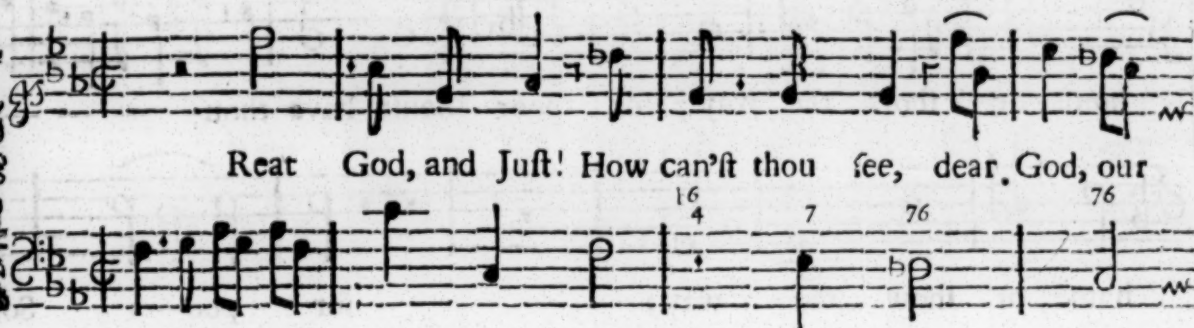
poo—r Souls, have thou— — — — —fand ways to stray, yet



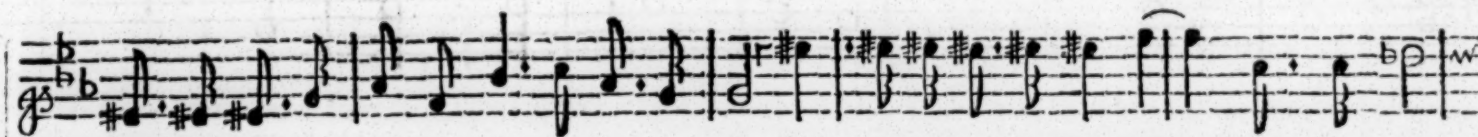
to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.

to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.

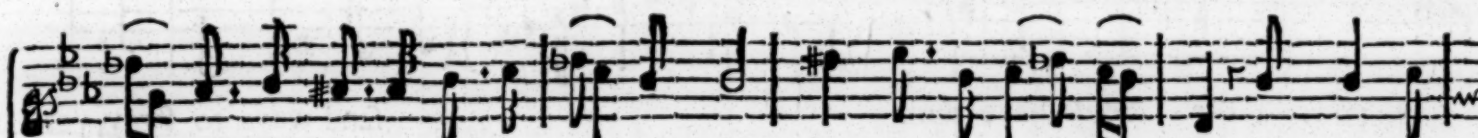
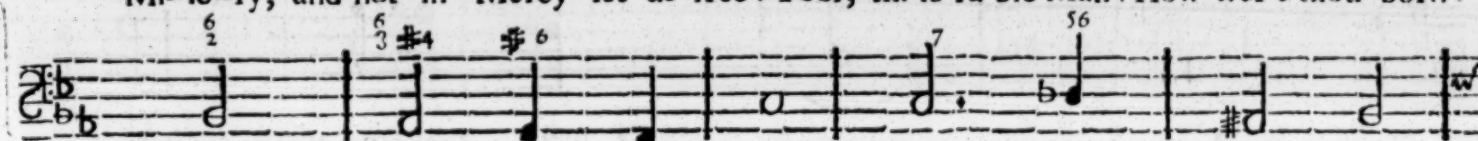


A Penitential HYMN. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

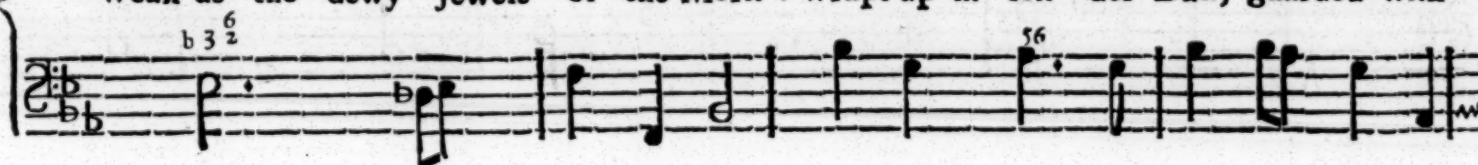
Great God, and Just! How can'st thou see, dear God, our



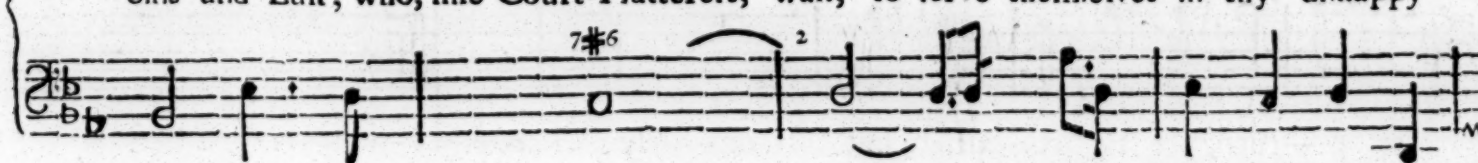
Misery, and not in Mercy set us free? Poor, miserable Man! How wert thou born?



Weak as the dewy Jewels of the Morn'! Wrapt up in tender Dust, guarded with



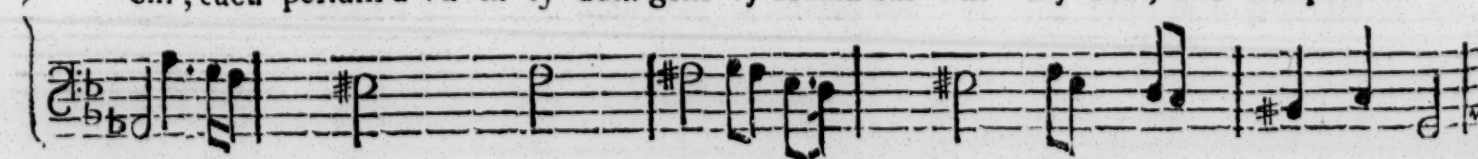
Sins and Lust; who, like Court-Flatterers, wait, to serve themselves in thy unhappy



Fate: Wealth is a Snare, and Poverty brings in Inlets for Theft, paving the way for



Sin; each perfum'd Vanity doth gently breath Sin in thy Soul, and whispers it to



death: Our Faults, like ul—ce—ra—ted Sores, do go o're the sound Flesh, and do cor—

rupt that too. Lord! we are sick, spot—ted with sin, thick as a cru—sty

Lepers Skin; like Naaman, bid us wash, yet let it be in streams of Blood, that

flow from thee.

CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le---lu--jahs, Psalms, and

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu--jahs, Psalms, and

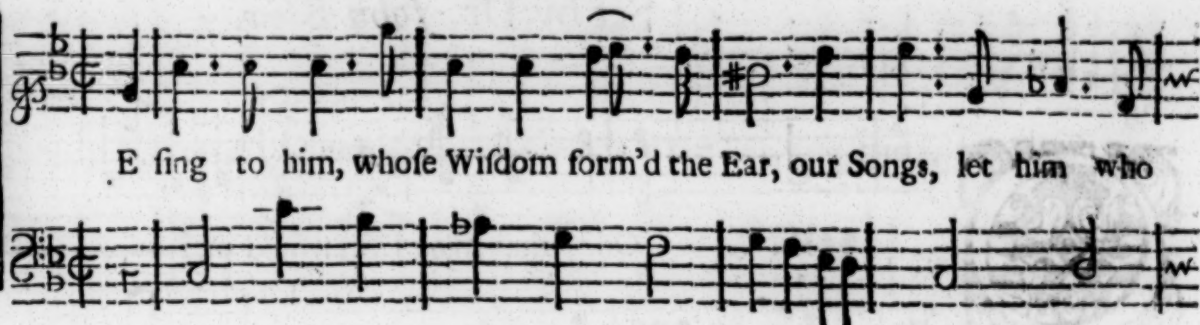
Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu—jahs, Psalms, and

Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; ever good,
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; and e—ver just,
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; e—ver

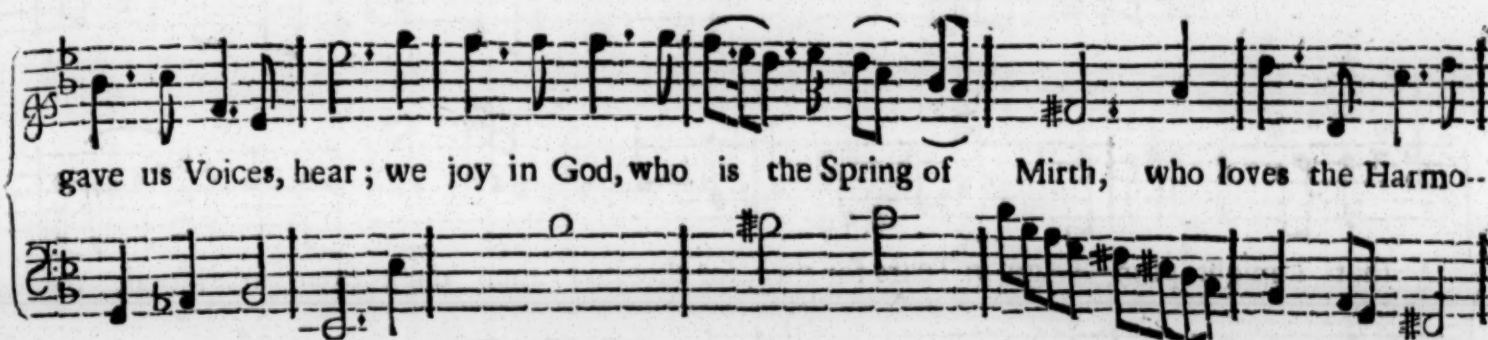
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal
high, who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal

Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.
Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.
Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.

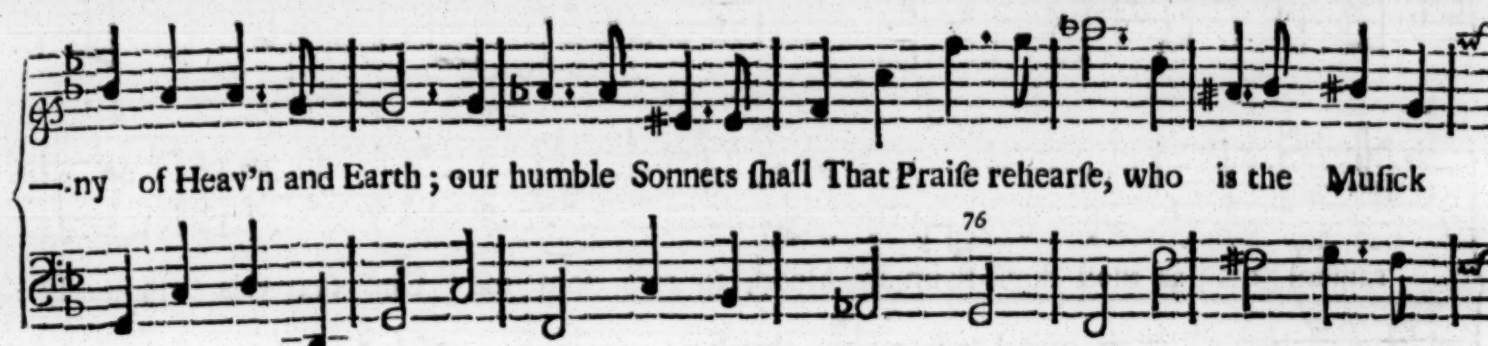
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



E sing to him, whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, our Songs, let him who



gave us Voices, hear; we joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth, who loves the Harmo--



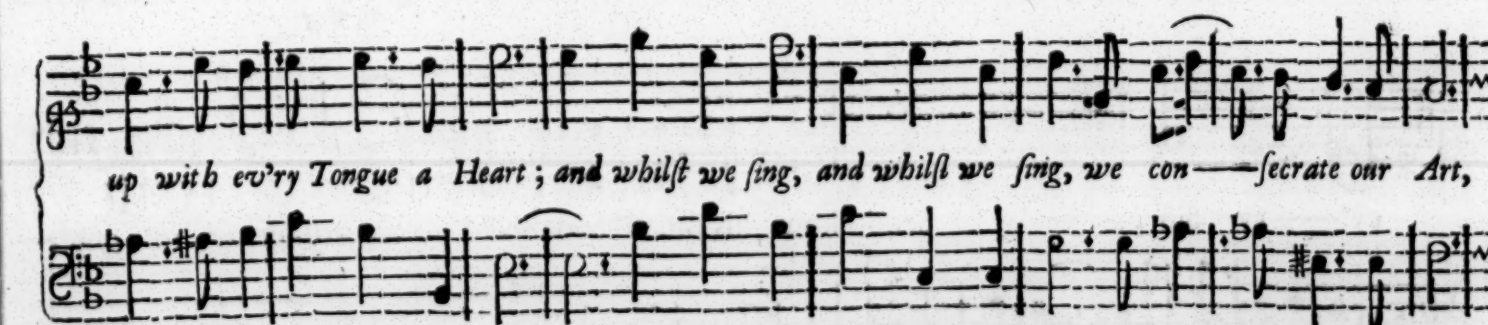
—ny of Heav'n and Earth; our humble Sonnets shall That Praise rehearse, who is the Musick

CHORUS.



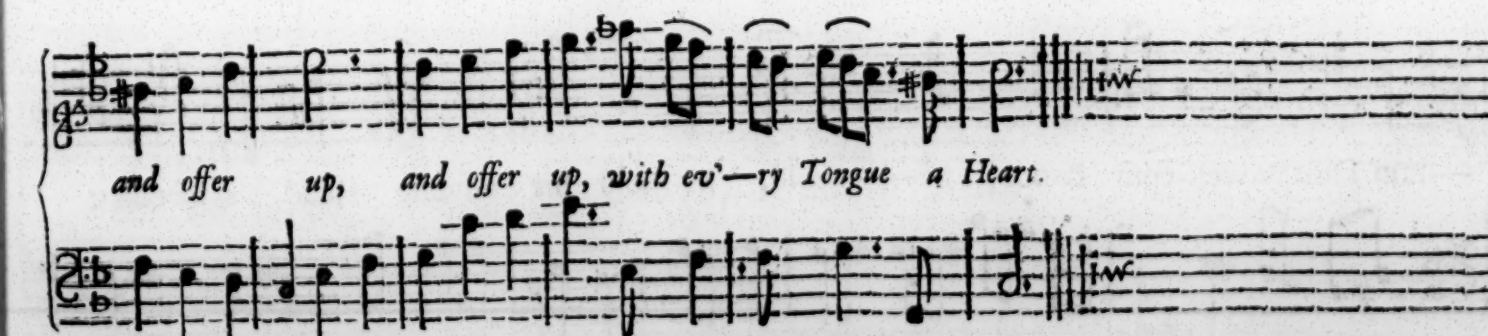
of the Universe. And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art, and offer

And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art, and offer



up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,

up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,



and offer up, and offer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

and offer, and offer up, offer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

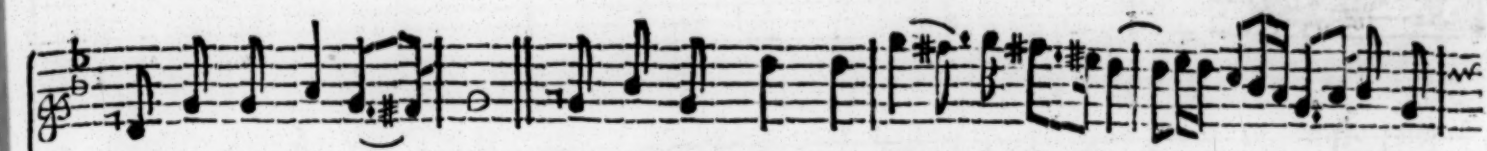
Set by Dr. John Blow.



H! Oh that mine Eyes would mel—t in-to a flood,
that I might plun—ge in Tears for thee, for thee, as thou did'st swim in Blood, to
ransom me; as thou did'st swim in blood, to ran—som me! Oh! that this flesh—ly
Lymbeck would be--gin to drop, drop a Tear, to drop, drop, drop a Tear for
ev'—ry Sin! See how his Blood bedabbled Arms are spread, to enter—
—tain Death's wel--com Bands; be—hold, be--hold his bowing Head, his bleeding



Hands, his oft re—pea- ted Stripes! Behold his wounded Side! Hark, hark, hark, how he groans!



Remember how he cry'd! The very Heav'ns put Weed of Mour—hing



on; the so—lid Rocks in sun—der rent, and yet this Heart, and yet this



Heart, this Stone, could not re—lent! Hard-hearted Man! Hard—hear—ted Man! And



on—ly Man deny'd to wee—p for him, to weep for



him, for whom he on—ly dy'd!

s

On a Dying-Friend. The Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.

Set by Mr. Pelbam Humphreys.



H the sad day ! when Friends shall shake their heads, and say of mine.—

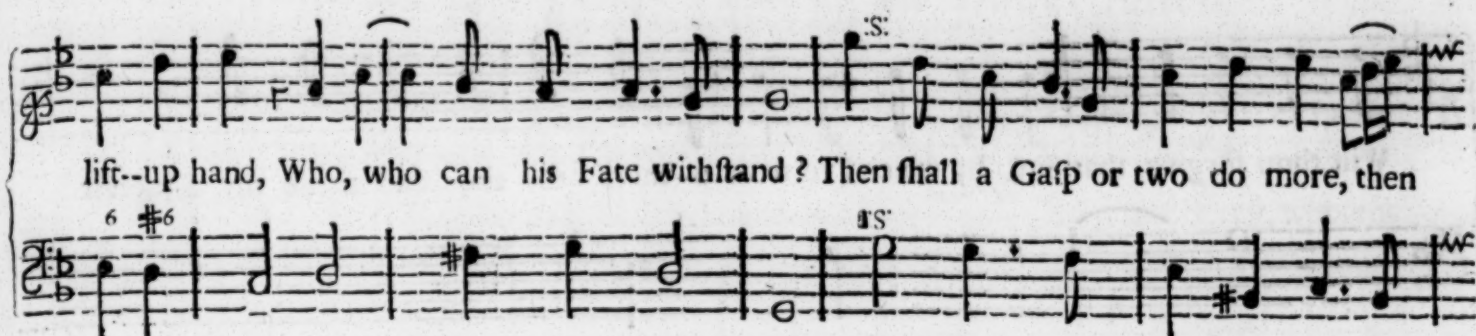
—rable me, Hark how he groans ! look how he pants for Breath ! see, see, how he struggles with the

Pangs of Death ! When they shall say of these dear Eyes, How hollow, and how dim they be !

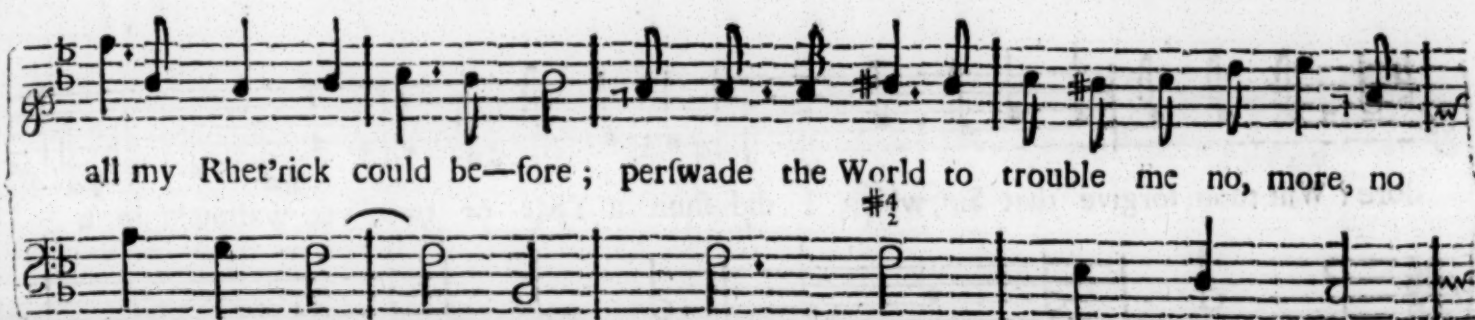
Mark how his Breast does swell and rife, against his potent E—nemies. When some old Friend shall

step to my Bed-side, touch my chill Face, and thence shall gently slide ; and when his next Com-

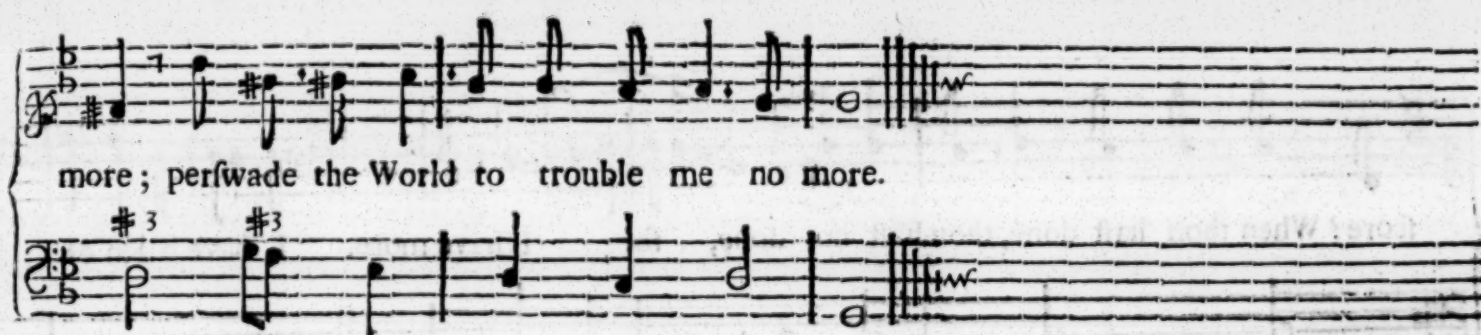
—...panions say, How does he do? What hopes? Shall turn a-way, an-swe-ri'ng on-ly with a



lift--up hand, Who, who can his Fate withstand? Then shall a Gasp or two do more, then

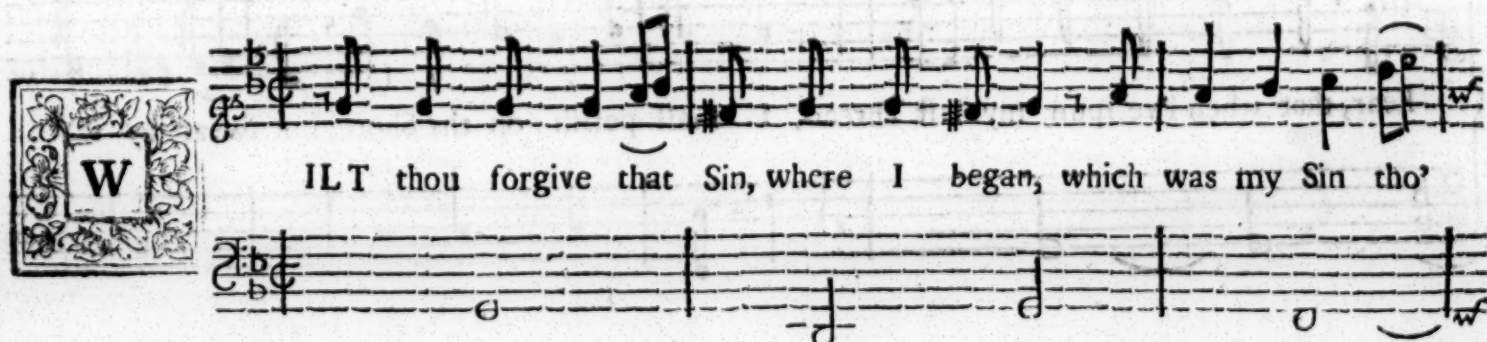


all my Rhet'rick could be--fore; perswade the World to trouble me no, more, no

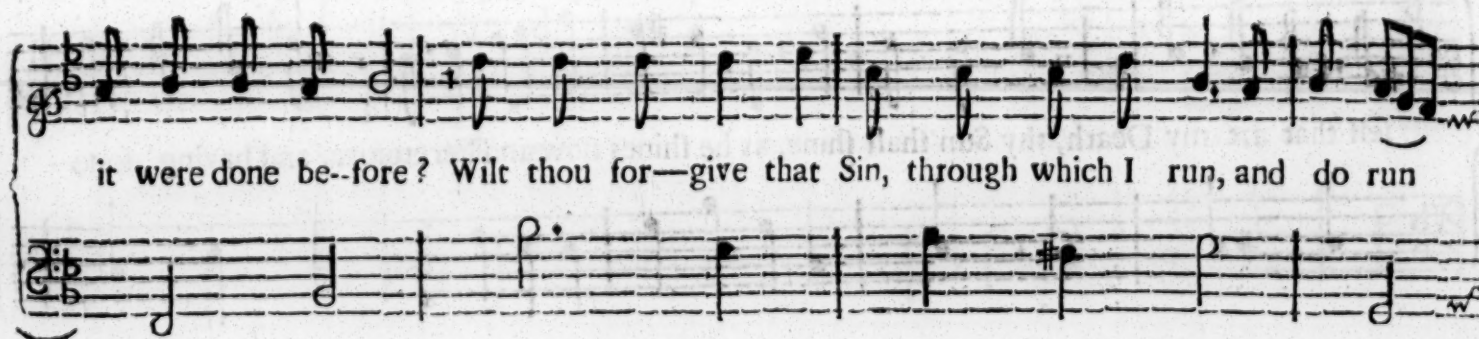


more; perswade the World to trouble me no more.

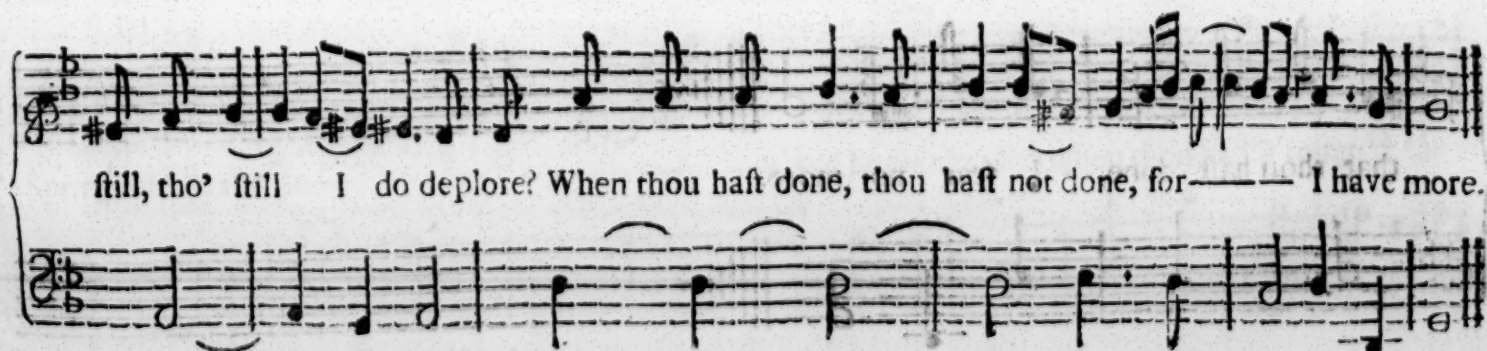
The Words by Dr. Dunn. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes.



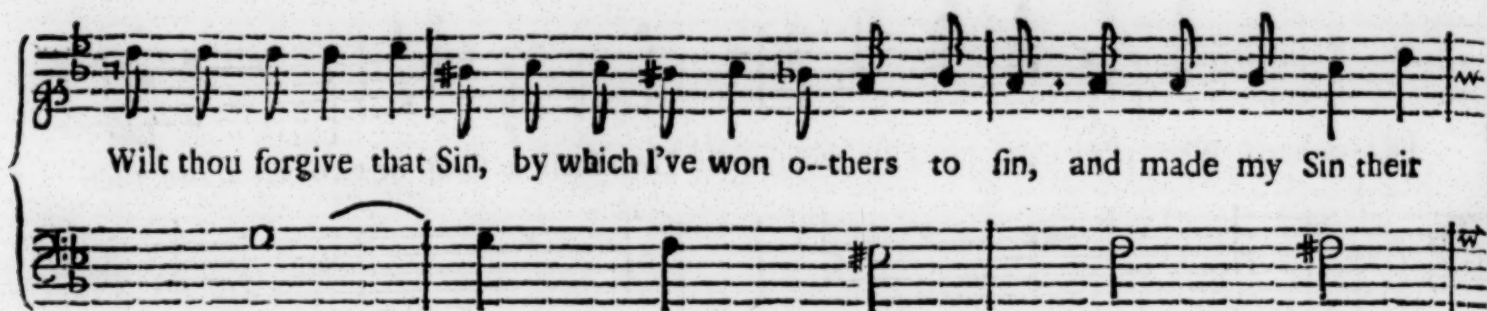
WILT thou forgive that Sin, where I began, which was my Sin tho'



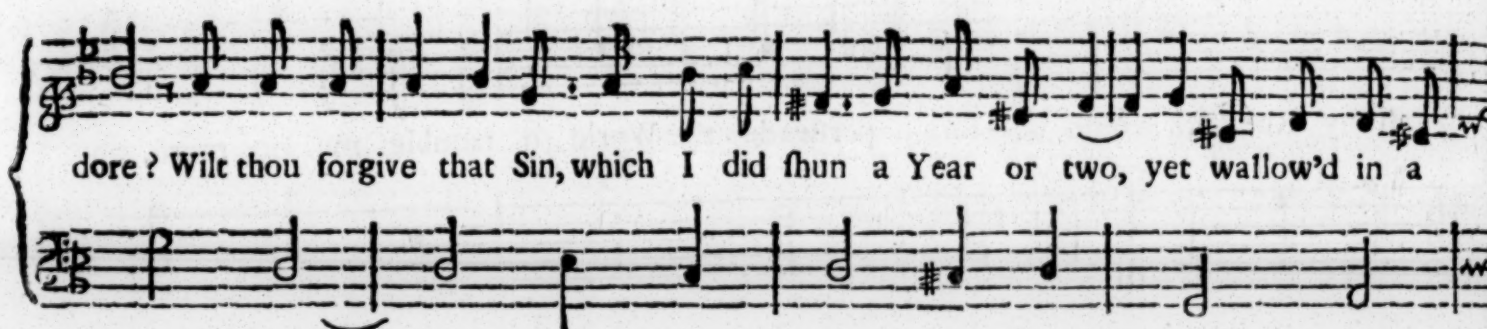
it were done be--fore? Wilt thou for--give that Sin, through which I run, and do run



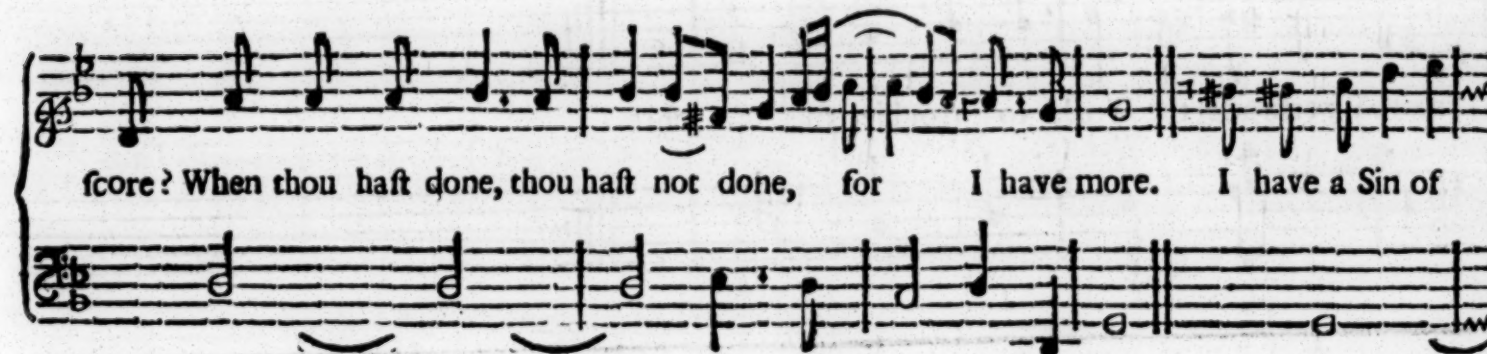
still, tho' still I do deplore? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for—— I have more.



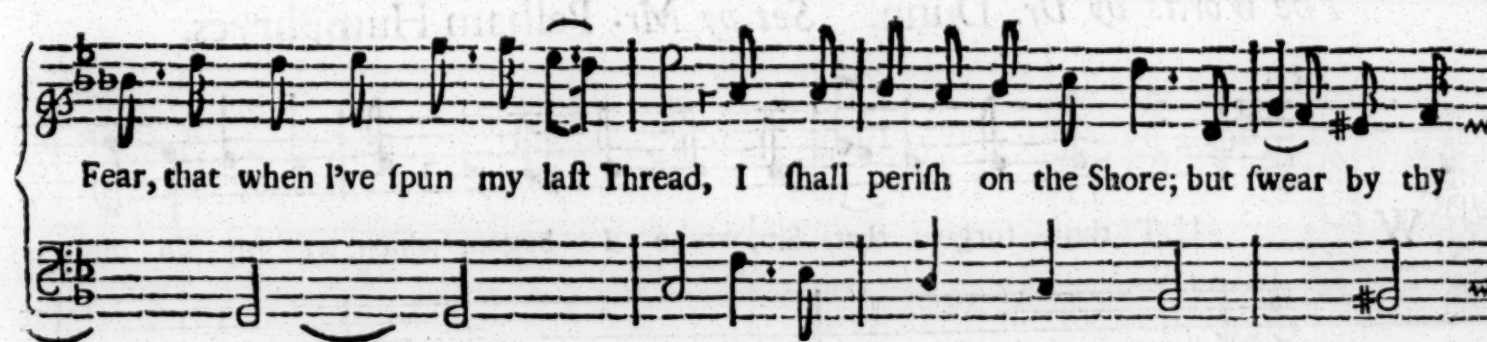
Wilt thou forgive that Sin, by which I've won o--thers to sin, and made my Sin their



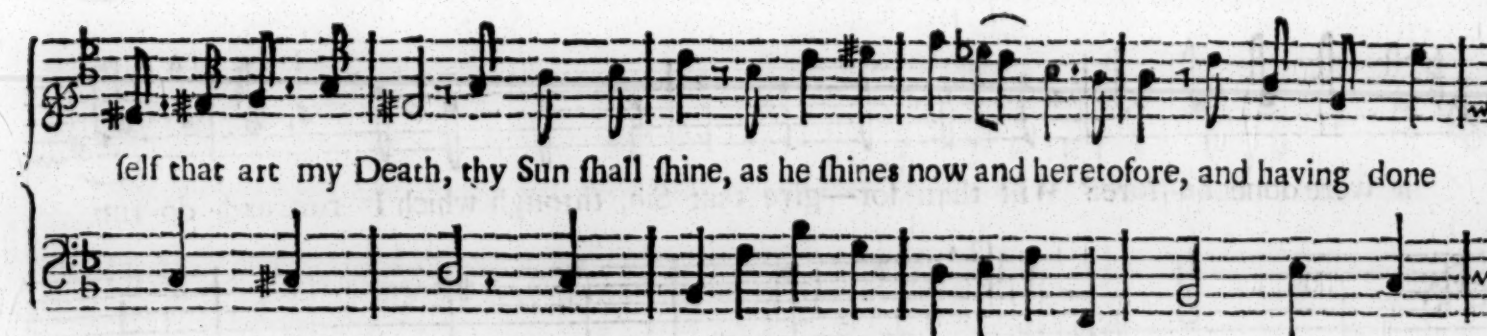
dore? Wilt thou forgive that Sin, which I did shun a Year or two, yet wallow'd in a



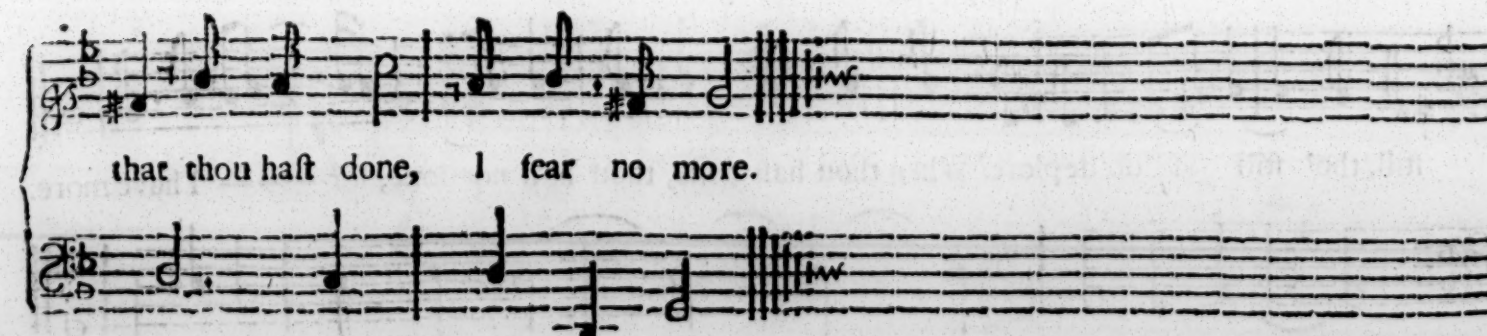
score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more. I have a Sin of



Fear, that when I've spun my last Thread, I shall perish on the Shore; but swear by thy



self that art my Death, thy Sun shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore, and having done

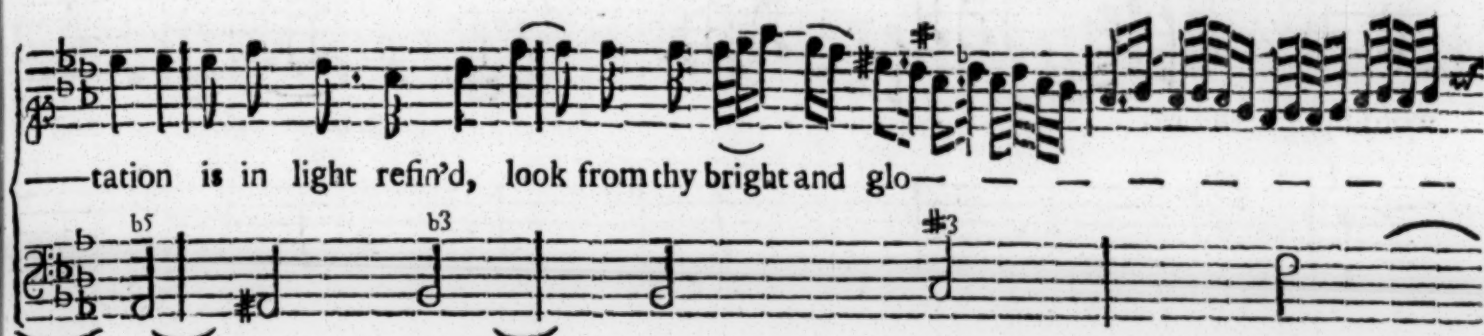


that thou hast done, I fear no more.

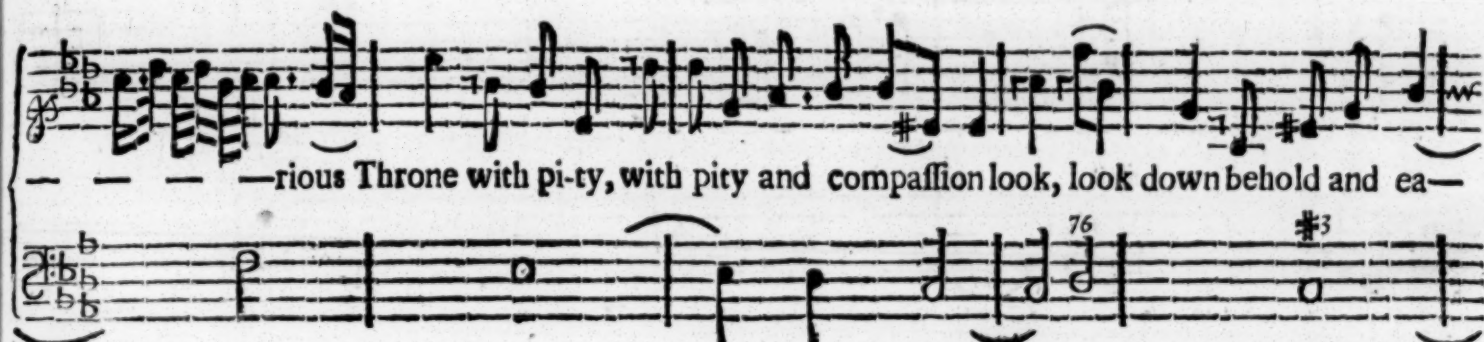
A Divine HYMN. Sett by Mr. John Church.



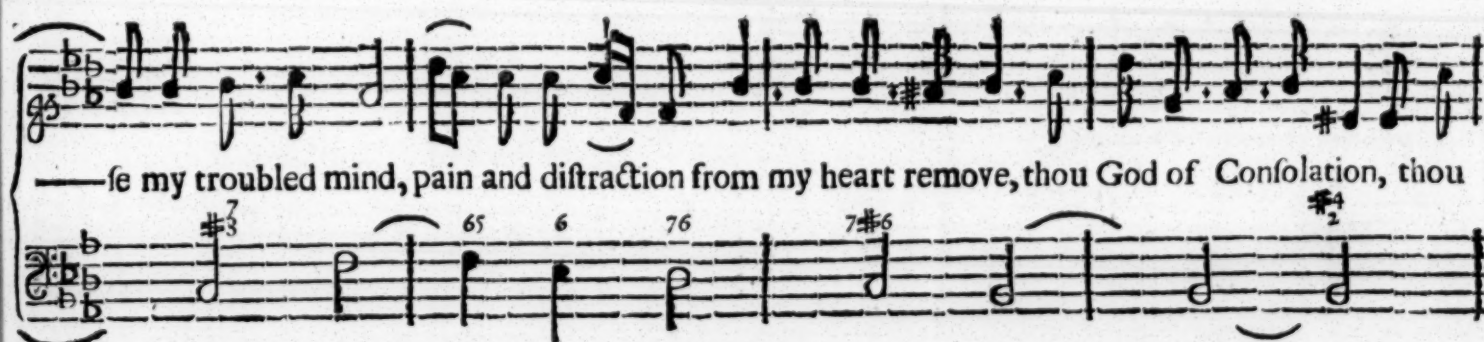
God for ever blest in boundless peace & rest, whose habi-



tation is in light refin'd, look from thy bright and glo-

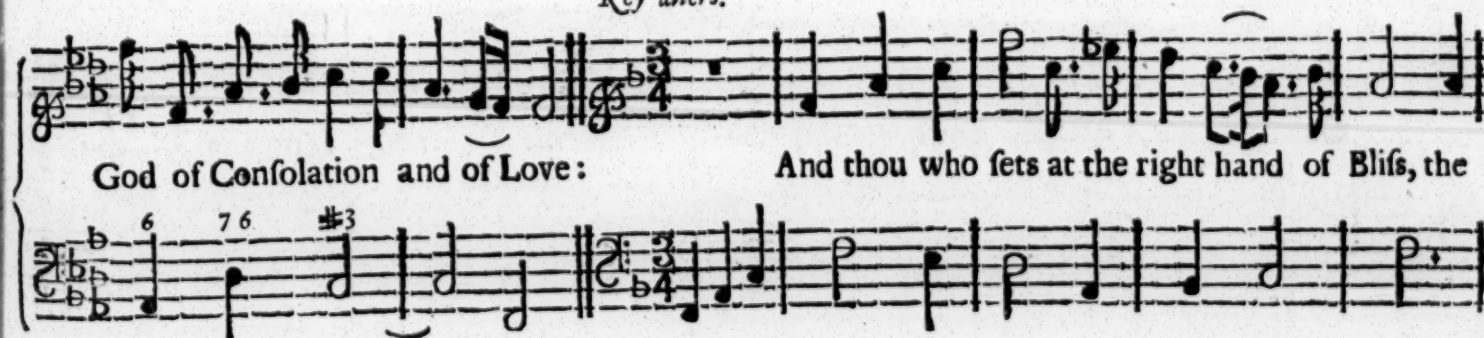


rious Throne with pi-ty, with pity and compassion look, look down behold and ea-

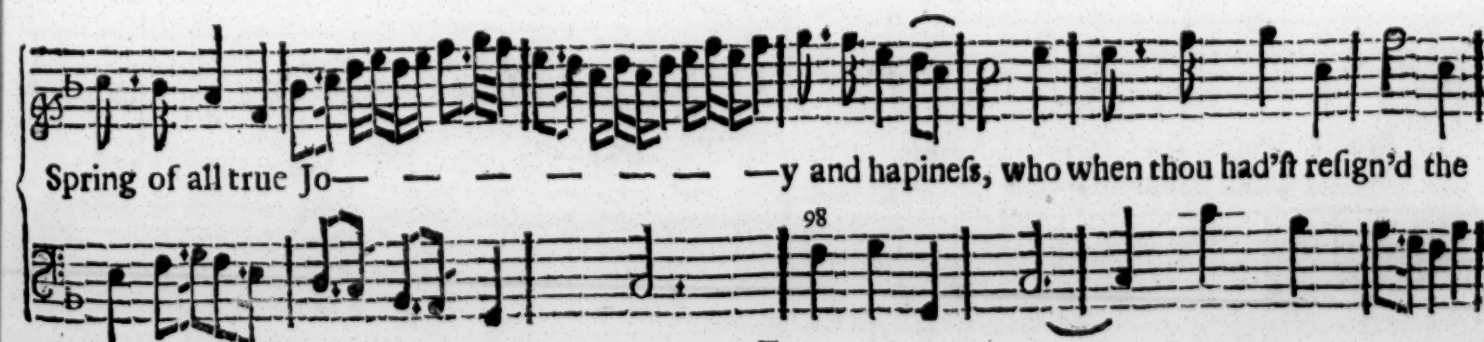


se my troubled mind, pain and distraction from my heart remove, thou God of Consolation, thou

Key alters.



God of Consolation and of Love: And thou who sittest at the right hand of Bliss, the



Spring of all true Joy and hapiness, who when thou had'st resign'd the

glo— — — — — rious station to redeem mankind, didst with a

word becalm the ra— — — — — -ging, ra—ging Sea ; and

make the boi— — — — — -frous winds, thy gentler, gentler,

gentler breath O—-bey.

Oh quickly, quickly Lord al-lay the storms and Tempests of my

Breast, with sin and guilt o'er-la-den, o'er-la-den and de-prest, and

by thy pow'r controul and check the boil—ing waves, that row—

I and, tofs, and wrack and o—ver-whelm, and tofs, and wrack and

o—verwhelm my sick de—spair—ing, sick de—spair—ing, my sick de-spair-ing foul.

And thou most sweet, most sweet, and sa—cred Dove, thou God of

Peace and e—ver-last-ing Love, visit, O visit ev'ry part of my distressed mind, and

Heart, and that I may prepare for thy Reception and Communion, there all

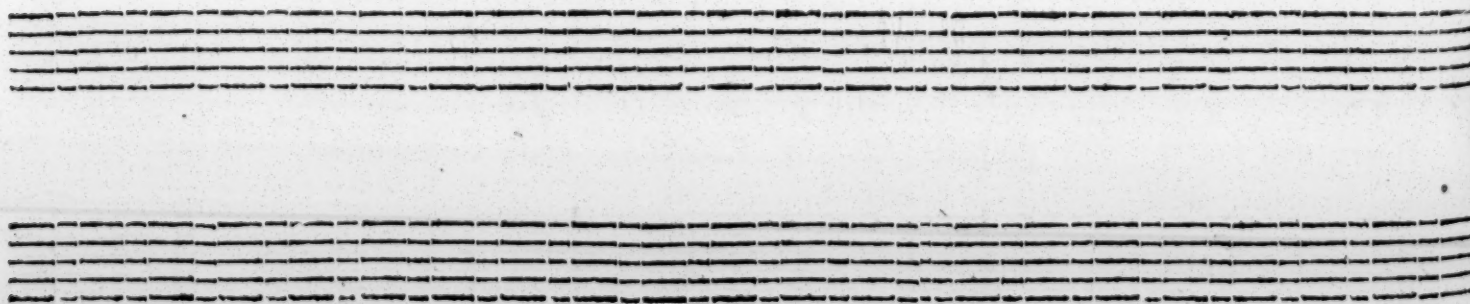
fin and fin—ful thoughts, all sin and sinful thoughts from thence expel, by thy most sov'reign

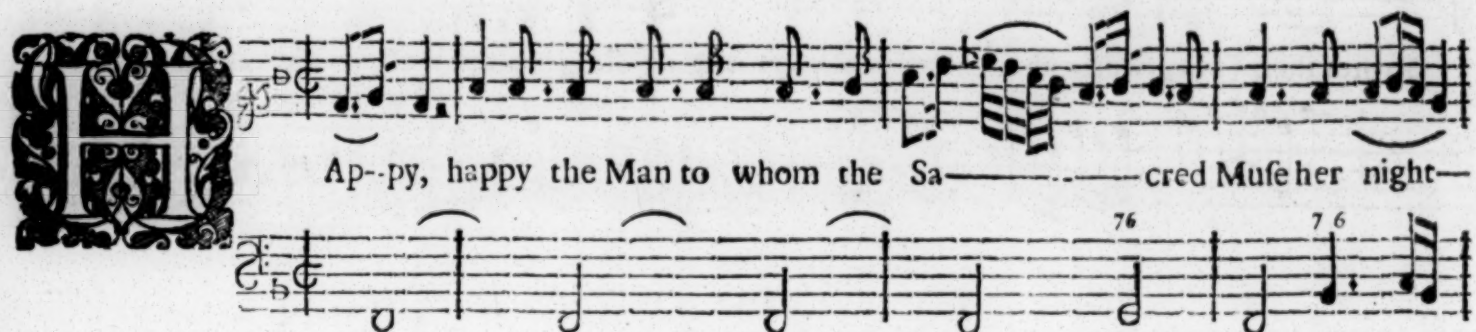
influence hear, hear O most holy Tri-ni-ty, most ho-ly Tri-ni--ty, Center of all Di—

—vi—ni—ty; hear, hear and graciously vouchsafe to grant my pray'r, O con-de—

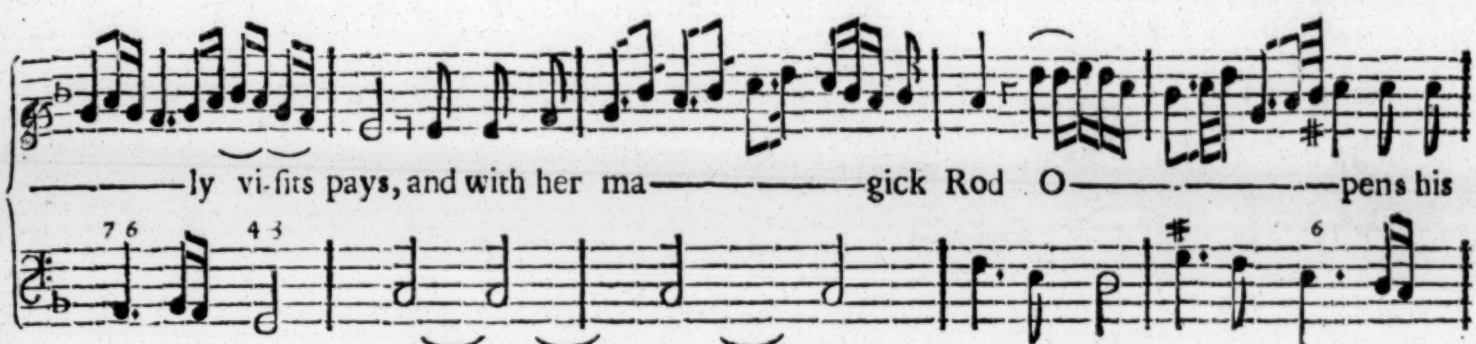
—scend that mercy to extend, and save me from the gulph, and save me from the

gulph of black de—spair.

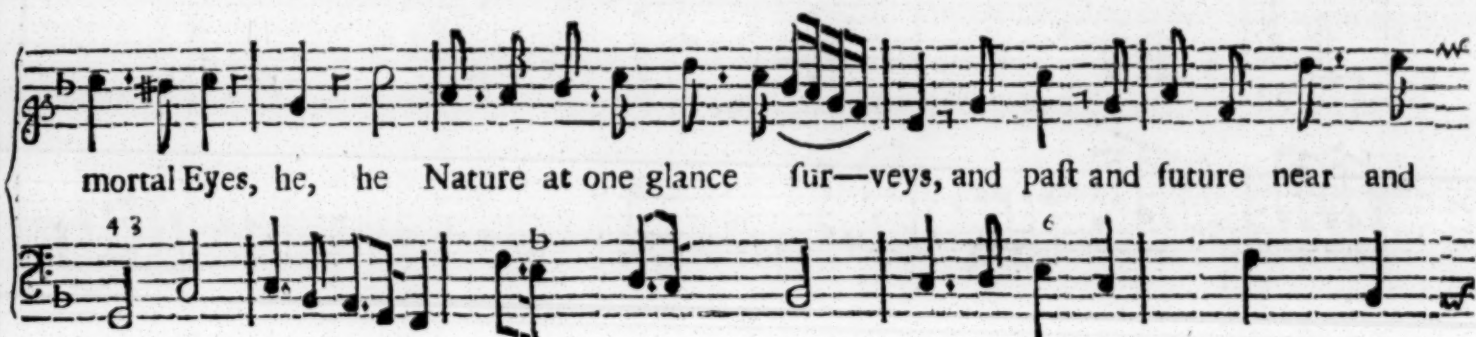


The DISSOLUTION. Sett by Mr. John Weldon.

Ap-py, happy the Man to whom the Sa—cred Muse her night—



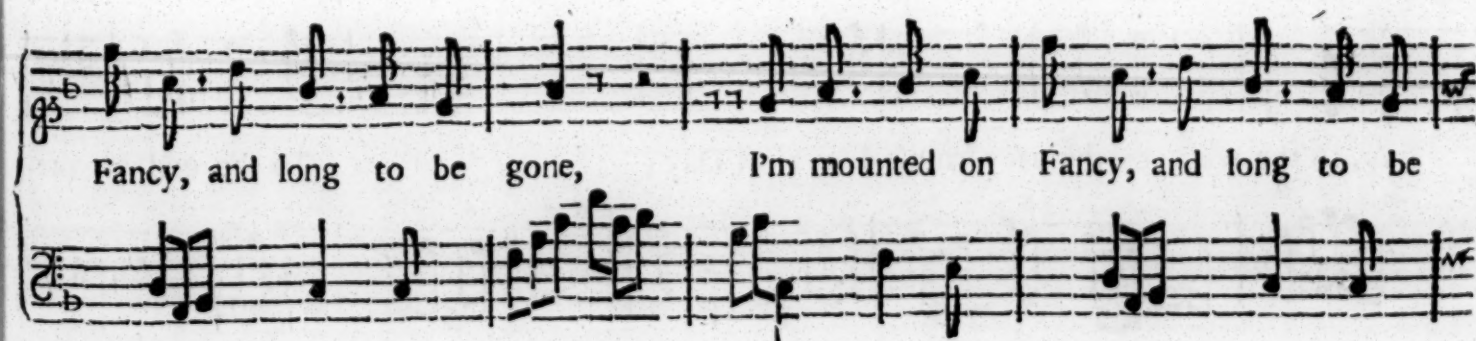
ly vi-sits pays, and with her ma—gick Rod O—pens his



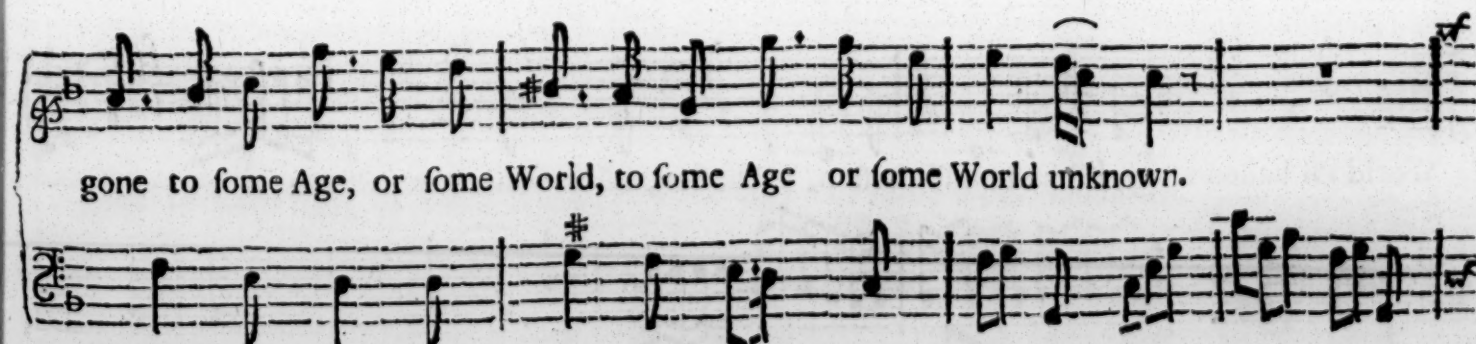
mortal Eyes, he, he Nature at one glance fur—veys, and past and future near and



di—stant views. I'm mounted on



Fancy, and long to be gone, I'm mounted on Fancy, and long to be



gone to some Age, or some World, to some Age or some World unknown.

Swifter then Time, swifter then Time, and impatient of stay, to the West, to the ut-termost

Faster.

limits of Day ; To the end of the World I'll ha-sten a-way, I'll

hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away ; I'll ha — — — sten away,

I'll hasten a-way ; Swifter then Time, swifter then Time, and im-patient of

stay, to the West, to the ut-termost limits of Day ; To the end of the

World I'll hasten away, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away ; I'll ha — — —

Slow.

ften away, I'll hasten a—way; Where I may see it a—ll ex-

—pire and melt a—way, in e—ver—la—sting Fire.

'Tis done! 'tis done I see a fla—ming Se—raph fly, and light his

Flamboy at the Sun; Then ha—sting down to the curst Globe, then ha—sting

down to the curst Glob, his bla—zing Torch ap—ply, See, see the green

Forrests crack—ling burn, see,

fee, fee the green Forrefts crack—ling burn ; The

Oy—ly pa—fures sweat with in—to—le--rable heat. The

Mines to hot, Vul—can's turn their hor-rid Jaws ex—tend—ed wide, the

Sulphurous conta—gion spread. Why, why do the A--ged Moun—tains

Skip! Why, why do the A--ged Moun—tains Skip, and lit-tle hills, and lit-tle

hills like their own Sheep, like Lambs, which on their gri—zly head, once wanton

play'd, once Wan—

Brisk.

—ton play'd. Expended Vapours frug—ling to the

Birth, roa—r in the Bowels of the Earth; and now the Earth's Foun-

—dations crack a funder; Burst, Burst, Burst with subre-ra—nious

Thun—der, dusky Flames, and li-vid Flashes, rend, rend, rend the

trem—bling Globe to Ashes; Fiery

torrents row— — — — — ling down the Naked Valleys drown, and with their ruddy

Waves supply the Channels, the Channels of th' exhusted Sea. Seas to thin Vapours

boil—d a—way, leave their crook—ed Channels dry; and not one drop

re—turns a—gain, to cool the thir— — —sty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—

—turns a—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—turns a—

—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain.

Slow.

And must all, must all Earth the im— par— tial ru—in share, spair, spair ye re—

—vengeful An— — gels spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An— — gels, spair,

Slow.
spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels spair; spair the Mu—fer, spair the

Mu—fes blifs—ful Seat, let me for Wicham's, let me for Wicham's Peace—

—ful walls in—treat, spair the Mu—fes, spair the Mu—fes blifs—ful Seat, let

me for Wicham's, let me for Wic—ham's peace—ful walls in—treat;

spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let me for *Wicham's*, let

me for *Wicham's* peace— — — — —ful walls in—treat. No, no,

'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, and *Bodley's* Spi—cy Nest, of learning to must perish, must

perish, must perish with the rest; the Oracles of God alone, an ha

—fly Angel snatch'd, snatch'd away, and bore them high thro' past— — — — —ed

Flaims to the E— — — — —ter — — — — —nal Throne.

Behold, behold fond Soul, all, all, all thou didst once admire, be--hold behold fond Soul,

all, all, all thou didst once ad--mire; the Objects of thy hope, thy

hope and thy desire, Houses and Lands and large Estate, the

lit--tle things, the lit--tle things, that makes men Great, the emp--ty

trifles are no more; no more, no more, but vanish, vanish, vanish,

vanish a--ll in smoak, scarce lighter then be--fore. CHO.

CHORUS.

Was it for this, the States-man Wra— — — — —

Was it for this, for this, the States-man Wra— — — — —

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this the

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this, for this, for this the

Souldier fought? fought.

Souldier fought? fought. While Drum— — — — — bling Drums like

While Drum— — — — — bling Drums like Thu— — — — —

Thunder beat, while gru— — — — — mbling Drums like

—der beat, and clang—ing

Thun—der beat, and clang—ing Trumpets, and

Trumpets, and clang—ing Trumpets, rai—'d

clang—ing Trumpets rai—

the martial Heat ; while

—'d the martial Heat, while grum—bling Drums like Thun—der

grum—bling Drums like Thun—

beat, while grum—bling Drums like

—der beat, and clang—ing Triumphs, Trum—
Thun—der beat, and

phets rai—s'd the mar—tial
clang—ing Triumphs rai—s'd the martial

Heat, and clan—ging Triumphs, Trum—phets rai—
Heat, and clan—ging Triumphs rai—

—s'd the martial Heat.
—s'd the martial Heat.

I burn, I

burn, I burn, I

burn, I

burn, my Soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame; my

soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame; the

Ra- ging Image fires my

brain; the Ra-

—ging Image fires, my brain;

Slow.
Cool, Cool it ye Sa—cred Nine, cool, cool it ye fa—cred Nine, in A—ganippes flow—

—ing stream; left I persue the no—ble

Theme too long, let frequent rest stop, stop, let frequent rest stop, stop, stop,

stop, stop, stop, stop, stop the bold Song. C H O.

CHORUS.

Now Na-ture is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—sick lose; now

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Musick lose;

Now Nature is un—strung,

Now Nature is unstrung, the

6

Nature is un—strung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their

Sphers their Mu—sick lose;

9 8 6 6 7 6

—fick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

—fick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

Mufick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

43

Ages now ends in a fo

now, now ends in a fo—lemn clofe,

Ages now ends in a fo

now, now end in a fo—lemn clofe,

6 6 6 6 #

—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

in a folemn clofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

7 43

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends,

the Song of Ages, now, now ends,

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends in a fo———lemn clofe, in a

the Song of Ages now, now ends in a fo———lemn clofe, in a fo

6 4 3 2 8 6 3 9 8 7 9 6 6 5 6

fo ——— lemn cloſe, in a fo ——— lemn cloſe, in a fo — lemn

—— lemn cloſe, in a fo ——— lemn cloſe, in a fo ——— lemn

Figured Bass: $\begin{smallmatrix} 8 & 7 & 6 & 8 \\ 6 & 5 & 4 & 3 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 7 & 6 & 5 & 7 \\ 3 & 4 & 3 & 2 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 6 & 5 & 4 & 6 \\ 8 & b3 & 1 & 8 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 5 & 4 & 3 & 5 \\ 7 & 2 & 8 & 7 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 4 & 3 & 2 & 4 \\ 6 & 8 & 7 & 6 \end{smallmatrix}$

now ends in a fo — — — — — lemn cloſe.

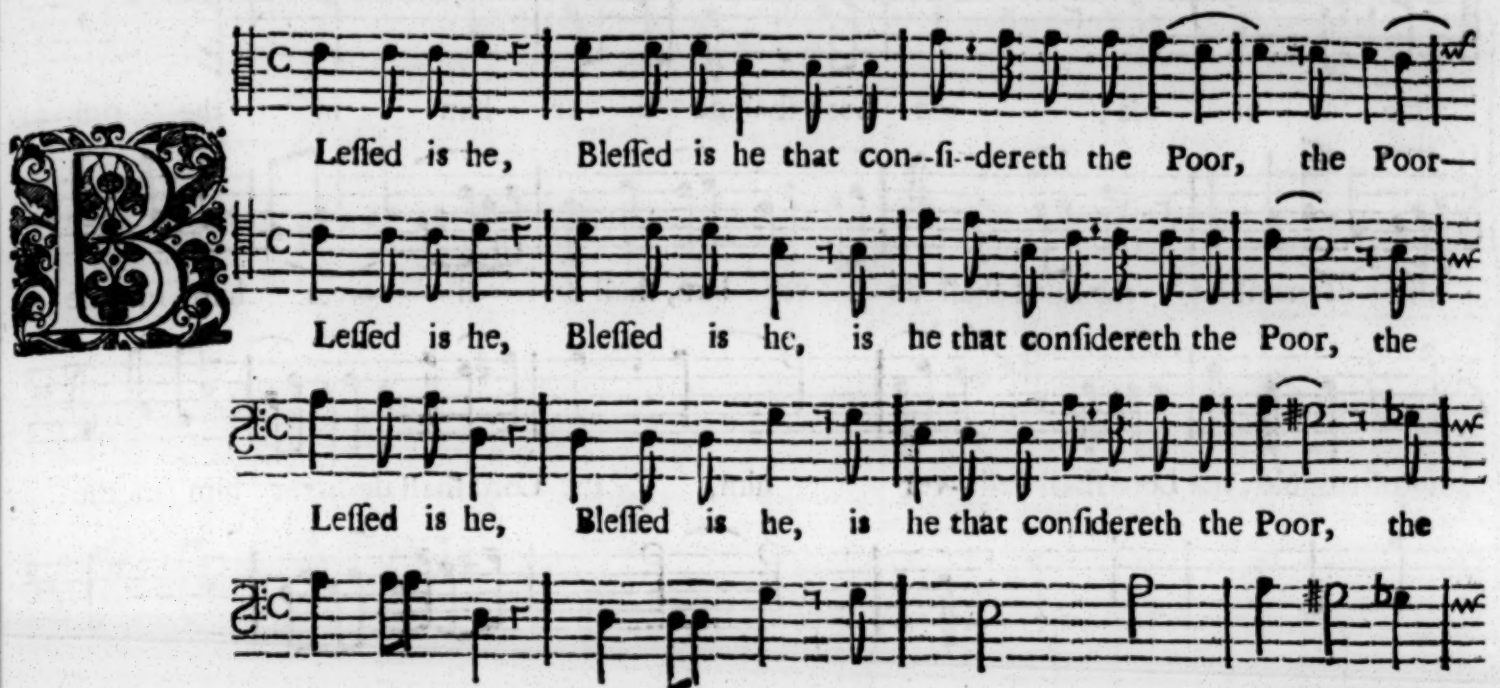
now ends, now ends, now ends in a fo — — — lemn cloſe.

cloſe ; now ends, now ends, now, ends, ends, ends in a ſolemn cloſe.

cloſe ; in a fo — — — — — lemn cloſe.

Figured Bass: $\begin{smallmatrix} 3 & 6 & 5 & 6 \\ 1 & 4 & 3 & 4 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 5 & 4 & 3 & 4 \\ 3 & 2 & 8 & 6 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 3 & 2 & 8 & 2 \\ 3 & 4 & 3 & 4 \end{smallmatrix}$ $\begin{smallmatrix} 3 & 4 & 4 & 3 \\ 3 & 6 & 4 & 3 \end{smallmatrix}$

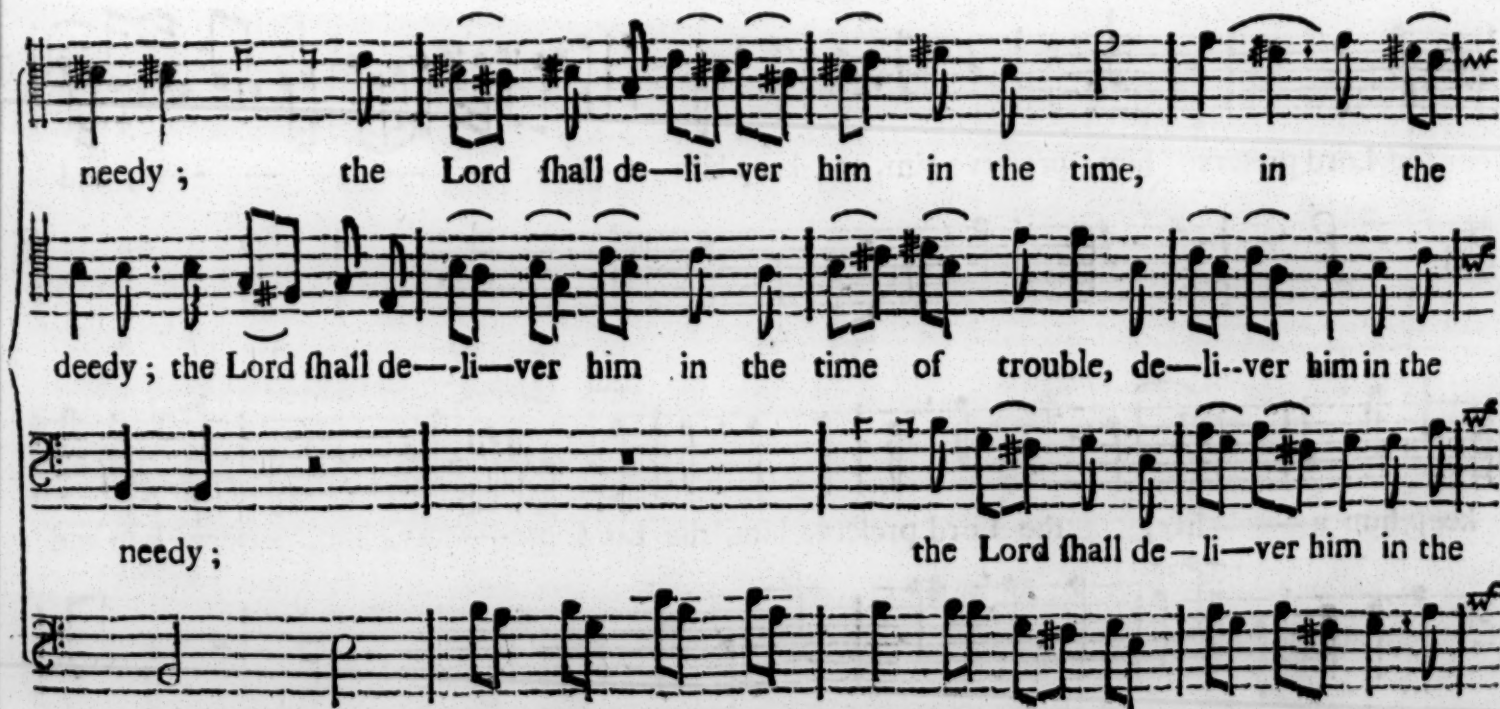
The following ANTHEMS, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-si-dereth the Poor, the Poor—
Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the
Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the



and needy; Blessed is he, blessed is he that con-sidereth the poo—r and
Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-si-dereth the Poo—r and
Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-sidereth the Poo—r and



needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time, in the
deedy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble, de-li-ver him in the
needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the

time of trou—ble; the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the tim—

time of trouble; the Lord shall de—li—ver him, shall de—li—ver him in the

time of trouble; the Lord shall de—li—ver him, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the

—e of trouble, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the time of trouble.

—time of trouble, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the time of trouble.

time of trouble, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the time of trouble.

Verse Solus.

The Lord preserve him, preserve him, and keep him a—li—ve, and

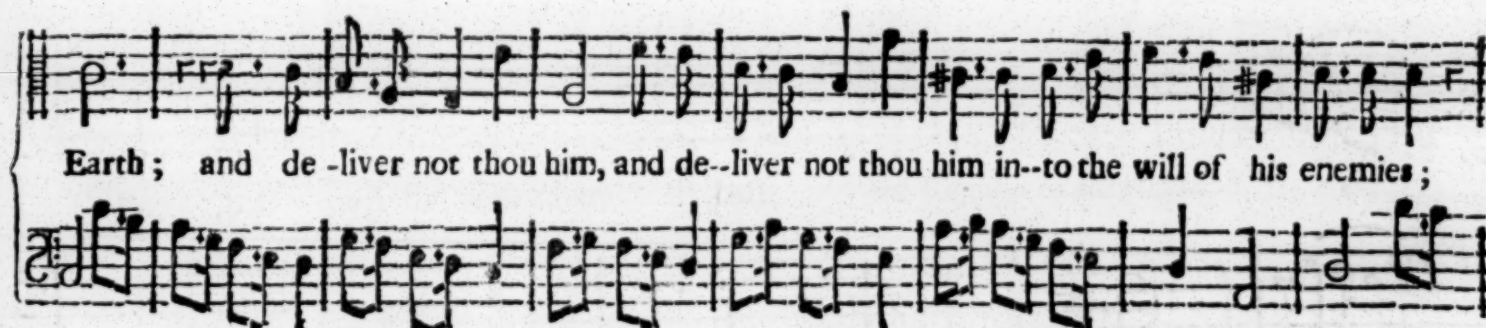
keep him a—live, the Lord preserve him, the Lord pre—serve him, preserve him and



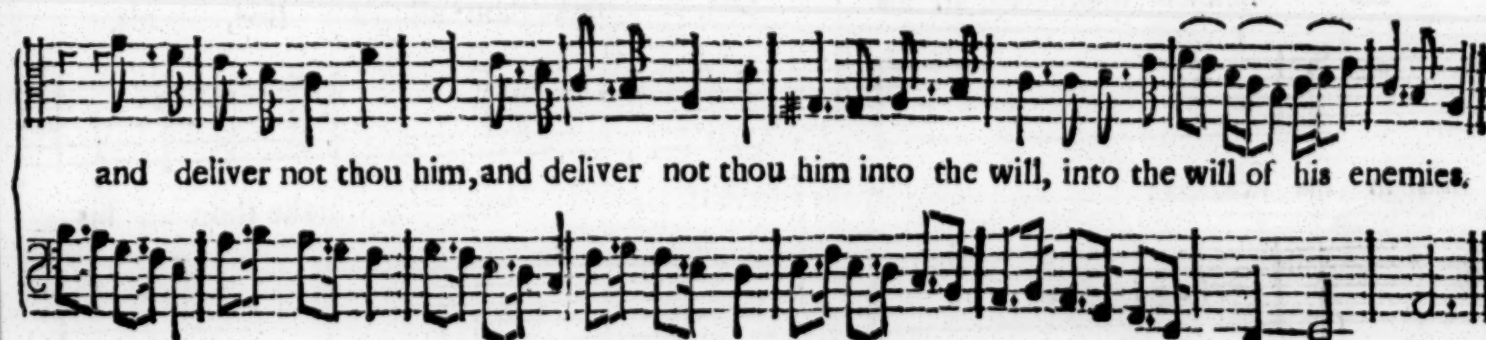
keep him a—liv—e; that he may be



blested, that he may be blef—sed up—on



Earth; and de—liver not thou him, and de—liver not thou him in—to the will of his enemies;



and deliver not thou him, and deliver not thou him into the will, into the will of his enemies.



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his bed in

lyeth sick up-on his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed in

lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

Chord markings: $\sharp 7b3$, $b64$, $\sharp 6$, 4

his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all

his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all,

Bed in his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

Chord marking: $\sharp 6$

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.

Bed, all, all, all, all, make thou all his Bed in his sickness. Glo—ry be to the Father, Glo—

Chord markings: 646 , 6

Glo—ry be to the
—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Ho-ly Ghost ;

Glo—ry be to the
Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost ;

Father, lo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Ho-ly Ghost ;
Glo—ry be to the



Glo—ry be to the Ho—ly Ghost, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and
Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and
Father, Glory, Glory to the Father Son and



Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning,
Ho—ly Ghost; and e—
Ho—ly Ghost; is Now, now, now, now, now, now, now ;



Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;
—ver shall be, Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;
Glory, Glory to the Father Son and Holy Ghost, world without

n and

n and

on and

An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

was glad, I was glad, when they said un-to me,

we will go, we will go into the House of the Lord; we will go, will go into the

House of the Lord, our feet shall stand in thy Gates O! O! Je—ru—sa—

lem; our Feet shall stand, shall, stand in thy Gates O — — — — —

— Je—ru—sa—lam, O! — — — — — Je—ru—sa—lem.



For there the Tribes go up,
For there the
Jerusalem is built as a City that is at unity in its self, for

for there the Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the
Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the
there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the

Lord; to testify unto I--srael, and to give thanks un-to the
Lord; to testify un-to I--srael, to testify unto I--srael, and to give thanks un-to the
Lord; to testify un-to I--srael, to testify un-to I--srael, and to give thanks unto the

name of the Lord, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks unto the name, give

thanks un---to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord;
thanks un-to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord; for there is the
thanks un-to the name of the Lord, give thanks unto the name of the Lord;

seat of Judgment, ev'n the seat of the House of David, for there is the seat of Judgment

ev'n the feat of the House of *David*, ev'n the feat of the House of *David*, ev'n the

O pray for the Peace of *Jerusalem*, O pray,
feat of the House of *David*. O! pray,
O! pray,

pray for the peace of *Je-rusalem*; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall
pray for the peace of *Je--ru--salem*; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall
pray for the peace of *Je--rusalem*; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall

prof — per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee, shall prof — per that Love thee, shall prof — per that

Love thee. Cbo. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy



Walls, and plenteousness with-in, with-in thy Pa-la-ces, and plenteousness with-



Walls, and plenteousness with-in, with-in thy Pa-la-ces, and plenteousness with-



Walls, and plenteousness with-in, with-in thy Pa-la-ces, and plenteousness with-



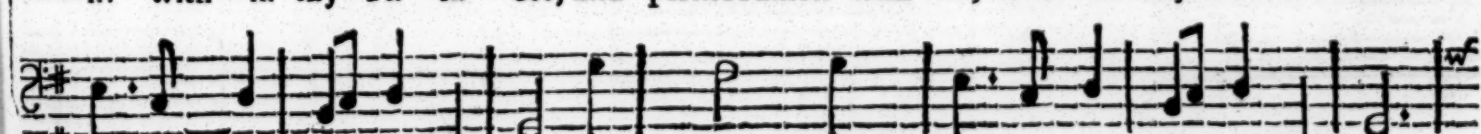
—in, with-in thy Pa-la-ces, and plenteousness with--in, with-in thy Pa-la-ces.



—in with--in thy Pa-la-ces, and plenteousness with--in, with-in thy Pa-la-ces.



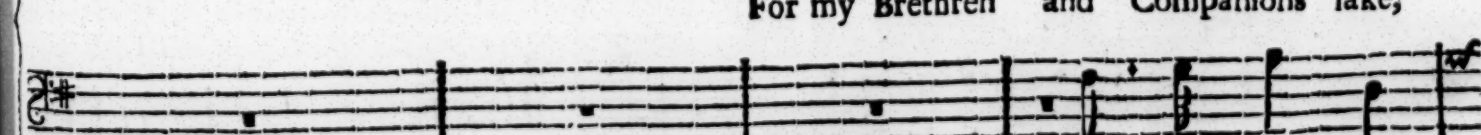
—in with-in thy Pa-la-ces, and plenteousness with-in, with--in thy Pa-la-ces.—



Vers. For my Brethren and Companions sake, I will with thee prof-pe-ri-ty,



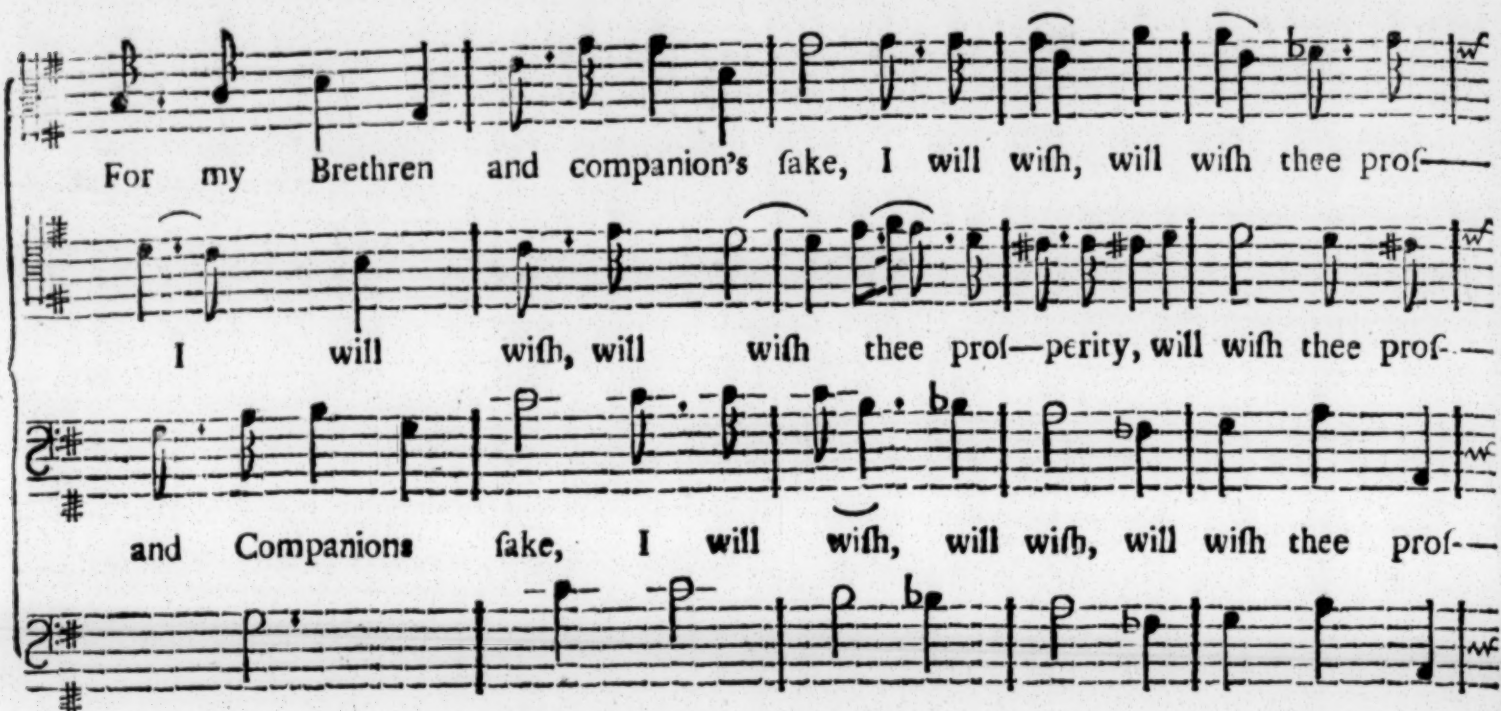
For my Brethren and Companions sake,



For my Brethren



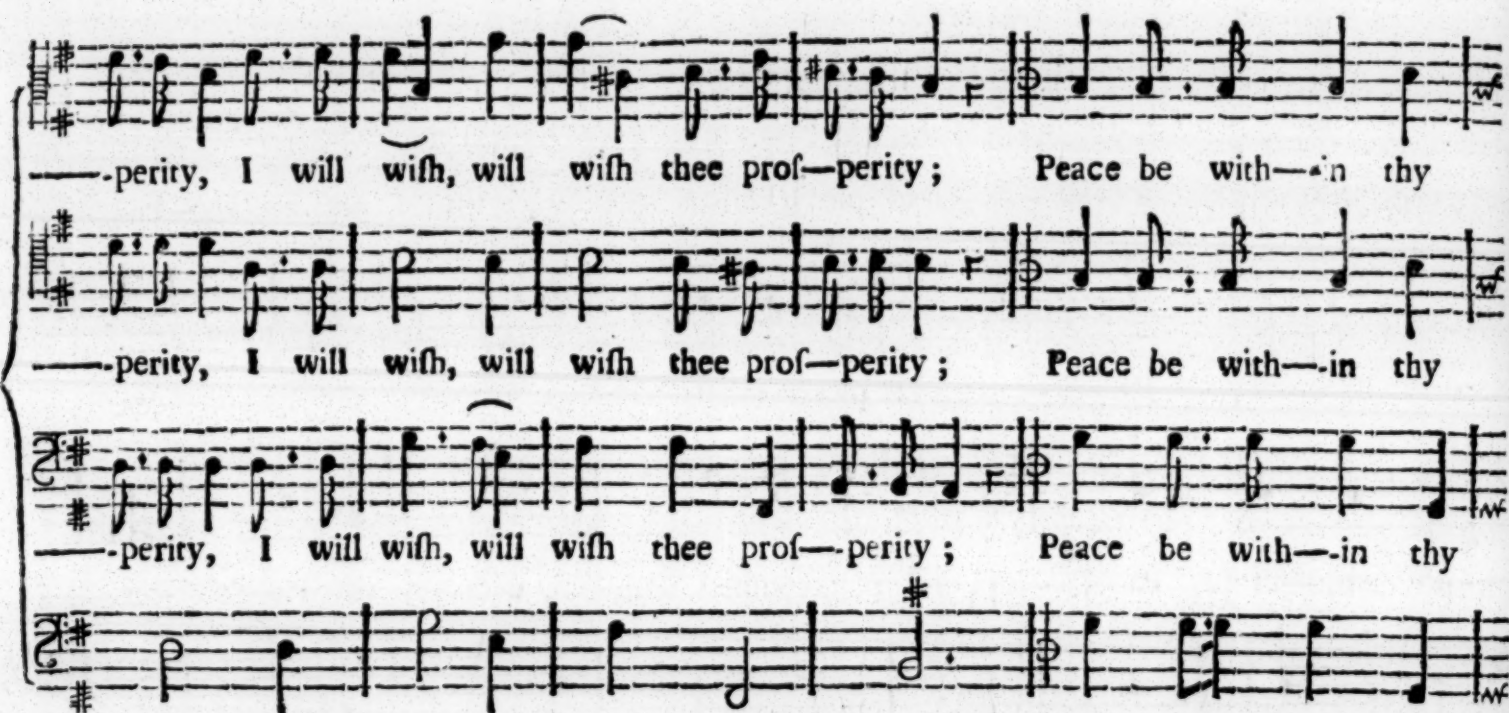
For my Brethren



For my Brethren and companion's sake, I will wish, will wish thee prof—

I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity, will wish thee prof—

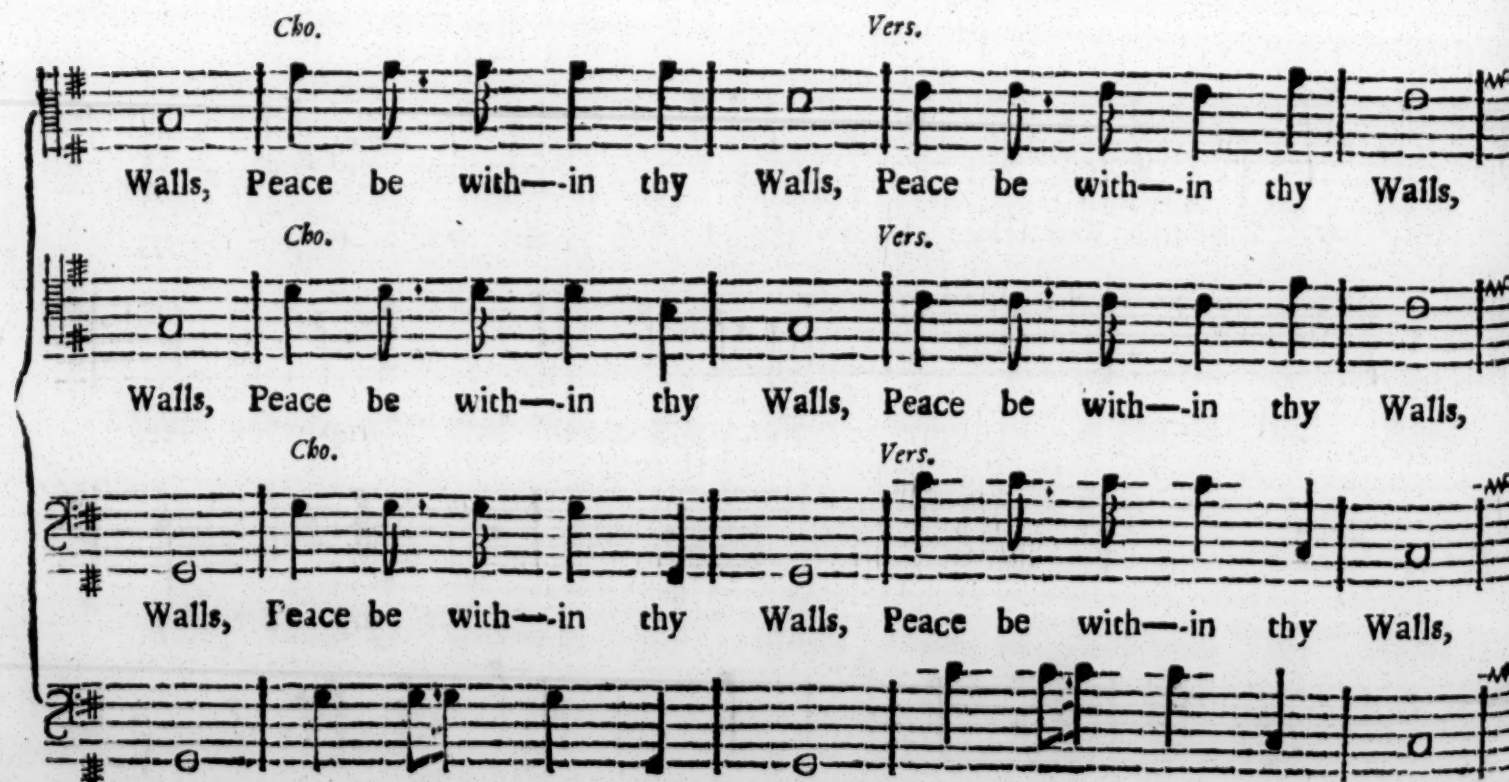
and Companions sake, I will wish, will wish, will wish thee prof—



—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy



Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Vers.

Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Vers.

Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Vers.

Cho.

Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in

Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in

Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in

thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and

thy Pa—la—ces and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and

thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and

plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.

plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.

plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.

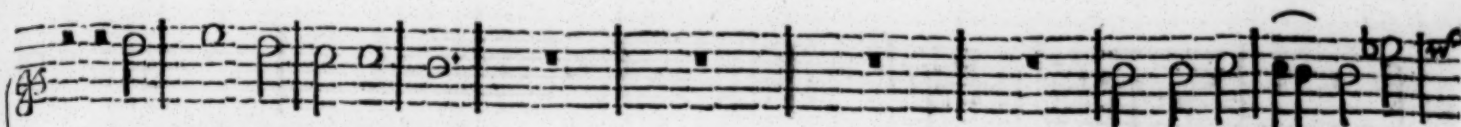
An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



Cho. *Cho.*
 O give thanks, give thanks,
Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.* *Cho.* *Vers.*
 Give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O! — — —
Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.* *Cho.* *Vers.*
 O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O — — —
Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.* *Cho.*
 O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O! O!
 O! O!

Cho.
 O! — — — O give thanks,
Cho. *Vers.*
 O give thanks, O! — — — O give thanks, give thanks unto the
Cho. *Vers.*
 O give thanks, O! O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks, unto the
Cho. *Vers.*
 O! O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks un-to the

Cho.

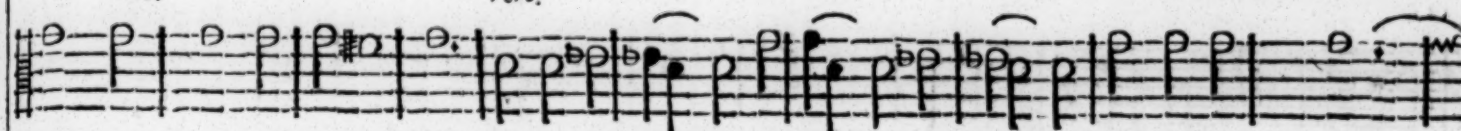


give thanks un-to the Lord ;

for he is gracious, is

Cho.

Vers.

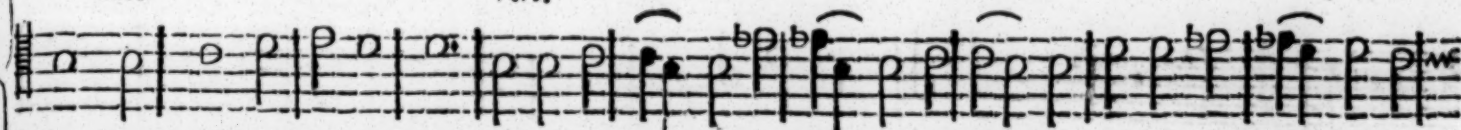


Lord, give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is

gra—

Cho.

Vers.



Lord ; give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is

Cho.

Vers.



Lord ; give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious,

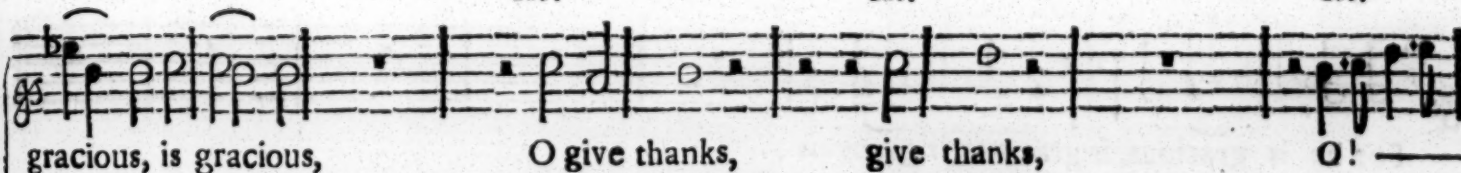
is gracious, for he is gracious,



Cho.

Cho.

Cho.



gracious, is gracious,

O give thanks,

give thanks,

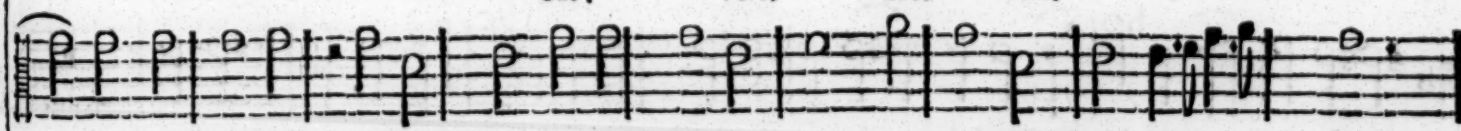
O! —

Cho.

Vers.

Cho.

Vers.



—cious, is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: give thanks, O! —

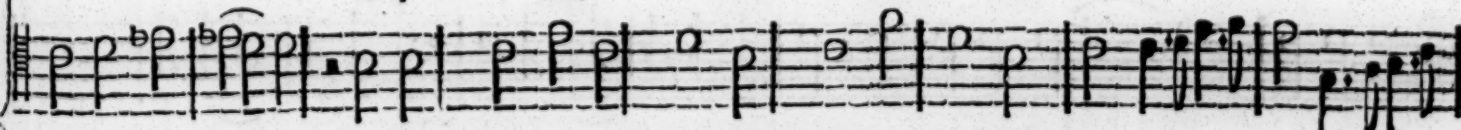
Vers.

Cho.

Vers.

Cho.

Vers.



gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: give thanks, O! —

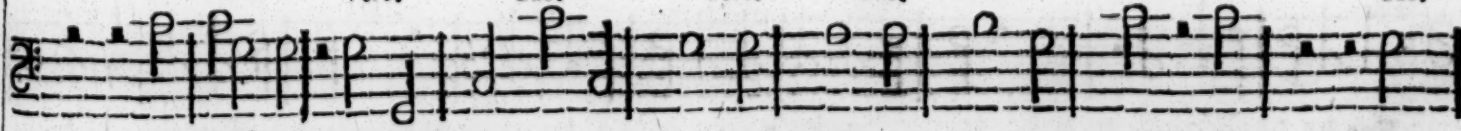
Vers.

Cho.

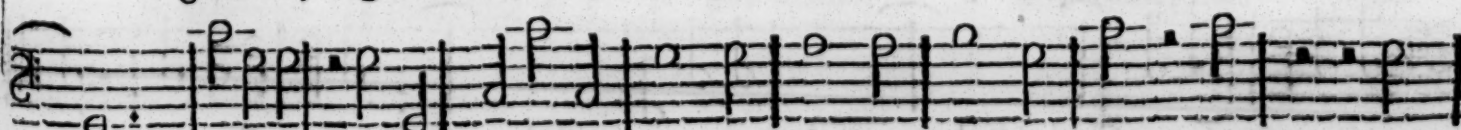
Vers.

Cho.

Cho.



is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: give thanks, O! O!





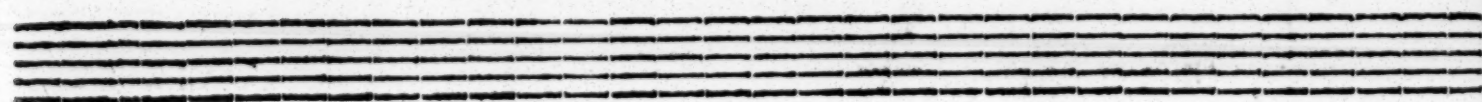
O! ——— O give thanks unto the Lord;

Vers.

O! ——— O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord;

O! O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord;

O! O! O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord;



Cho. Very Slow.



For he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious;

Vers. *Cho.*

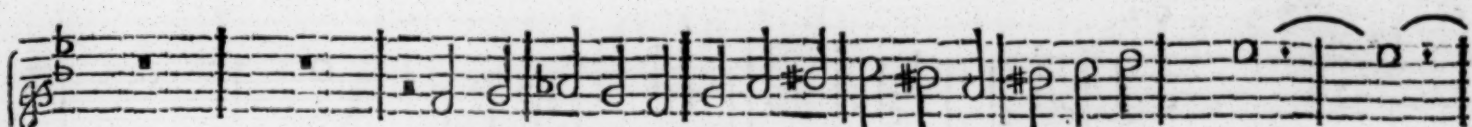
For he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious;

Cho.

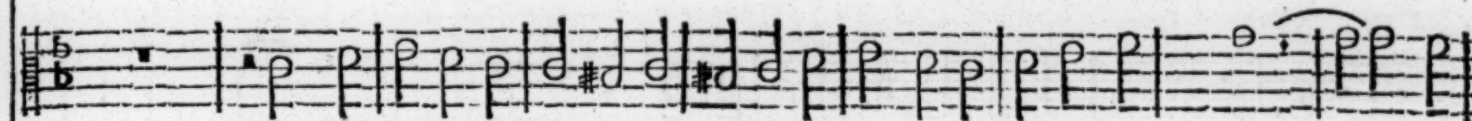
For he is gra—cious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious;

Cho.

For he is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is gracious; And his



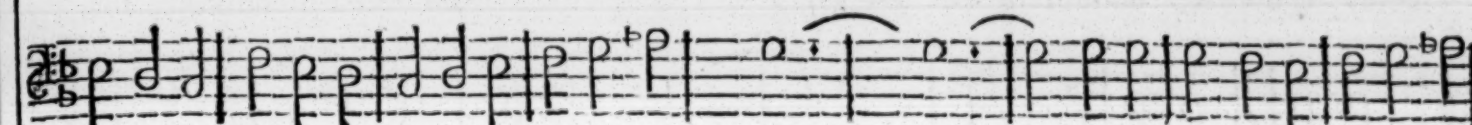
And his mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for e—



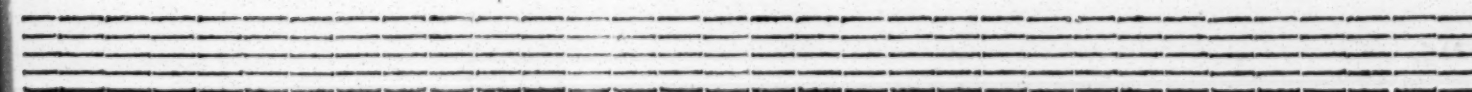
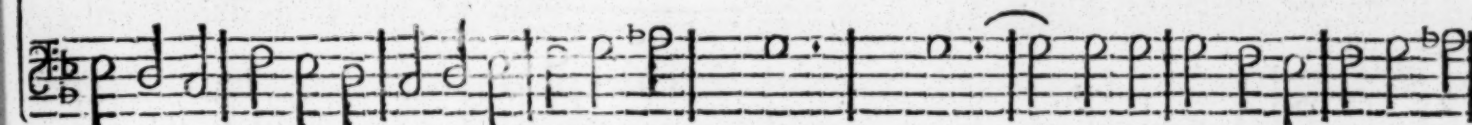
And his mercy en-du-reth for ever, his mercy endureth for e.—ver, for



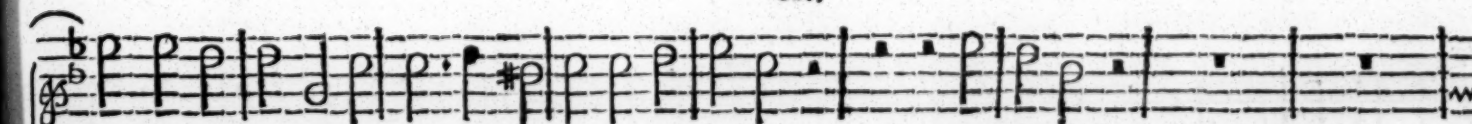
And his mercy endureth, endureth for e—ver, his mercy endureth for



mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for e—ver, his mercy endureth for



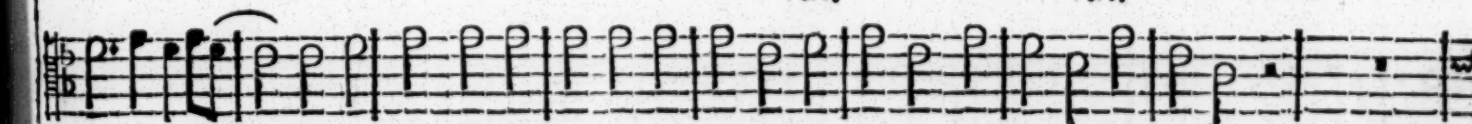
Cho.



—ver, his mercy endureth for ever, for ever, for ever,

Vers.

Vers.

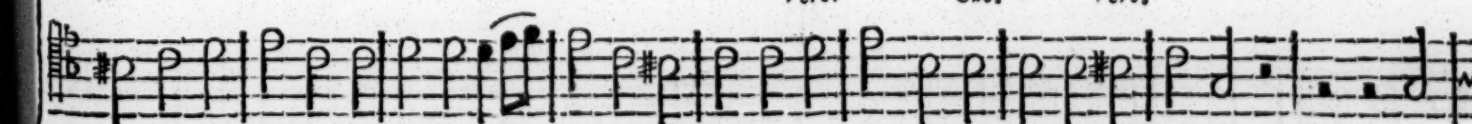


e—ver, endureth for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever,

Vers.

Cho.

Vers.

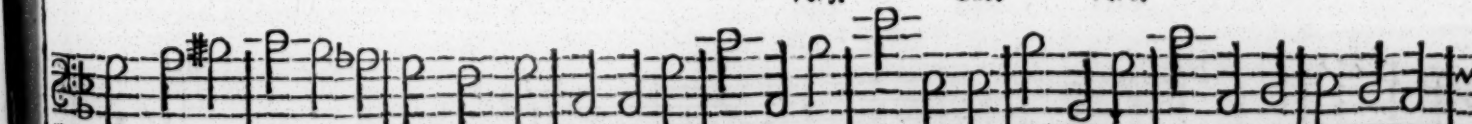


ever, his mercy endureth for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, his

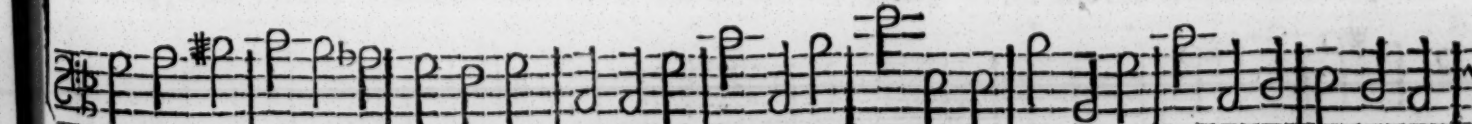
Vers.

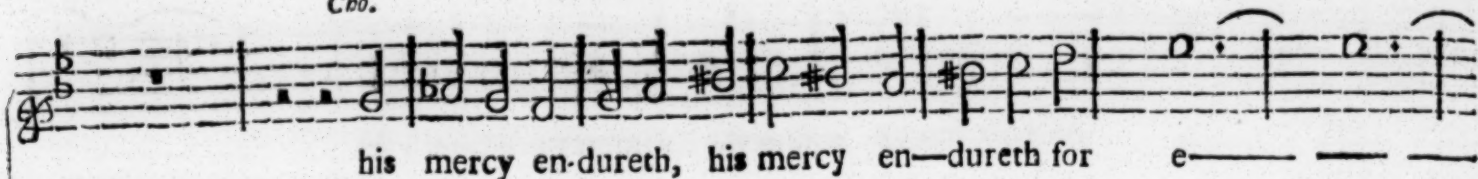
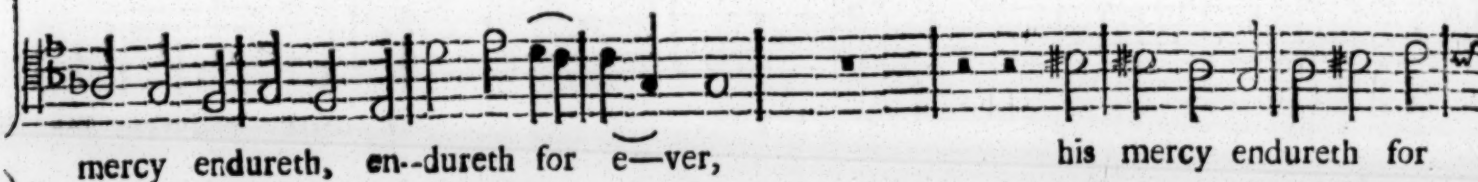
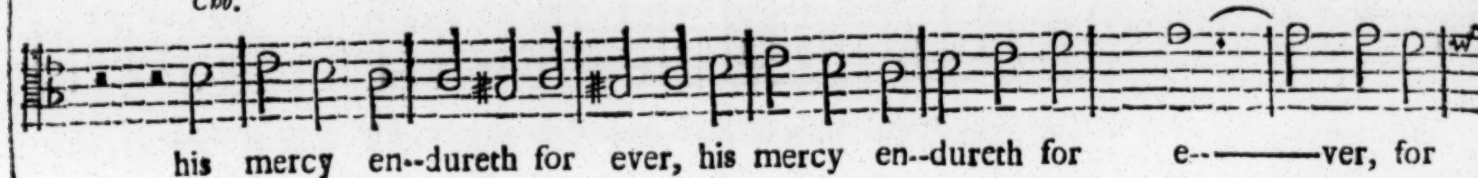
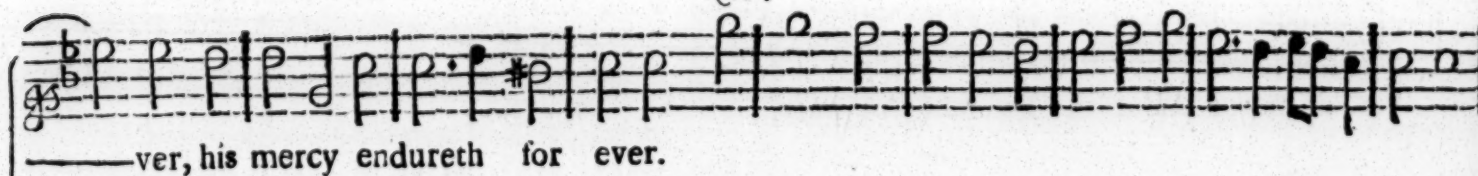
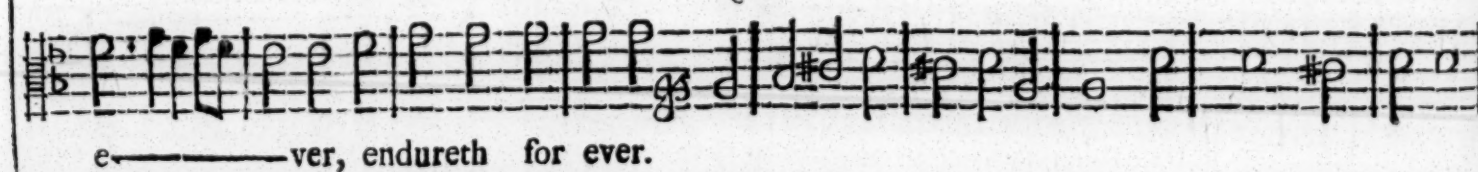
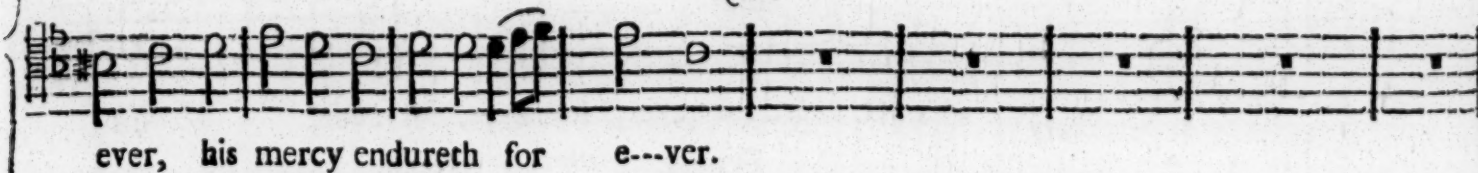
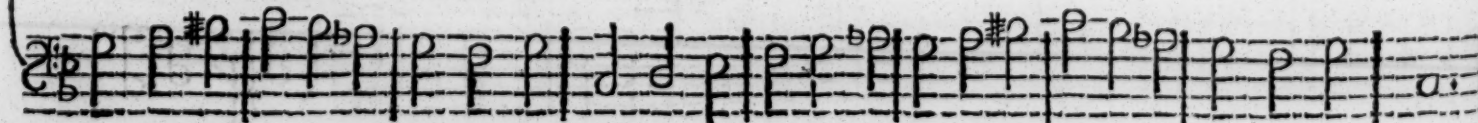
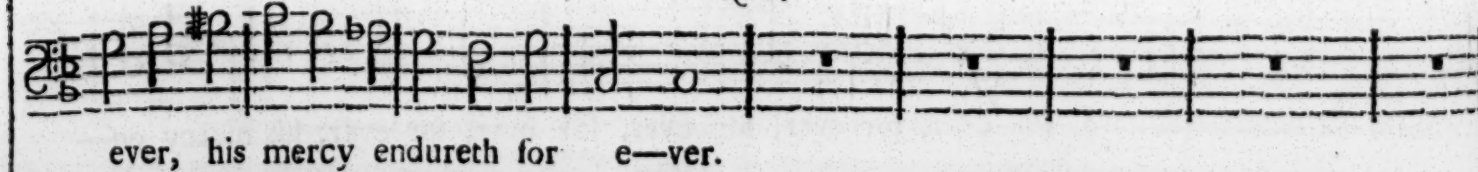
Cho.

Vers.



ever, his mercy endureth for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, his mercy en—



Cho.*Cho.**Ritor.**Ritor.**Ritor.**Ritor.*

Who, who can express the no—ble acts of the

7 6 43 76

—ble acts of the Lord? Who, who can express the no—ble

2 7#6 43 2

no—ble, no—ble acts of the

acts; the no—ble, no—ble acts of the

Lord? Or shew forth all, a—ll, his Praise?

Lord? Or shew forth all, a—ll his Praise, or shew forth

4#3

Or shew forth all, shew forth all, all, — — — — —

all, or shew forth all, or shew forth all, all, all, — — — — —

— — — — — or shew forth all his praise.

— — — — — his praise.

Ac-cording to the favour that thou

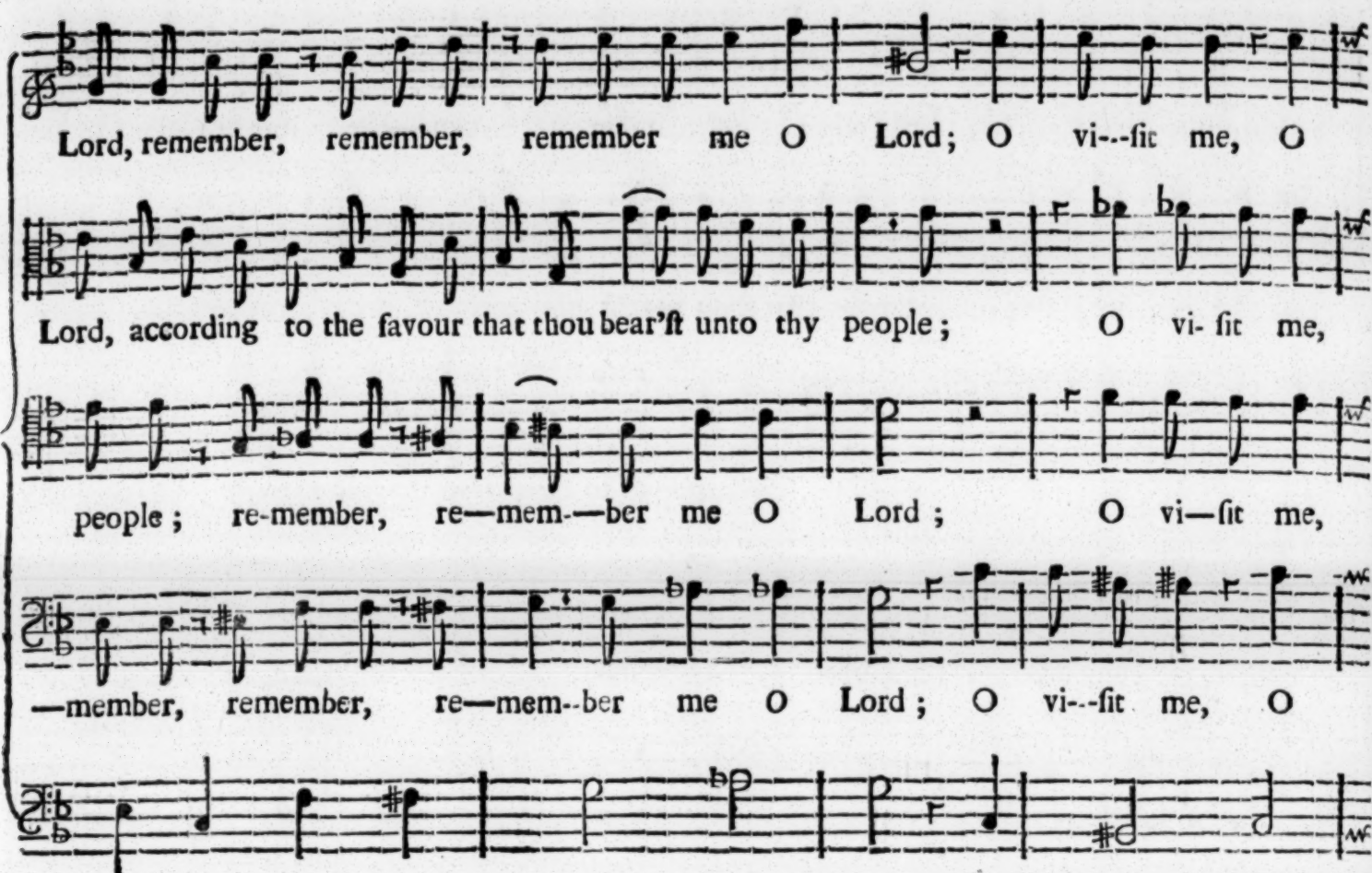
Remember, re-member, remem-ber

Remember, remember, remember me O Lord,

According to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

bear'st un-to thy people; remember, re-mem-ber, remem-ber me O Lord; ac-
me O Lord, according to the favour, that thou bear'st un-to thy people; re-
according to the favour that thou bear'st un-to thy
people, remember, remember, re-member me O Lord, according to the

—cording to the favour, that thou bear'd un—to thy people, remember me O
—member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, remember me O
peo—ple; ac—cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy
favour, that thou bear'st unto thy people; re—



Lord, remember, remember, remember me O Lord; O vi--sit me, O

Lord, according to the favour that thou bear'st unto thy people; O vi-fit me,

people; re-member, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-fit me,

-member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi--sit me, O

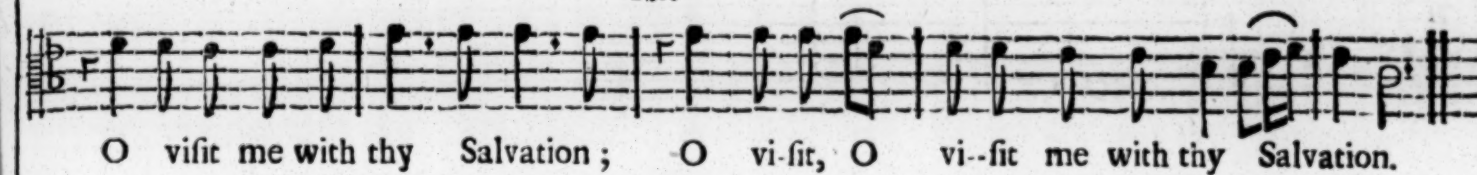
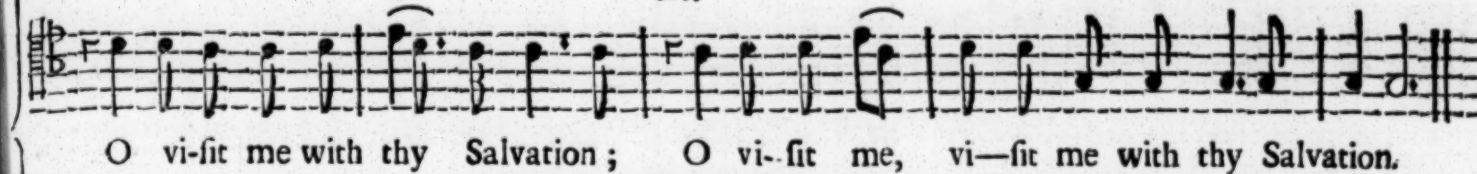
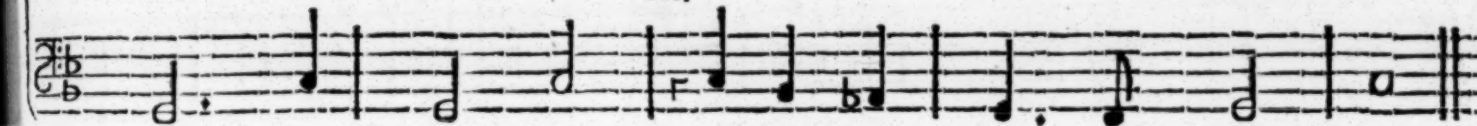
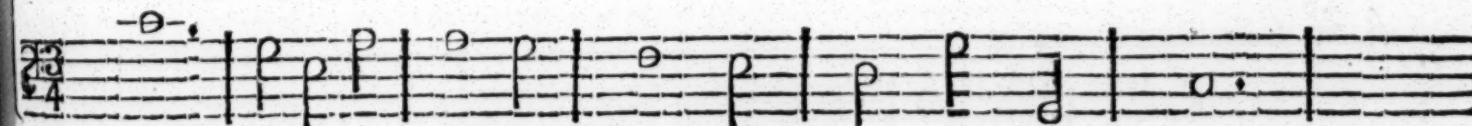
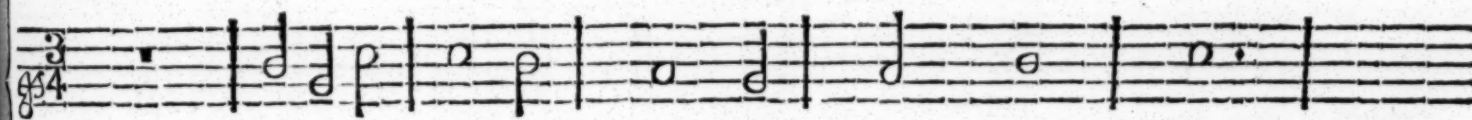


vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me, O

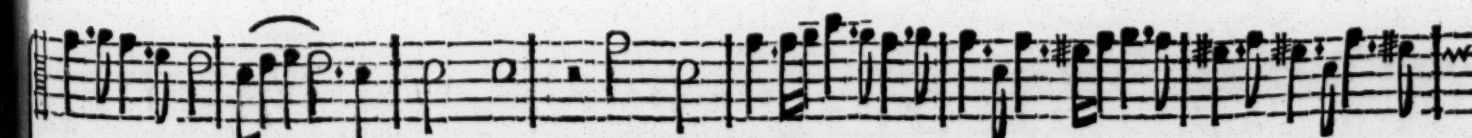
O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me,

O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me,

visit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi--sit me, O vi-fit me, O

Cho.*Cho.**Cho.**Cho.**Cho.**Ritor,*

That I may fee, that I may fee the feli—



—city of thy chofen; And re-joy—



—ce with the gladness, the glad— —-ness of thy people; that I may see,

that I may see the fe—li—ci—ty of thy chosen; and re—joy— — —

— — — — —ce with the gladness, the gladness of thy

people; and give thanks, and give thanks with thin— — — — —e in.

—he—ri—tance, and give thanks; and give thanks give thank— — —

— — — — —s with thine in—-he—ri—tance.

Ritor.

Vers of 4 Voices.

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*;

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever la— — — — —

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever la— — — — —

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*;

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever

—sing, e-ver-lasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,

—sing, e---verlasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever—

—la— — — — — sing, everlasting, from everla— — — — —

from ever—la— — — — — sing,

from ever—la— — — — — sing,

—la— — — — — sing, everlasting, from ever-la— — — — —

fting, e—ver—la—sting; and world without end, and
 from ever—la—sting; and world without end, and world with—
 from ever—la—sting; and world without
 fting, e—ver—la—sting; and world without end, and world without

world without end, and world without end, and world without end, and world with—
—out end, and world without end, and world without end, world with
end, and world without end, and world without end, world
end, and world without end, and world without end, with—out—

Cho.
—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—
—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—
—without end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—
Cho.
—end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.*

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cho.

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cho.

—man, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people



Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men:

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

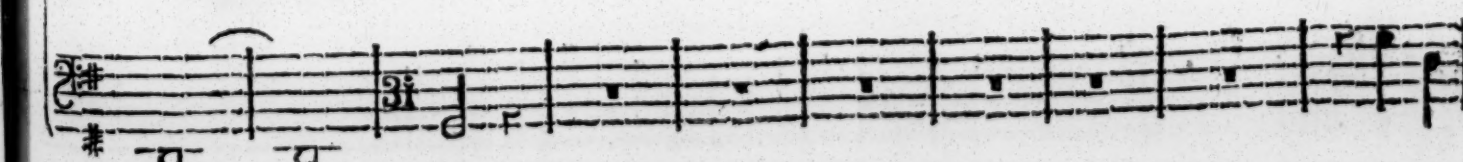
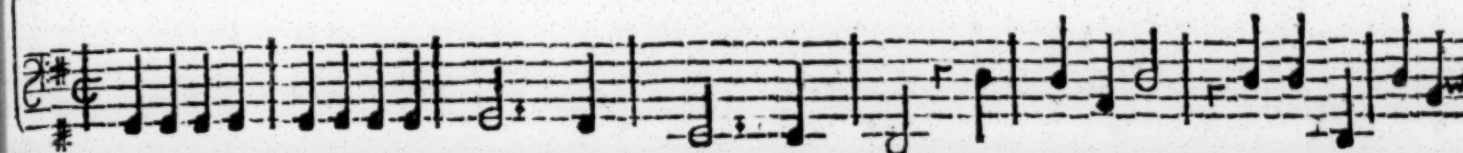
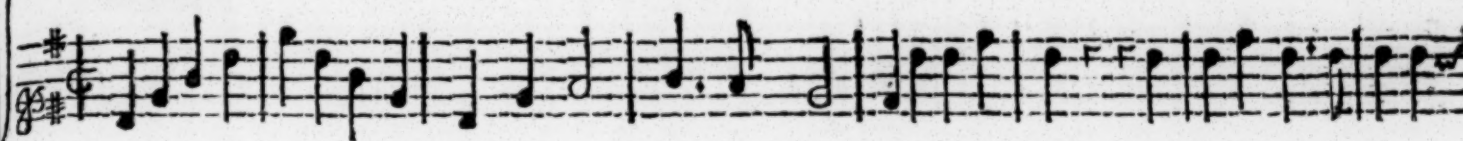
say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

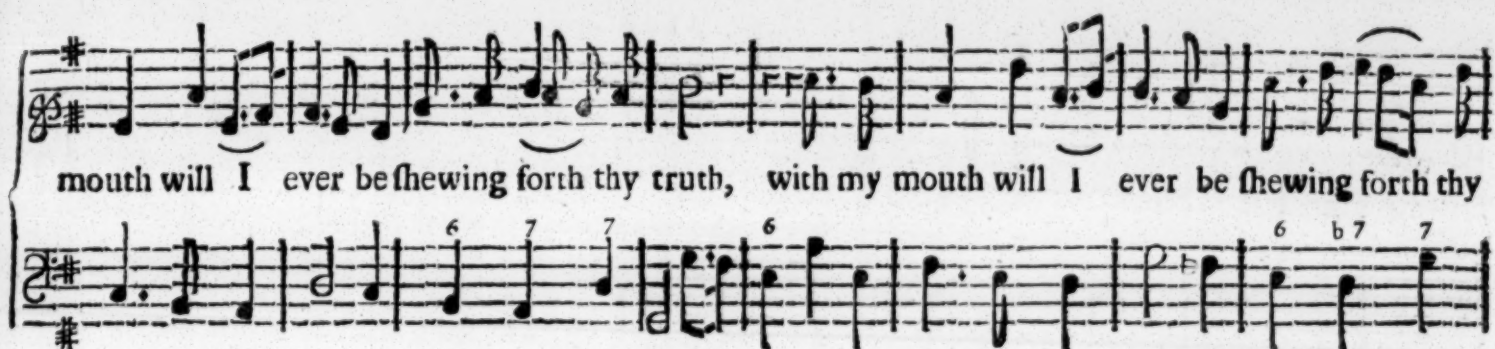
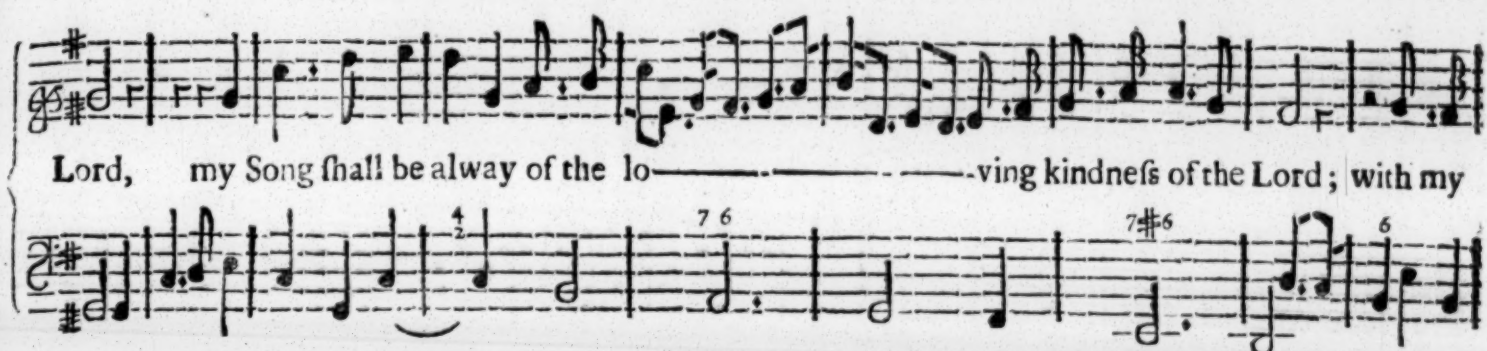
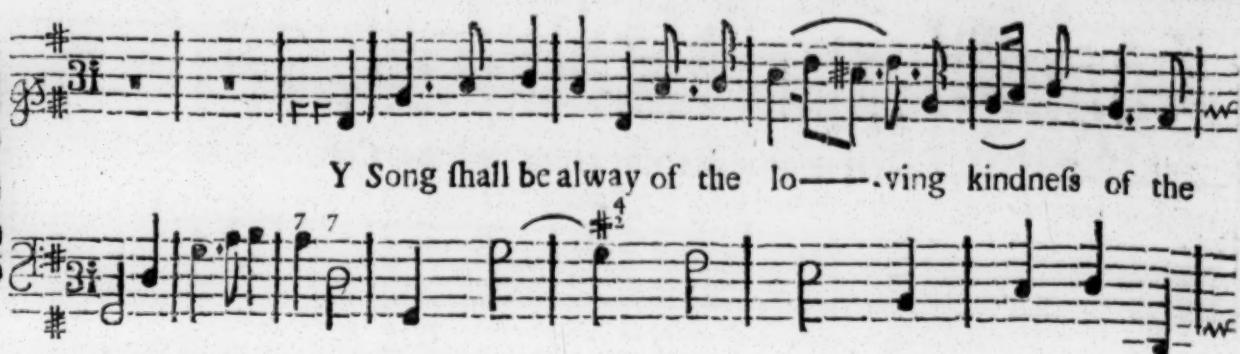
say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

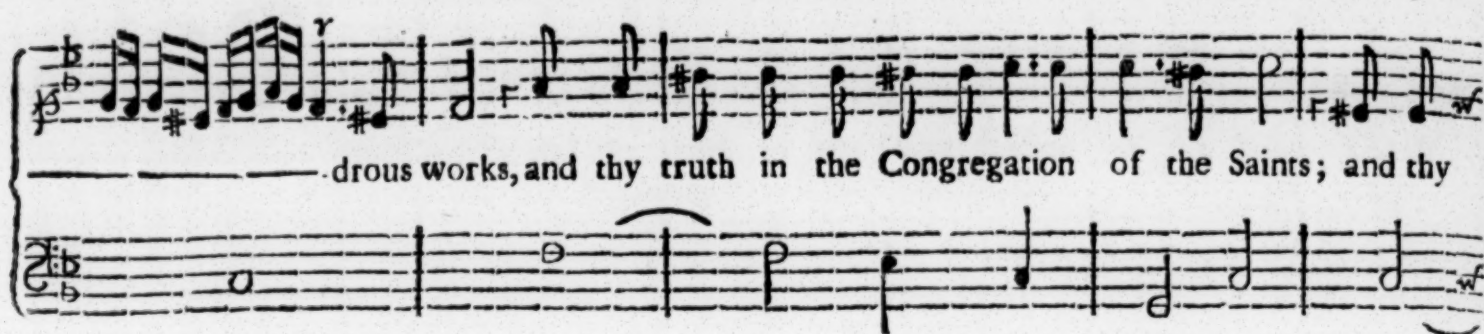
*An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.**slow.*

Symphony.

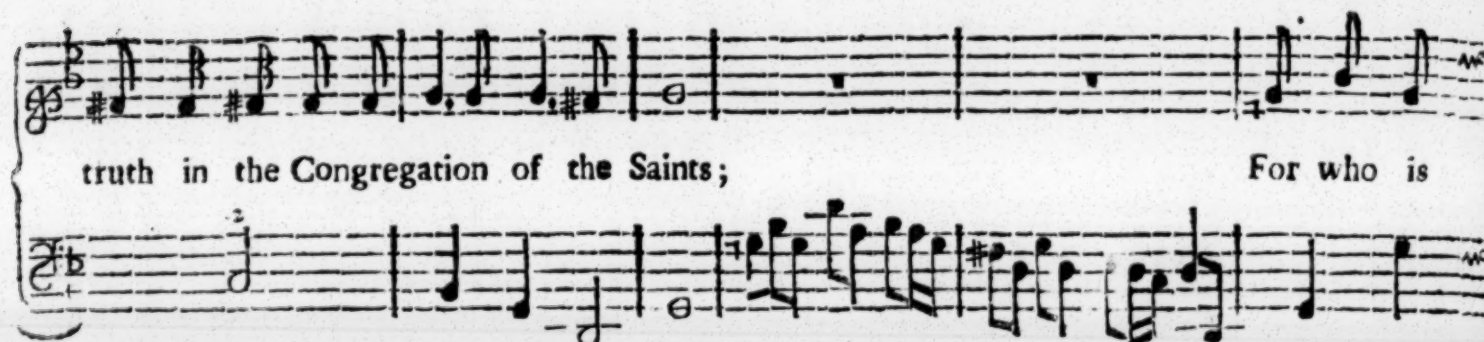




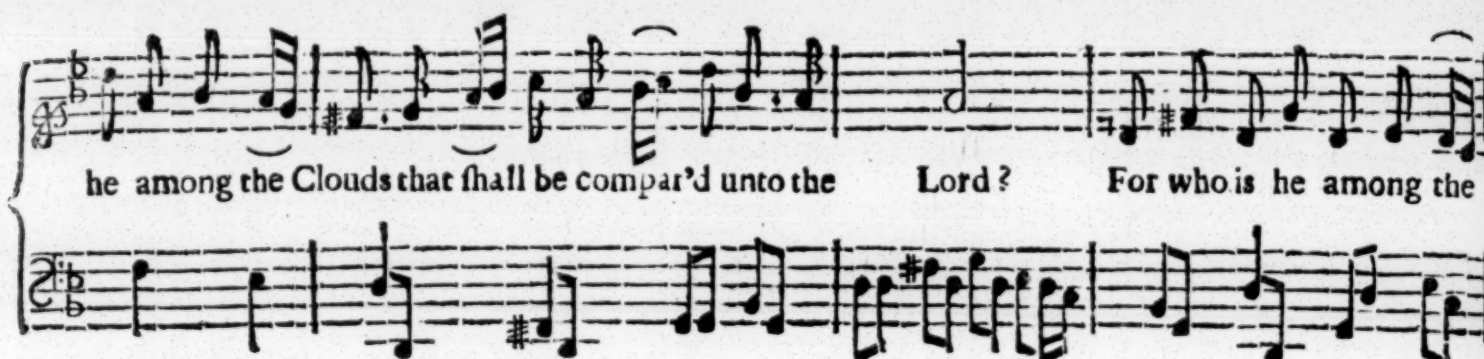




— drous works, and thy truth in the Congregation of the Saints; and thy



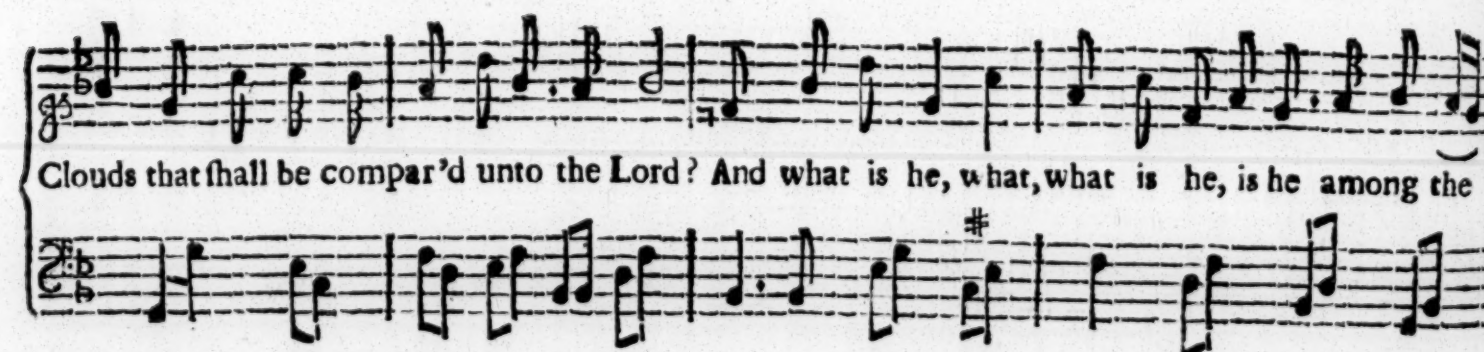
truth in the Congregation of the Saints; For who is



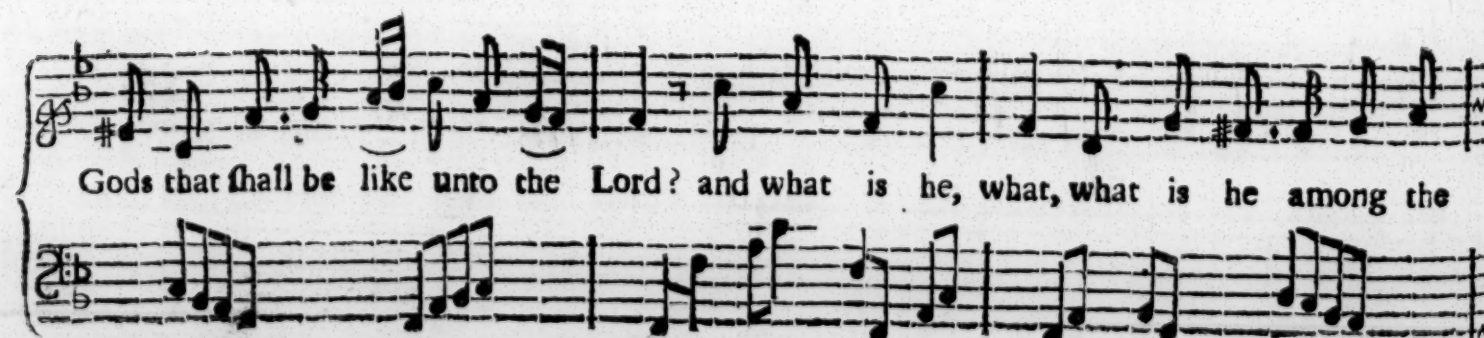
he among the Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he among the



Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he, for who is he among the



Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? And what is he, what, what is he, is he among the



Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? and what is he, what, what is he among the



Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be



like, that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be

Retornel upon the Close.

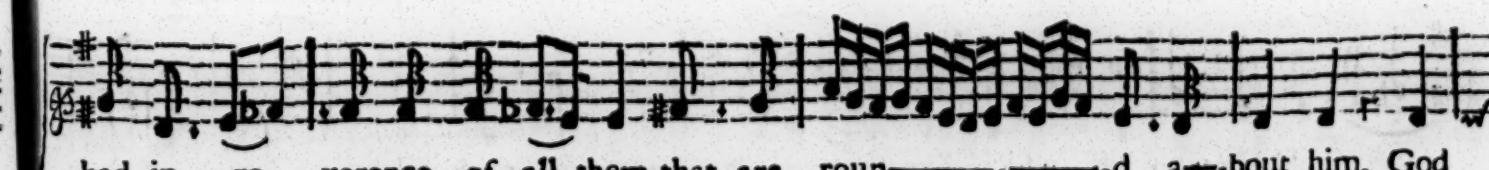


like that shall be like unto the Lord?

Slow.



God is very great—ly to be fear'd in the Council of the Saints and to be



had in re—verence of all them that are roun—d a—bout him, God

is very greatly, is very great—ly to be fear'd; and to be had in Re—verence

of all them that are roun— — — — —d, are round a—bout him.

Ha-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu—ab.

Ha-le-lu-jab, &c.

Ha-le-lu-jab, &c.

Hu-le-lu-jai, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu-jab, ba-le-lu—jab.

O — — — Lord God of Host, who, who is like un—to thee? O — — — Lord God

of host, who, who, who is like un—to thee? thy truth most migh— — — ty Lord is on

ev'ry side; thy truth most mighty Lord, most mighty Lord is on ev'ry

side. Thou rulest the rage—ing of the Sea, thou stillest the rage—

ing of the Sea;

Thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a—

—rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a—

—rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the waves thereof, the Waves,

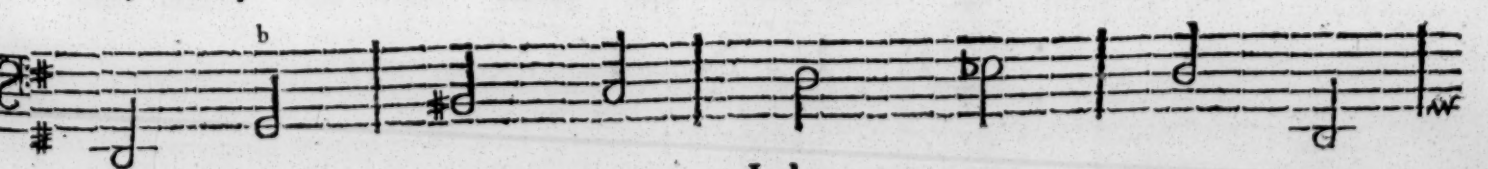
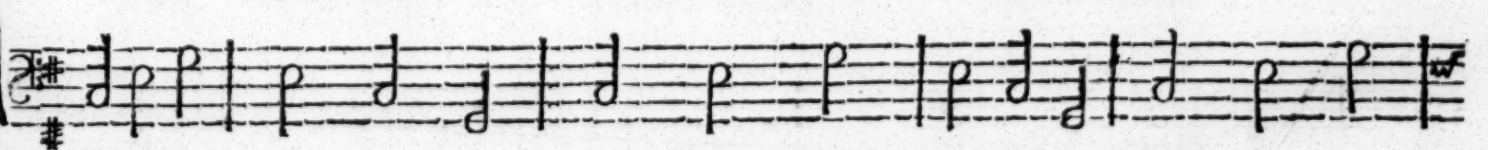
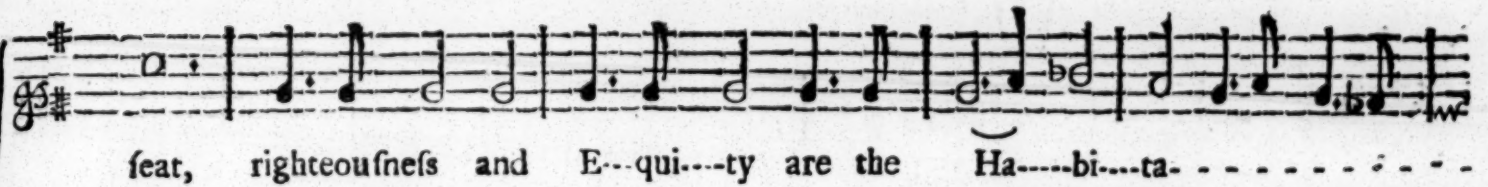
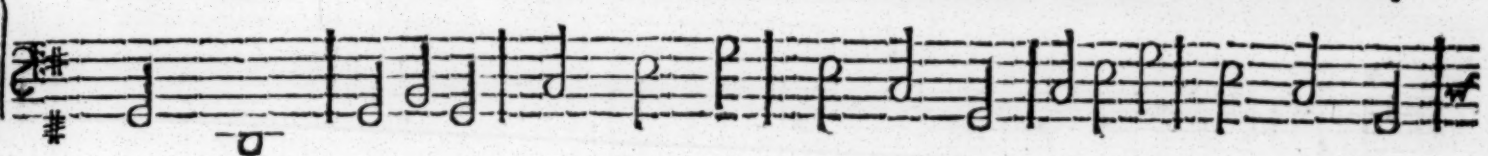
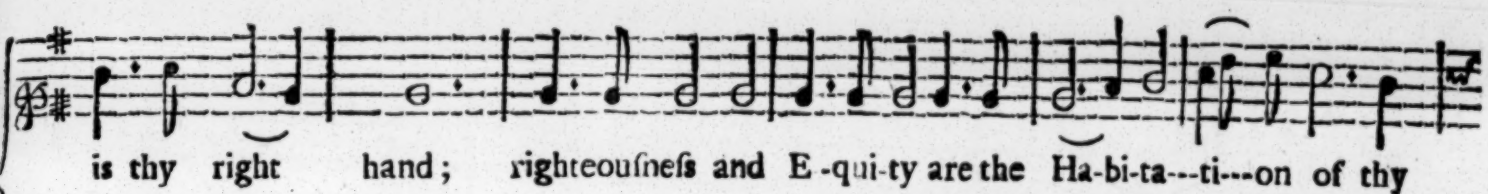
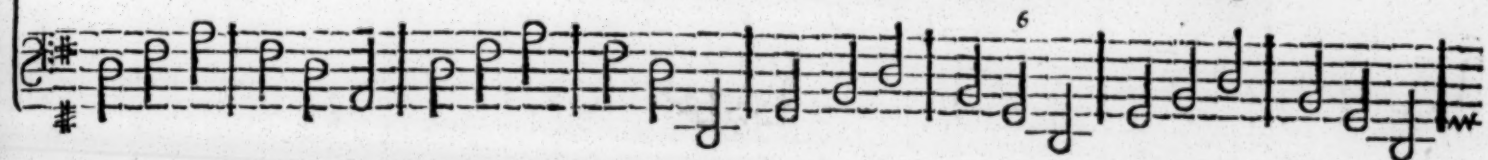
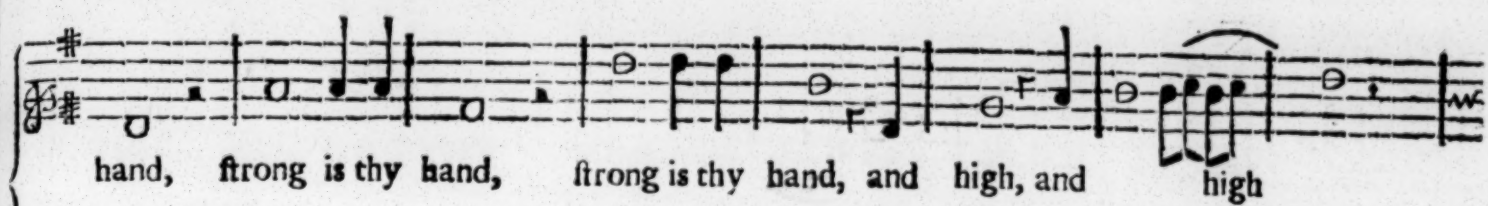
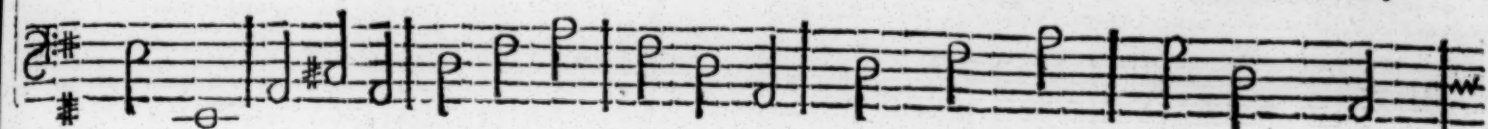
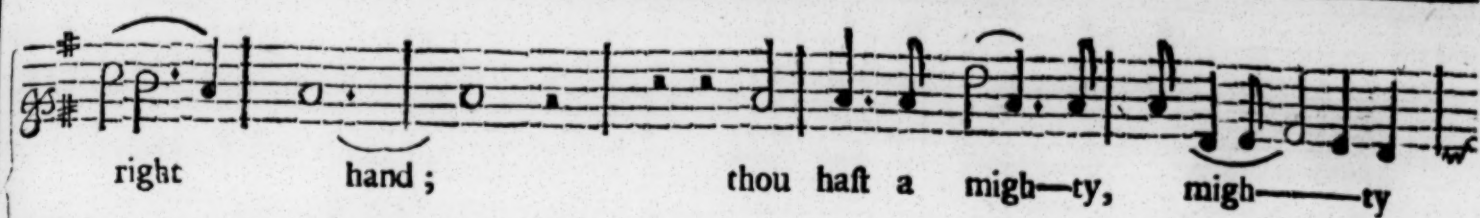
RITOR. upou the Cloſe.

thereof, when they a—riſe.

Thou haſt a migh—ty

migh—ty, mighty, arm; thou haſt a migh—ty, mighty, mighty arm;

ſtrong is thy hand, ſtrong is thy hand, and high, and high— is thy



Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah.

*Cho. as before.
So conclude.*



F I N I S.

